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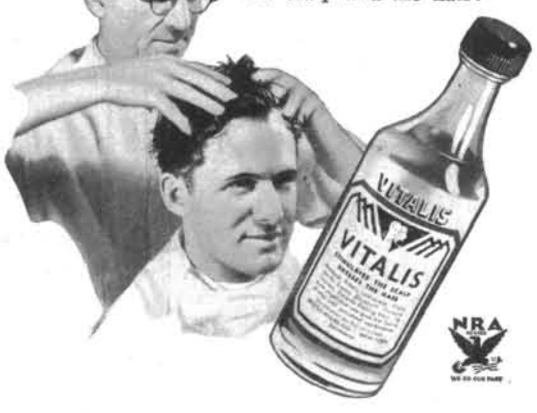

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

PRIL 28, 1934

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ALL over the Little Wheel the Front Legs and Hind Legs were known as coolers. A cooler is an act that goes on while the movie projector is cooling off. They're not needed in theaters that can afford two projectors.

You'd hardly expect much dramatic talent in a cooler—especially not in a horse act and least of all in the hind legs of a horse act. But in this case you'd be wrong. Hind Legs was as fine-looking an actor as you ever saw. Only, of course, you never saw him. What's more, he could act. Hamlet was his specialty. Even the man nearest to him, Front Legs, found that hard to understand. He tells you the story of this horse's eccentric rear end in "Show Business," by Arthur "Bugs" Baer.

WHEN the Administration, like a stern parent, ordered the CWA out of its house never to return, it was undertaking its first negative experiment. Before that time each change had meant an additional bureau, board, authority or corporation. But now alphabetical combinations, to say nothing of the money to make them function, were approaching exhaustion. And so the CWA was banished.

She had, it seems, always been regarded by the rest of the house as an interloper with a doubtful background and a low reputation.

But what's to take her place? Who's to continue the stream of money that flowed from her prodigal fingers? Walter Davenport, in a brilliant article about the inside workings of Recovery, gives you the answer.

LIFE in Nora's vicinity was just a gasoline tank and a match getting together. Sometimes it scared her. And it was at one of those moments that she got engaged to Marshall Ward. Fletcher Scott, who was in love with her himself, said no doubt it was part of "Nature's Wise Plan" to marry a bird of paradise to a wheelhorse. Not that he would cooperate, of course. Bernard DeVoto tells you about it.

THE virtue of a commuter, as everyone knows, is meekness, the patient endurance of endless impositions. A commuter is the last person in the world to perform a reckless action. Elmer Davis writes the story of one who became, for a few breathless moments, a "Desperate Character."

"CENTER COURT," by Stanley Paul, contains a smooth blend of romance and tennis. Quentin Reynolds, Frank Condon, Sax Rohmer, Arthur Somers Roche, Ray Tucker and others help to complete the program. The rest is up to you.

This Week

●

April 28, 1934

Cover by Van Doorn Morgan

SAX ROHMER
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Just a Second. When careers hang in the balance. Page 10

GERALD MYGATT
Some Like Them Famous. Whereas other girls take them as they come. Page 11

JAY GELZER
It's Up to Her. A rich girl's love story. Page 12

W. B. COURTNEY
Duluth Smells Ocean Breezes. Why the West wants an ocean. Page 14

RAY TUCKER
Wanted for Questioning. What the Senate investigates and why. Page 16

GROVER JONES
Danger Point. A romance of the railroad. Page 17

MEADE MINNIGERODE
The Dark Horse. What have rabbits and girls to do with the serious business of sailboat racing? Page 18

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part VIII. Kernochan's uninvited guest. Page 20

MARIE BEYNON RAY
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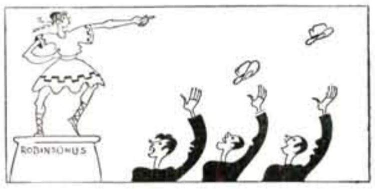
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What's new. Page 25

EDITORIAL
Sheep and Goats in the Cabinet. Page 66

●

Any Week

WITH burning face and fingers that fumble we give you this one from Mr. B. H. McNamara of Los Angeles, California. "I want to resent," cries he, "the attack you made on that great statesman, that great orator, that great soldier and patriot, Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana. You cast aspersions on him because he did not let the tainted foot of the English ambassador soil the sacred ground upon which our senators walk—ground hallowed by Patrick Henry, Calhoun and Webster and fittingly followed by Arthur Robinson and Huey Long, to say nothing of the erstwhile Heflin of Alabama, than whom no greater trodder ever trod anything. . . . As a favor to countless other heroes who, like me, fought and bled beside that great soldier and orator, Major Arthur Robinson, will you please set forth in print his service record from the time he arrived in Havre and don't neglect to tell us how he jumped from lieutenant to major. We who fought and bled and died with him desire these facts in detail that we may honor this great hero, fighter and hundred-per-center."



BUT of course there are some *things one can do nothing about.* For example, the predicament Mrs. Gordon F. Landmann of St. Joseph, Missouri, finds herself in. Mrs. Landmann asked the colored woman who cooks the Landmann meals about her eighteen-year-old son who had shown pretty definite signs of amounting to nothing.

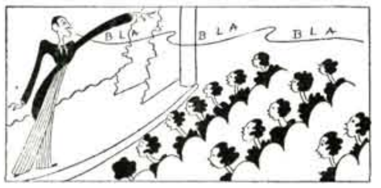
"Thaddeus?" said the cook. "Oh, Thaddeus—he is in the trade school for a year back learnin' a trade."

"What trade?" asked Mrs. Landmann.

"I dunno, ma'am. He ain't sure. They ain't told him the name of it."

"WHILE musing over my legal liquor the other night," says Mr. David Kuehn of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "the awful thought came to me that maybe there was something to be said about the great depression after all. It was bound to happen and it happened. Like going to the dentist, it is good to have gone through with it and have done with it. Maybe it has been over for some time and we're just picking up the pieces of the old order and trying to fit them into the new. Naturally we're going to have some pieces left over, pieces that are giving us trouble now. Or is this just something that legal liquor is doing to me?"

AND Mrs. Jerome J. Boland of Louisville, Kentucky, thinks that "something ought to be done about moving-picture actors making personal appearances trying to be profound." Mrs. Boland says that she heard one of them say: "While I am an artist I have sympathetic understanding of the economic trials and tribulations of all of you who find relief in coming to the films." Mrs. Boland admits that she is grateful for this sympathy but thinks that "whoever writes those speeches for our movie stars ought to rehearse them better so that there won't be so many mispronunciations."



"COLLIER'S," writes Mr. Bob Berry, one of the reasons why Mena, Arkansas, is such a pleasant place, "offers each week free of charge the best argument I know of for remaining in the U. S. A. and watching the New Deal develop. It's on the cover page: 'Five cents a copy; ten cents in Canada.' Congress has been known to vote subsidies for less worthy purposes."

WHILE we're engaged in this hazardous occupation of patting ourselves on the back, we may just as well tell you that the other day we just happened to mention that a year ago a young artist sent us some sketches. We couldn't use them. But with them was a note saying we could have them for a year's subscription to Collier's. This made us feel pretty noble. We returned the sketches but extracted two dollars from our scanty personal horde and subscribed for him. Well, last week he returned the two dollars saying he now had a nice job and was doing his own subscribing. Again we rose to the occasion, returning the original two dollars, telling him to use it to subscribe for some other fellow who hadn't yet got back on his feet. We had scarcely finished telling the story when one of America's most valuable citizens, having overheard, tapped us on the shoulder.

"Nobody," said he, "should be without Collier's. An outrage. I have fifty dollars in my pocket with which I'll pay for subscriptions for twenty-five people who are unable to take your magazine because they're broke. If and when any of them return the money just keep it in motion by using it to send Collier's to somebody else. What would life be without Collier's?"

WE STOP to shudder.

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5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.

When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Dept. 534-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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—because they're stropped 4840 separate times.

—because they're *tougher* than the *roughest* stubble *any* chin can grow.

Gem Razors have no take-down parts. Gem Blades have no counterparts.

Complete sets everywhere for $1.

Or a trial outfit, with the regular $1 Gem Micromatic Razor and two blades, for *your* quarter and *our* coupon.

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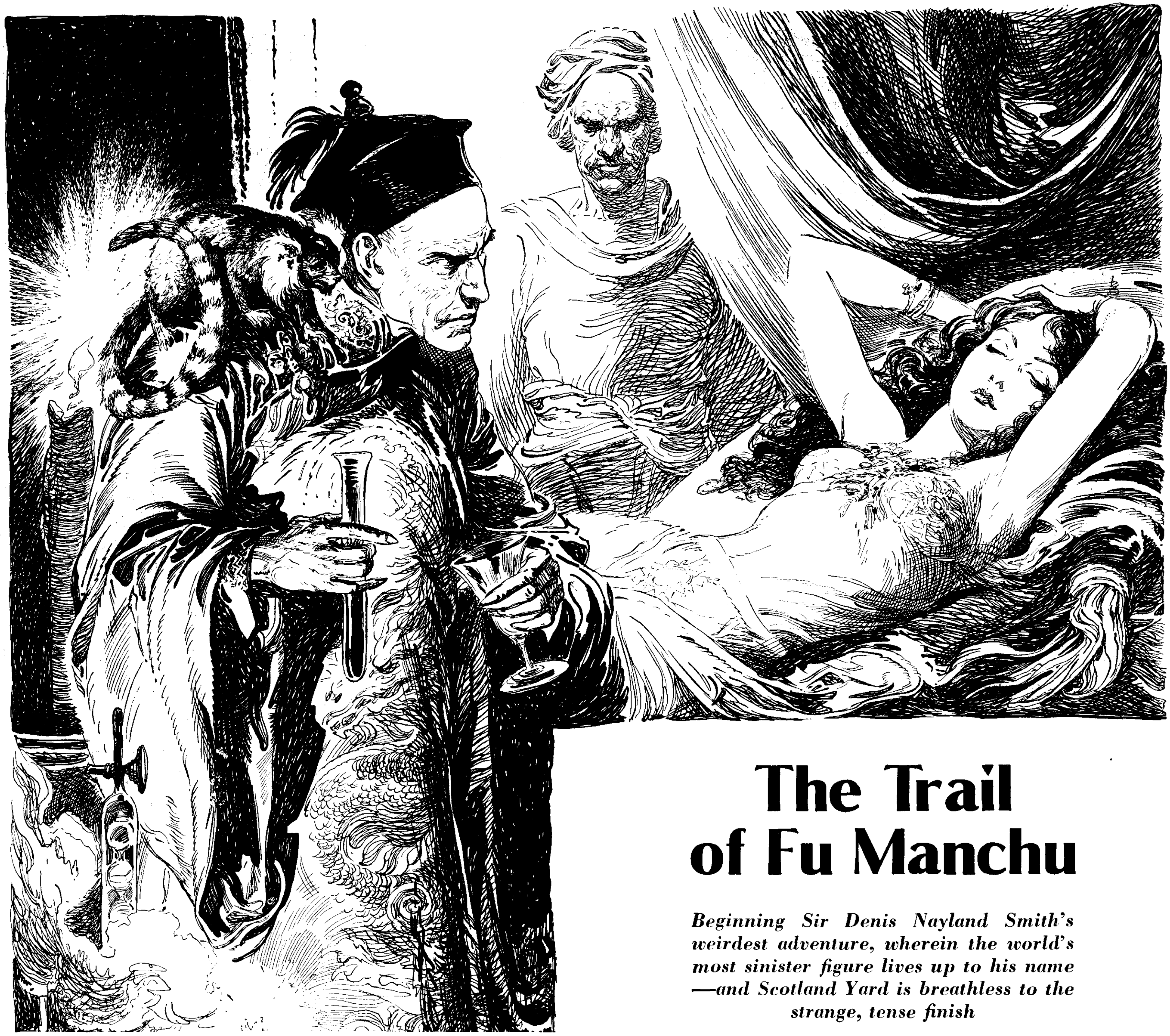
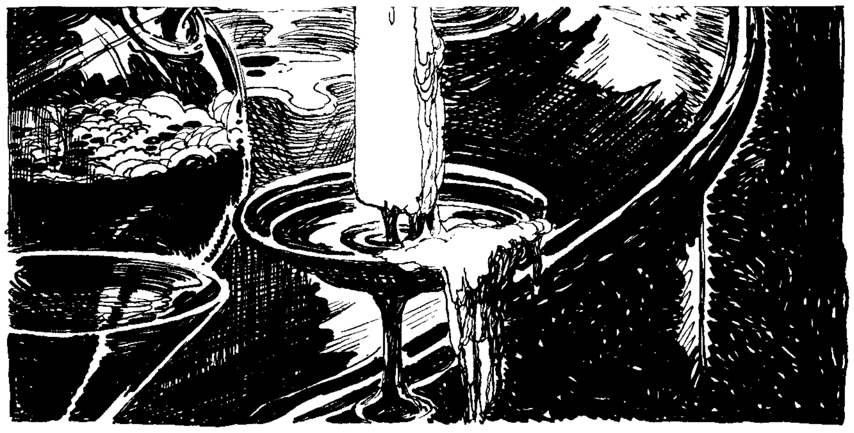


The Trail of Fu Manchu

Beginning Sir Denis Nayland Smith's weirdest adventure, wherein the world's most sinister figure lives up to his name —and Scotland Yard is breathless to the strange, tense finish

BY SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



"I suggest that the beautiful figure Preston saw was not constructed at Sèvres, but was Fleurette in that trance which only Fu Manchu is able to induce"

"WHO'S there?"

P. C. Ireland raised his red lantern, staring with smarting eyes through moving wreaths of yellow mist. Visibility was nil. This was the great fog of 1934—the worst in memory.

No one replied—there was no sound.

The constable shook himself and, setting the lantern down at his feet, flapped his arms in an endeavor to restore circulation. This chilliness was not wholly physical. Something funny was going on—something he didn't like. He stood quite still again, listening.

Three times he had heard that sound resembling nothing so much as the hard breathing of some animal, quite close to him in the fog—some furtive thing that crept by stealthily.

"Who's there?" he challenged, snatching up the red lamp.

None answered. The sound ceased—if it had ever existed outside of his imagination.

Traffic had been brought to a standstill some hours before; pedestrians there were none. King Fog held the city of London in bondage. The silence was appalling. P. C. Ireland felt as though he were enveloped in a wet blanket from head to feet.

"I'll go and have another look," he muttered.

He began to grope his way up a short, semicircular drive to the door of a house. He had no idea what danger threatened Professor Ambroso, but he knew that he would be in for a bad time from the inspector if anyone entered or left the professor's house unchallenged.

His foot struck the bottom of the three steps which led up to the door. Ireland mounted slowly; but not until his red lamp was almost touching the woodwork could he detect the fact that the door was closed. He stood there a while listening, but could hear nothing. He groped his way back to his post at the gate.

The police phone box was not fifty yards away: he would have welcomed any excuse to call up the station; to establish contact with another human being—to be where there was some light other than the dim, red glow of his lantern, which sometimes when he set it down resembled, seen through the moving clouds of mist, the baleful eye of a monster glaring up at him.

He regained the gate and put the lantern down. He wondered when, if ever, he would be relieved. Discipline was all very well, but on occasions like this pesky fog, when men who ought to have been in bed were turned out, a quiet smoke was the next best thing to a drink.

He groped under his oilskin cape for the packet, took out a cigarette and lighted it. He felt for the coping beside the gate and sat down. The fog appeared to be getting denser. Then in a flash he was on his feet again.

"*Who's there?*" he shouted.

Stooping, he snatched up the red lantern and began to grope his way toward the other end of the semicircular drive.

"I can see you!" he cried, slightly reassured by the sound of his own voice—"don't try any funny business with *me!*"

HE BUMPED into the half-open gate and pulled up, listening. Silence. He had retained his cigarette and now he replaced it between his lips. It was the blasted fog, of course, that was getting on his nerves. He was beginning to imagine things. It wouldn't do at all. But he sincerely wished that Waterlow would come along to relieve him, knowing in his heart of hearts that Waterlow hadn't one chance in a thousand of finding the point.

"Stick there till you're relieved," had been the inspector's order.

"All-night job for me," Ireland murmured sadly.

What was the matter with this old bloke, Ambroso? He leaned against the gate and reflected. It was something about a valuable statue that somebody wanted to pinch, or something. Ireland found it difficult to imagine why anyone should want to steal a statue. The silence was profound—uncanny. To one used to the bombilation of London, even in the suburbs, it seemed unnatural. He had more than half smoked his cigarette when—there it was again!

Heavy breathing and a vague shuffling sound.

Ireland dropped the cigarette and snatched up his lantern. He made a surprising spring in the direction of the sound.

"Come here, *you!*" he shouted. "What's the game?"

And this time he had a glimpse of—something!

It rather shook him. It might have been a crouching man, or it might have been an animal. It was very dim, just touched by the outer glow of his lantern. But Ireland was no weakling. He made another surprising leap, one powerful hand outstretched. The queer shape sprang aside and was lost again in the fog.

"What the dickens is it?" Ireland muttered.

Aware again of that unaccountable chill, he peered around him, holding the lantern up. He had lost his bearings. Where the devil was the house? He made a rapid calculation, turned about and began to walk slowly forward. He walked for some time in this manner, till his outstretched hand touched a railing. He had crossed to the verge of the Common.

He was on the wrong side of the road.

His back to the railings, he set out again. He estimated that he was halfway across when:

"Help!" came a thin, muffled scream—the voice of a woman. "For God's sake help me!"

THE cry came from right ahead. P. C. Ireland moved more rapidly, grinding his teeth together. He had not been wrong—there *was* something funny going on. It might be murder. And, his heart beating fast, and all his training urging "*Hurry—hurry!*" he could only crawl along. By sheer good luck he bumped into the half-open gate of the semicircular drive.

Evidently that cry had come from the house.

He moved forward more confidently—he was familiar with the route. Presently a dim light glowed through the wet blanket of the fog. The door was open.

Ireland stumbled up the steps and found himself in a large lobby, brightly lighted. Fog streamed in behind him like the fetid breath of some monstrous dragon. There were pictures and statuettes; thick carpet on the floor; rugs and a wide staircase leading upward. It was very warm. A wood fire had burned low in an open grate on one side of the lobby.

"Hello, there!" he shouted. "I'm a police officer. Who called?"

There was no answer.

"Hi!" Ireland yelled at the top of his voice. "Is there anyone at home?"

He stood still, listening. A piece of ash dropped from the fire onto the tiled hearth. Ireland started. The house was silent—as silent as the fog-bound streets outside, and great waves of clammy mist were pouring in at the open door.

The constable put down his red lantern on a little coffee table and began to look about him apprehensively. Then he walked to the foot of the stairs and trumpeted through cupped hands:

"Is there anyone there?"

Silence.

He was uncertain of his duty. Furthermore, this brightly lighted but apparently empty house was even more perturbing than the silence of the Common. A telephone stood on a ledge not a yard from the coffee table. Ireland took up the instrument.

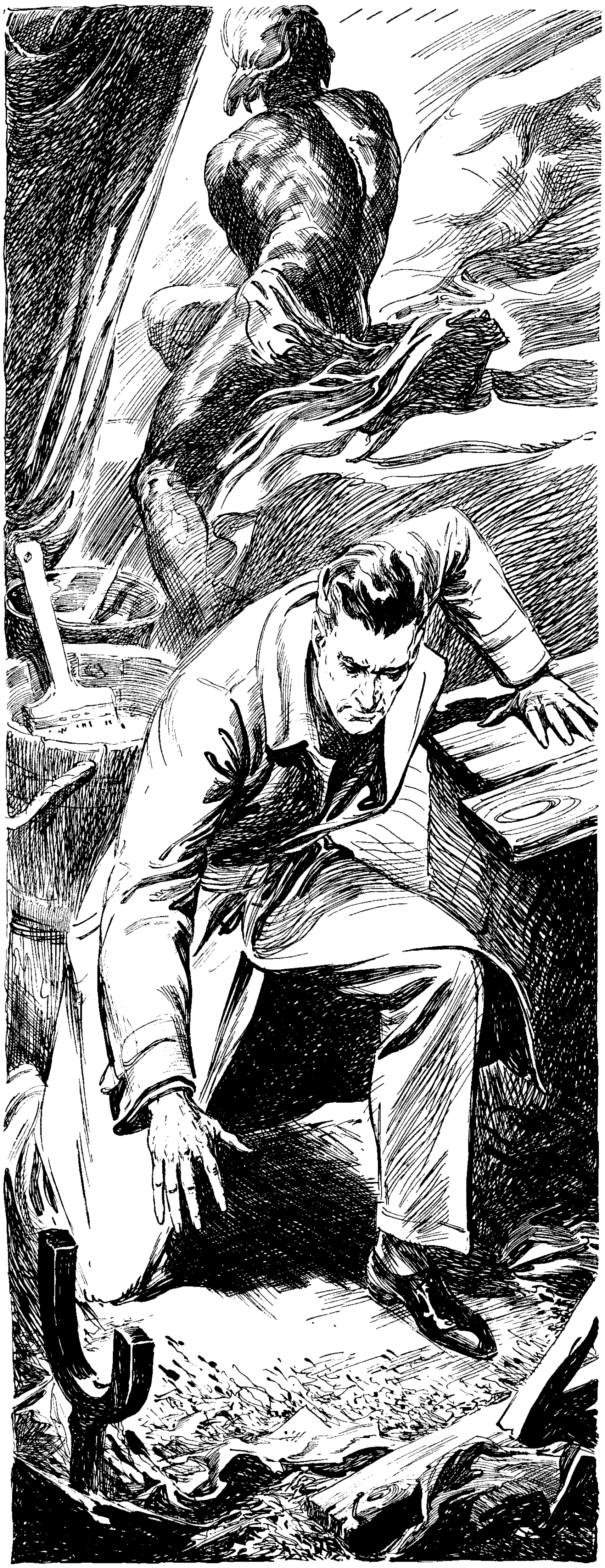
A momentary pause, during which he kept glancing apprehensively about him, and then:

"Wandsworth police station—urgent!" he said. "Police calling."

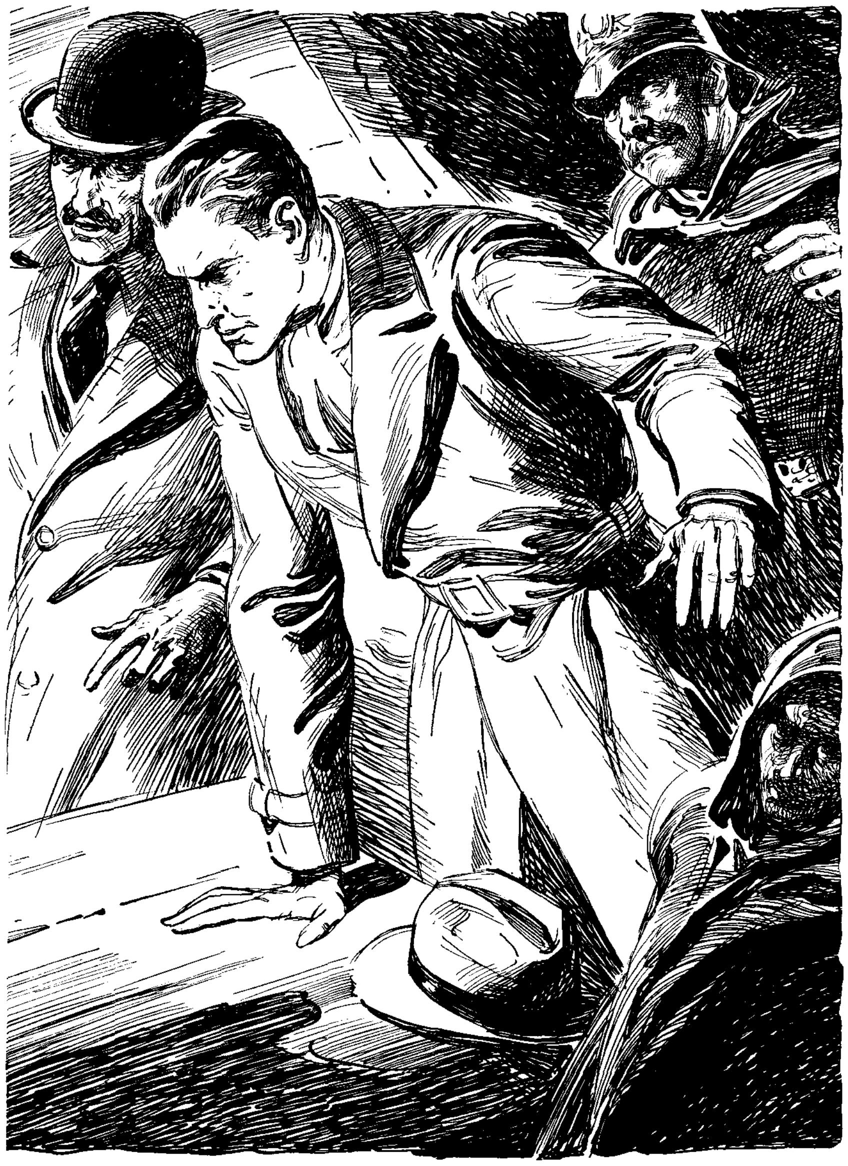
THAT phenomenal fog, which over a great part of Europe heralded and ushered in the New Year, was responsible for many things that were strange and many that were horrible, among the latter the wreck of the Paris-Strasbourg express and the tragic crash of an Imperial Airways liner. The triumphant fog demon was responsible, also, for the present predicament of P. C. Ireland.

A big car belonging to the Flying Squad of Scotland Yard, and provided with special fog lights, stood outside Wandsworth police station. And in the divisional inspector's office a conversation was taking place which, could P. C. Ireland have heard it, would have made that intelligent officer realize the importance of his solitary vigil.

Divisional Inspector Watford was a gray-haired, distinguished-looking man of military bearing. He sat behind a large desk looking alternately from one



"This is the thing described by Preston," said Nayland Smith. "Look. There are the rests—not unlike those used in ancient Egypt for the repose of the mummy"



to the other of his two visitors. Of these, one Chief Inspector Gallaho, of the C. I. D., was well known to every officer in the metropolitan police force. A thick-set, clean-shaven man, of florid coloring and truculent expression, buttoned up in a blue overcoat and wearing a rather wide-brimmed bowler hat. He stood, resting one elbow upon the mantelpiece and watching the man who had come with him from Scotland Yard.

The latter, tall, lean and of that dully dark complexion which tells of long residence in the tropics, wore a leather overcoat over a very shabby tweed suit. He was hatless, and his close-cropped, crisply waving gray hair excited the envy of the district inspector. His own hair was of that color but had been deserting him for many years. The man in the leather overcoat was smoking a pipe, and restlessly walking up and down the office floor.

The divisional inspector was somewhat awed by his second visitor, who was none other than ex-Assistant Commissioner Sir Denis Nayland Smith. Something very big was afoot. Suddenly pulling up in front of the desk, Sir Denis took his pipe from between his teeth, and:

"Did you ever hear of Dr. Fu Manchu?" he jerked, fixing his keen eyes upon Watford.

"Certainly, sir," said the latter, looking up in a startled way. "My predecessor in this division was actually concerned in the case, I believe, a number of years ago. For my own part"—he smiled slightly—"I have always regarded him as a sort of name—what you might term a trade-mark."

"Trade-mark?" echoed Nayland Smith. "What do you mean? That there's no such person?"

"Something of the kind, sir. I mean, isn't Fu Manchu really the name for a sort of political organization, like the Mafia—or the Black Hand?"

Nayland Smith laughed shortly and glanced at the man from Scotland Yard.

"He is chief of such an organization," he replied, "but the organization itself has another name. There *is* a Dr. Fu Manchu—and Dr. Fu Manchu is in London. That's why I'm here tonight."

The inspector stared hard for a moment, and then:

"Indeed, sir!" he murmured. "And may I take it that there's some connection between this Fu Manchu and Professor Ambroso?"

"I don't know," Nayland Smith snapped, "but I intend to find out tonight. What can you tell me about the professor? He lives in your area."

"He does, sir." The inspector nodded. "He has a large house and studio on the North Side of the Common. We have had orders for several days to afford him special protection."

NAYLAND SMITH nodded, replacing his pipe between his teeth.

"Personally, I've never seen him, and I've never seen any of his work. He's a bit outside my province. But I understand that although he's an Italian by birth, he is a naturalized British subject. What he wants protection for is beyond me. In fact, I should be glad to know, if anyone can tell me."

Sir Denis glanced at the Scotland Yard man.

"Bring the inspector up to date," he directed; "he's evidently rather in the dark."

Watford, resting his arms on the table, stared at the celebrated detective inquiringly.

"Well, it's like this," Gallaho began, in a low, rumbling voice. "If it means anything to you, I'll begin by admitting that it means nothing to me. Professor Ambroso has been abroad for some time supervising the making of a new kind of statue at the Sèvres works, outside Paris. It's a life-sized figure, I understand, and more or less life-colored. Since the matter was brought to my notice, I have been looking up newspaper reports and it appears that the thing has created a bit of a sensation in artistic circles. Well, the professor took it down to an international exhibition held in Nice. This exhibition closed a week ago, and the figure, which is called The Sleeping Venus, was brought back to Paris, and from Paris to London."

"Did the professor come along, too?"

"Yes. And in Paris he asked for police protection."

"What for?"

"Don't ask me—I'm asking you. The French sent a man down to Boulogne on the train in which the thing was transported—then we took over on this side. There's a man on duty outside his house now, isn't there?"

"Yes. And the fog's so dense it's impossible to relieve him."

NAYLAND SMITH had begun to walk up and down again; but now:

"He can be relieved when the other car arrives," he jerked, glancing back over his shoulder. "I should have pushed straight on, but there is someone I am anxious to interrogate. I have arranged for him to be brought here."

That the speaker was in a state of high nervous tension, none could have failed to recognize. He was a man oppressed by the cloud of some dreadful doubt.

"That's the story," Gallaho added. "The professor and his statue arrived by the Golden Arrow on Friday evening, just as the fog was beginning. He had two assistants, or workmen—foreigners, anyway—with him, and he had hired a small lorry. A plain-clothes man covered the proceedings, and the case containing the statue arrived at the professor's house about nine o'clock on Friday night, I understand." Then, unconsciously he echoed the ideas of Police Constable Ireland: "What the devil anybody wants to steal a statue for is beyond me."

"It's so far beyond me," Nayland Smith said rapidly, "that I am here tonight to inspect that work of art."

Watford's expression was pathetically blank.

"It doesn't seem to mean anything," he confessed.

"No," said Gallaho grimly, "it doesn't. It will seem to mean less when I tell you that we had a wire from the Italian police this evening—advising us that Professor Ambroso had been seen in the garden of his villa in Capri yesterday morning."

"What?"

"Sort that out," growled Gallaho. "It looks as though we've been giving protection to the wrong man, doesn't it?"

"Good Lord!" Watford's face registered the blankest bewilderment. "Is it your idea, sir?"—he turned to Nayland Smith—"I mean, you don't think that Professor Ambroso . . ."

"Well," growled Gallaho—"go ahead."

"No, of course, if he's been seen alive! Good Lord!" But again he turned to Sir Denis, who was pacing more and more rapidly up and down the floor: "Where does Fu Manchu come in?"

"THAT'S a long story," Smith replied, "and until I have interviewed the professor, or the person posing as the professor, I cannot be certain that he comes in at all."

There was a rap on the door, and a uniformed constable came in.

"The other car has arrived, sir," he reported to Watford, "and there's a Mr. Preston here, asking for Sir Denis Nayland Smith."

"Show him in," said Watford.

A few moments later a young man came into the office bringing with him a whiff of the fog outside. He wore a heavy tweed overcoat and white muffler, and carried a soft hat. He had a fresh-colored face and light-blue, twinkling eyes—very humorous and good-natured. He sneezed several times, and smiled apologetically.

"My name is Nayland Smith," said Sir Denis. "Won't you please sit down?"

"Thank you, sir," and Preston sat down. "It's a devil of a night to bring a bloke out, but I've no doubt it's very important."

"It is," Nayland Smith snapped. "I will not detain you long."

Gallaho turned in his slow fashion and fixed his observant eyes upon the newcomer. Divisional Inspector Watford watched Nayland Smith.

"I understand that you were on duty," the latter continued, "at Victoria on Friday when the Paris-London service known as the Golden Arrow arrived?"

"I was, sir."

"It is customary on this service to inspect baggage at Victoria?"

"It is."

"One of the passengers was Professor Pietro Ambroso, accompanied by two servants or workmen, and having with him a large case or crate containing a statue. Did you open this case?"

"I did." Preston's merry eyes twinkled. He sneezed, blew his nose and smiled apologetically. "There was a detective on special duty who had traveled across with the professor and who seemed anxious to get the job over. He suggested that examination was unnecessary. But—" he grinned—"I wanted a peep at the statue. The professor was inclined to be peevish, but—"

"Describe the professor," snapped Nayland Smith.

PRESTON stared in surprise for a moment, and then:

"He's a tall, old man, very stooped, with a white beard and mustache. Wears pince-nez, a funny black, continental cape coat, and a wide-brimmed, black hat. He speaks with a slight Italian accent, and he's very frightening."

"Admirable thumb-nail sketch," Nayland Smith commented, his penetrating stare fixed almost feverishly upon the speaker. "Thank God for a man who can see straight. Do you remember the color of his eyes?"

Preston shook his head, suppressing a sneeze.

"He seemed to be half blind. He peered, keeping his eyes nearly closed."

"Good. Go on. Statue."

Preston released the pent-up sneeze. Then, grinning in his cheerful way:

"It was the devil of a game getting the lid off," he went on. "But I roped

*(**Continued on page** 40)*

Just a Second

By Quentin Reynolds

The moment that seems like a year! Gene Tunney faced one in Chicago—Bill Terry met another head-on in the last world's series—and here are others just as agonizing

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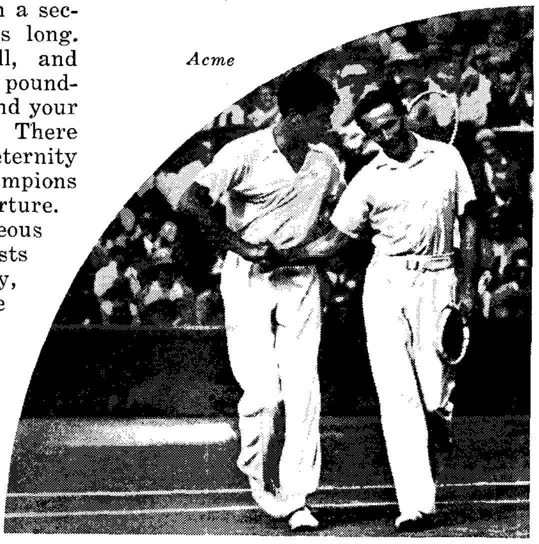
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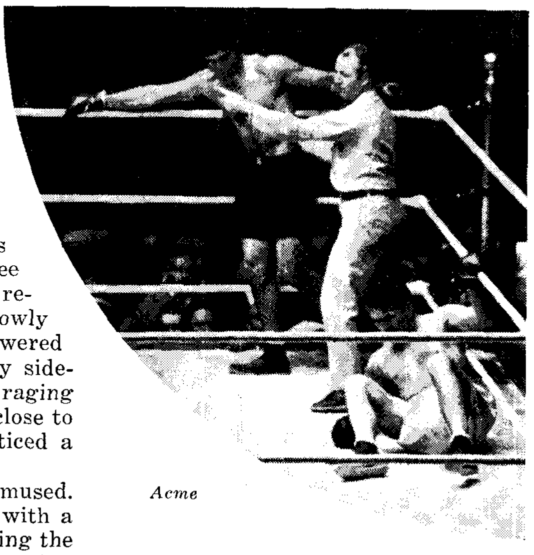
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Clyde Beatty's battles with his big cats, Eddie Rickenbacker's murderous duels with enemy planes, Frank Shields after beating back Jean Borotra, Dempsey flooring Gene Tunney—a few of the hair-raising moments every champion knows so well

A MINUTE is only sixty seconds, but there are times when a second seems sixty minutes long. Time often stands still, and maybe it's because your heart is pounding and your brain is whirling and your nerves are playing queer tricks. There are seconds that seem like eternity and even the gamest of champions are not immune to their torture.

Five of the most courageous fighters ever to enter sports lists are ex-champion Gene Tunney, Bill Terry, Frank Shields, Clyde Beatty and that smiling daredevil, Eddie Rickenbacker. Perhaps you've seen some of them in action and perhaps you've marveled at their coolness and their nonchalance in critical spots. But ask them as I did about the most critical seconds they ever spent and they'll admit that certain seconds during which a pattern of success or failure was being woven seemed agonizingly long.

Probably the most famous long seconds in sport history are those Gene Tunney spent on the floor while Dempsey, set for the kill, waited for Gene to get up. Remember Gene on his haunches — remember Referee Barry counting eight-nine and remember Tunney getting up—slowly and methodically? Dempsey lowered his head and rushed and Tunney sidestepped nimbly and circled the raging ex-champion. Then if you were close to the ringside you might have noticed a smile on Tunney's face.

Tunney actually looked amused. Tunney might have been toying with a sparring partner instead of evading the punches of the greatest hitter the ring has ever known. One hundred thousand fight fans were screaming, were jittery with excitement as Tunney circled, ducked, side-stepped and slipped punches, and Tunney still had that smile on his face. I asked him about that. I asked him if those seconds he spent on the floor were the longest in his career.

"No," Tunney laughed. "They weren't long at all. They were all too short. I was figuring out just what to do when I got up. I knew that Jack would rush. Should I meet him with a punch? Should I slug with him? Should I back away? I felt fine except for a natural anger at myself for getting in the way of those punches. I felt great but I decided to make Jack chase me. It was the smart thing to do and a world's championship was at stake. So I got up and stood there."

Tunney was reliving that instant. His hands were clenched and he stood up and told it so graphically that I unconsciously looked across the room to see if Dempsey were really there.

"I got up," Tunney continued. "I stood there and then Jack came roaring across the ring. I had decided to side-step to the left and then circle him for a few moments. He was halfway across the ring when a horrible thought hit me. Would my legs respond when I called on them? For the split part of a second I was paralyzed. Sure I felt great, but how about those legs? The next two seconds would decide.

"Jack was a step away now and he let go a terrific left hook. Now I had to move and that second seemed like a lifetime. I slipped away to the left and evaded that punch and others that he hurled rapidly after it, and those legs behaved beautifully. Then I felt like laughing. Sure, I knew that I was all right and I knew that despite that knockdown I was in better shape than Jack. You'll remember that a moment later I hit Jack with my right and from then on I did all right. But I'll never forget that one second waiting for Jack to come to me—and wondering whether or not my legs would do what I wanted them to do."

Suspense on the Diamond

You'll remember that nerve-racking fourth game of the last world series. It was probably the greatest and most thrilling world series game ever played. Coming into the last half of the eleventh the score was two to one in favor of the Giants. New York was leading Washington in the series two games to one. A victory now would about cinch the world championship. A defeat would even things up.

Schulte, up first for the Senators, singled. Kuhel bunted safely and then Bluege sacrificed. There were men on second and third now as Luke Sewell walked to the plate. Bill Terry called a conference of his infielders. "A hit will win the ball game," he said. "Let's walk Sewell, fill the bases and try for a double play."

A desperate remedy, but it was a desperate situation. Carl Hubbell walked Sewell and now those wild-eyed Washington fans were crazy with excitement.

Joe Cronin decided to put in a pinch hitter for Russell, his pitcher. Everybody thought that he'd use dependable old Sam Rice, but instead he decided upon Cliff Bolton. The young left-handed batter sauntered up there confidently. He'd done some great pinch-hitting during the season. Any kind of a hit would win the ball game—might win the series.

The Giant infielders looked at Terry. What would he do? Would he call his infielders in, hoping to cut off the run at the plate if Bolton hit a grounder? Would he gamble for that double play, have his men play deep and shoot the works? Terry decided upon the latter course of action. And what should Hubbell pitch to Bolton?

"A screw ball—low and inside, will get him, Carl," Terry said to Hubbell. Hubbell nodded, jerked down the peak of his cap, and looked toward the plate.

The infielders walked back to their positions. Blondie Ryan was calling shrilly, "We're with you, Carl; get this guy." Little Hughie Critz was chirping encouragement. Terry took his position, graceful, nonchalant, and you'd never think to look at him that he was suffering an agonizing suspense. That Terry guy could look nonchalant searching under a bed for a collar button.

(Continued on page 28)

Some Like them Famous

By Gerald Mygatt

The remarkable adventure of a young American who had to slay a dragon for the lady he loved

JIMMY FITCH turned from Fifth Avenue into the entrance of his building, shoved into an elevator and shoved out at the thirty-sixth floor. He made his way hurriedly to the glassed-in cubbyhole that was called his private office. He felt like scowling, so he scowled.

He scowled at the glass panels that enclosed him on three sides, as if he were some form of interesting tropical fish. He scowled at the window, which looked out over a clutter of buildings to a far vista of five large gas tanks, three of them painted dull red and two of them painted with all the colors of the rainbow in little rectangular blobs. He scowled at the furniture of this, his office: a flat-topped desk, a desk chair, a side chair, a brownish rug. That was all there was room for.

Now he scowled at the glass door, which bore his name, as he read it, in reverse. From the outside it read in neat gold lettering, *Mr. Fitch.* Until now he had been fairly proud of that *Mr. Fitch.* Of the nine Holton-Haines copy writers he was one of three who rated their names on their doors. But what Jimmy had to look at from where he stood was the alley entrance to his own name:

HƆTIꟻ .ЯM

It looked Russian or something and it was more than back-end-to. It was cockeyed and it was unpronounceable. It didn't even add up. Well, that was the way life was. Life didn't add up either.

Jimmy turned slowly to his desk, and what he saw gave him further pain. What he saw, what he always saw, was the gorgeous, gilt-framed photograph of Genevieve Kimbling—an eleven-by-fourteen with her signature across the corner—which had held the sole place of honor in this cubbyhole since the day after the evening—sacred evening!—when she had at length permitted him to kiss her without a squeal. The picture was, had always been, a tribute to his victory. Probably not many men had kissed Genevieve; well, not very many, anyway, because Genevieve was overfed with men and pretty finicky about them. She could afford to be, too; and rightly.

FOR some minutes Jimmy gazed at the picture, half fondly, half tragically. Then, slowly, he turned it face down. One thing he knew: he could not look at it this afternoon and work.

Oh, yes, work! He grinned a grinless grin. Work—heh, heh, heh! A nice hollow laugh! Between now and five o'clock he was scheduled to turn out a piece of miracle copy for the Lenwich people. Miracle copy—heh, heh, heh! About soap. Soap! Heh, heh, heh!

Automatically Jimmy pressed a button at the edge of his desk. That was one thing he could do, Genevieve or not. Maybe it wasn't as important as being a three-goal man at polo or winning a war or singing tenor over the radio, but it was something. He could press a button and a woman would come running.

Jimmy rather hoped it would be Miss Bray. She was—well, quiet, and she was efficient. Besides . . . ah, it was Miss Bray!

Miss Bray opened the door. Miss Bray stood there, smiling expectantly. Miss Bray was little and dark—dark hair, dark eyes, a dark, self-contained sort of smile. She was really much too pretty to be in any office—Jimmy had made the mistake of telling her that one time, just before Genevieve burst into the picture, and that was one reason why Jimmy always called her Miss Bray. Some of the other men called her Mary and kidded with her and everything, but not Jimmy. Jimmy kept her in her place. Oh, he was always nice to her, just as courteous as the dickens, but the thing was to keep calling her Miss Bray and to forget that for a couple of minutes or a couple of days or a couple of weeks or whatever it had been before Genevieve came along—well, the thing to do was to forget Mary Bray except as a piece of office machinery.

Mary Bray—Miss Bray, rather—stepped into the room. Then, blinking slightly, she peered at Jimmy's desk. She took another step or two, reached out, lifted the gilt frame and set Genevieve Kimbling in her accustomed place.

"Er—thanks," said Jimmy.

"Didn't you notice it had fallen over?"

"Naturally," said Jimmy curtly. "I—er—what about that list of soap names? Got them?"

MISS BRAY continued to stare at the picture. It was a photograph of a lovely patrician blonde, clear-featured, wide-eyed, poised. Miss Bray said at last, "I don't think I blame you much."

"Blame me?"

"For being crazy about her." She paused. Then: "You're going to be married, aren't you?"

"I hope so," said Jimmy stiffly.

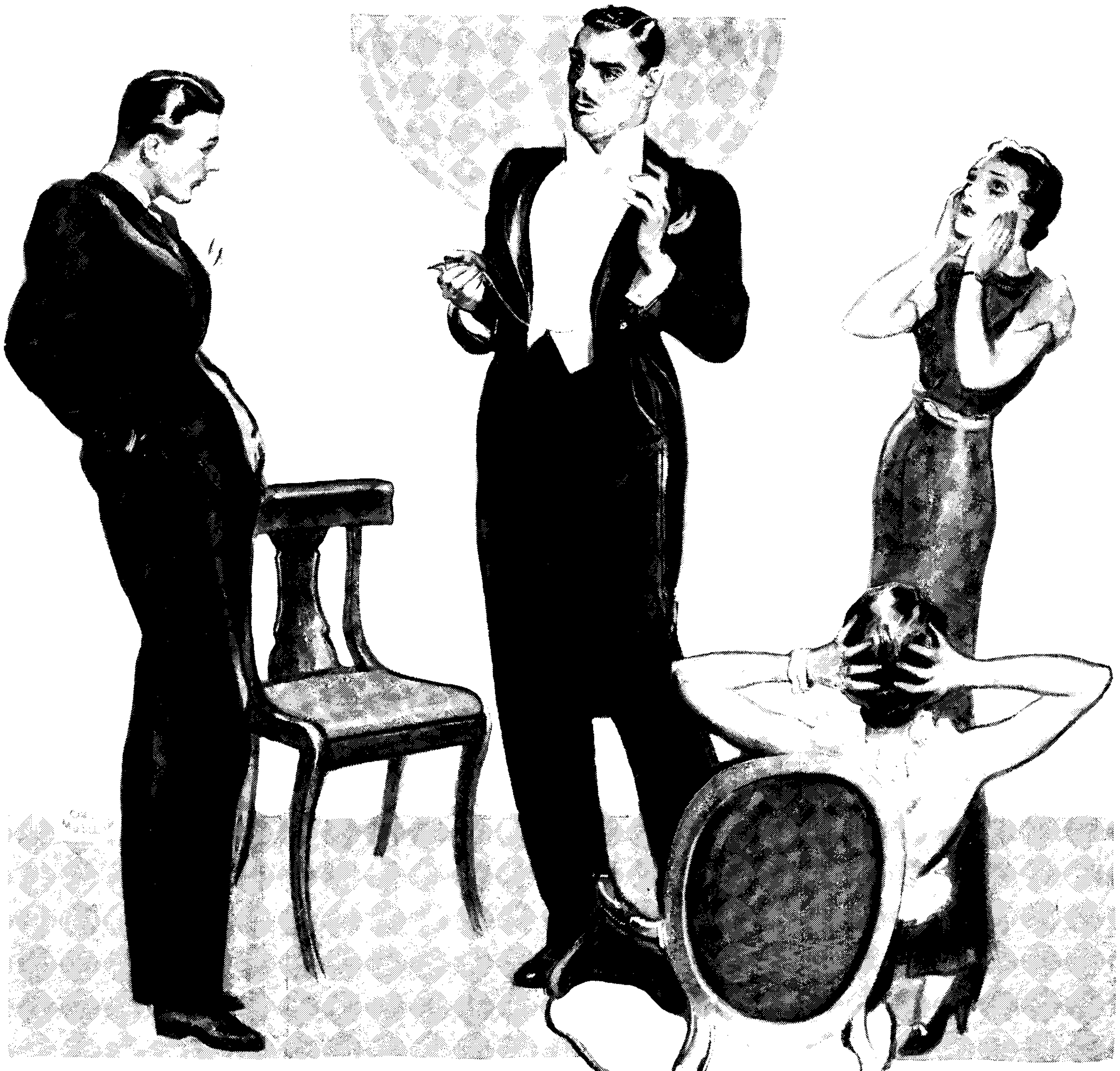
"Then I hope so too," said Mary Bray, smiling at him.

Jimmy did his best to smile back, but under the circumstances it wasn't much of a smile. Because all of a sudden he knew that what he needed more than anything else in the world was a chance to talk to somebody, somebody who would understand. Somebody who was sensible and quiet and—well, friendly. His attempt at a smile trickled away into the semblance of a foolish grin. Then, looking squarely into Mary Bray's brown eyes, he said slowly, steadily: "If you promise not to laugh, Miss Bray, I'll tell you something, because maybe you can give me some good advice."

"I—of course," murmured Mary Bray, sobering.

"Sit down," directed Jimmy, and plumped himself into his own chair. It was a heavy, dejected plump. Mary Bray tucked her brown dress into the side chair and eyed him expectantly. Jimmy said: "Never propose to a girl at noon, Miss Bray."

(Continued on page 44)



"Bottom of the ocean?" asked Mr. van Ottomar. "I happen to be the one man who has dared the Stradivarius Deep"

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

It's up to Her

The bride in this story did a shocking thing, as the gossips guessed she would. But reserve your verdict until all the evidence is in

By Jay Gelzer

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

THIS is the story back of three items appearing in a newspaper column sponsored by a columnist famed on Broadway and having to do with Linda Craig, though her name was never actually mentioned.

The first item made its appearance on the day of her wedding at St. Thomas Church, but for story purposes it seems best to go back of the wedding and begin the story a little before that time.

I FIRST saw Linda Craig on the night of her début at a fashionable hotel, when she was presented to New York society.

With her father dead for years and her mother married so often she has almost forgotten the existence of the daughter of her first marriage, it was Linda's uncle, Horace Craig, who saw to it that his niece had all the trimmings.

The town's best orchestra provided the music. A midnight supper was served to five hundred. Linda had a dress of silver brocade to wear, white orchids to carry, and at intervals during the evening people said to her: "My child, I remember your mother well, and she, too, was a beauty!" before departing in a slight confusion inspired by recollection of the fact that doubtless Linda herself scarcely remembered her mother.

They were right, however, about Linda's being a beauty.

She had beauty of the slim, dark kind, with a creamy white skin, notable eyes, and the loveliest mouth in the world, and Horace Craig, standing solidly beside her in dignified tails and a white tie, was plainly very proud of her.

Since she was the prettiest of the year's crop of débutantes, it is not surprising she was at once popular. Eligible young men in plenty escorted her places, but presently from among these, three began to overshadow all others. Jim Lucas. Cary Jasper. Gilbert Emory. All were highly creditable suitors, and Horace Craig, who was something or other important in the financial world, had no fault to find with any of them, but I think that of the three he favored Gilbert Emory.

Gilbert Emory was Gilbert Emory III. Thirty-five and handsome. Possessor of a renowned fortune and an enviable social position. Horace was convinced Linda meant to marry Gilbert Emory, though it was difficult to know what Linda really thought or felt, she was so cool, so aloof, so barricaded behind her smooth pale cheeks and her lovely mouth.

Linda, however, completely upset the apple-cart of his expectations.

One crisp cold Saturday she went to a football game with Jim Lucas, and somewhere between halves of that game Jim discovered a former classmate.

"There's somebody you ought to know!" said Jim heartily. "We played football together for Yale."

HE DISAPPEARED, and after a delay so prolonged Linda suspected Jim's friend of reluctance to join them, came back dragging a tall young man with wide shoulders and a stubborn chin.

"Meet Steve Dacey from Georgia!" he said triumphantly.

Linda lifted her eyes preparatory to meeting still another young man in a life already crowded with young men and found this wasn't just one more young man after all, for in the meeting of their eyes her whole life changed.

Steve Dacey seemed as profoundly smitten with the shock of encounter as herself. Speeding back to town, he held her hand beneath the robe in the back seat of an automobile. Later, at the hotel where they stopped for dinner, he swept her from the floor in the middle of their first dance to find a hidden corner where he could kiss her.

Then, because it was clear to him Linda wasn't the kind to kiss strange young men in corners, he explained about that: "This isn't just a matter of easy kisses, Linda. This has wedding rings, and church bells, and candles lighted upon an altar in it."

At the end of the evening, almost frightened by the suddenness with which life had turned radiant, Linda went home to spend the rest of the night thinking about Steve Dacey's eyes, which were blue. About his hair, which was straw-yellow and determined to curl. About the way his hands had felt upon her shoulders when he leaned down to kiss her.

Next morning Jim Lucas dropped in. Early, as though he, too, had kept vigil, but with worry rather than rapture.

"Steve's a grand person," said Jim Lucas bluntly. "He holds aces in his own game, but no chips at all in the game we play!"

Linda looked at him. "Meaning?" she suggested.

"Meaning Steve went through Yale on a scholarship and has his way to make."

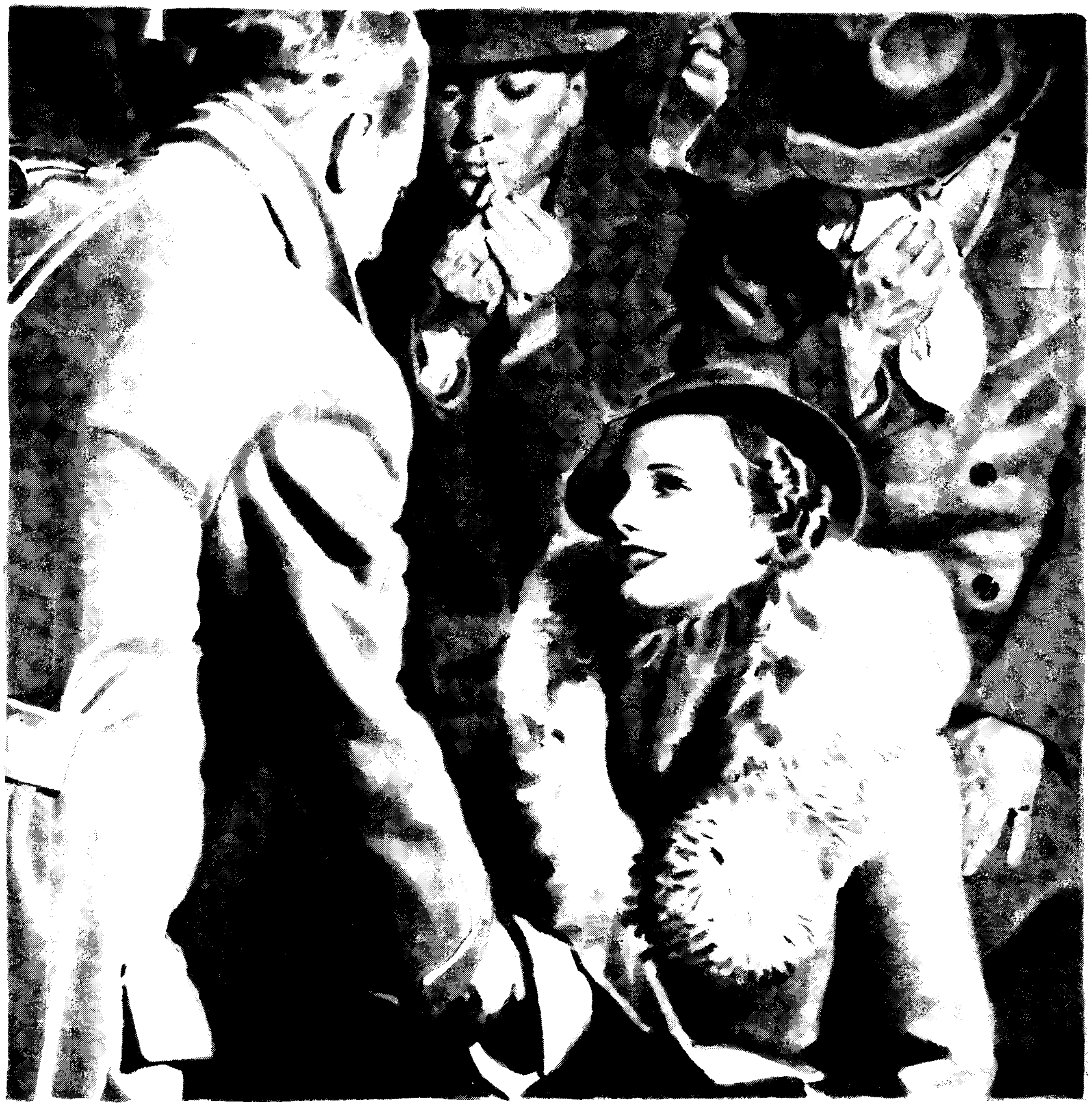
"Now you're talking about money!" said Linda as though money were something of no importance whatever.

HORACE CRAIG was completely bowled over by the news that Linda wanted to marry Steve Dacey as soon as it could be decently arranged. No doubt he regretted the loss of Gilbert Emory, who seemed to him an ideal husband for Linda, and aside from that he seemed to have misgivings as to the success of the marriage.

"Linda can't be anything but a burden to you," he said to Steve Dacey in their first interview. "She couldn't even poach an egg if her life depended upon it!"

Linda laughed about that. "Life's a lot of things besides poaching eggs!" said Linda, and Horace saw the futility of further argument.

As soon after that as it could be arranged, Linda and Steve Dacey were married at St. Thomas Church with the full regalia of a fashionable wedding: orange blossoms, organ music, ushers with gardenias in their buttonholes. Horace was very generous about everything, down to the check for five thou-



Linda lifted her eyes and found this wasn't just one more young man after all sand dollars he gave Linda as a wedding present, though he told me privately he had his doubts about Steve Dacey permitting Linda to make use of the money.

Along with a lot of other people, I attended the wedding and thought Linda was to be envied. The high moments of life are few in number, and in view of her radiance no one could doubt this was a high moment for Linda.

After the wedding, however, I went home in a curious state of doubt. I had seen Gilbert Emory at the church, and Gilbert, far from looking crushed, maintained an aspect of absolute confidence which broadcast the impression that he was merely waiting.

He was Gilbert Emory; things, if they did not come to him at once, inevitably came to him eventually, and Linda Craig would prove no exception to the general rule. That was what Gilbert Emory's superb confidence said to me along with the rest of the friends, relatives, and merely curious jamming the church.

The first of the news items appeared that night, sandwiched in between a satirical comment on the recent shooting of a notorious gangster and the revelation of still another scandal in New York's upper circles.

"One of our prettiest débutantes," the columnist said, "went off the gold standard today at St. Thomas Church, thereby deserting a life of charming ease for life with one of yesterday's football heroes who has the pride of Lucifer and little else. My congratulations to the pretty bride if she makes the marriage stick. But will she?"

I put aside the paper in irritated annoyance because it seemed to me that in concentrating all eyes upon Linda's marriage and its outcome the columnist had handed it over to the public as a contest being staged for their amusement: "Make your bets, ladies and gentlemen—time will declare the winner in this bout between Romance and Luxury!"

HORACE was right in his perception that Steve Dacey might refuse to permit Linda to spend her wedding check for their mutual benefit. He wouldn't even let her spend a penny on the furnishings of the tiny flat they took far downtown in a most unfashionable neighborhood, but Linda was rather pleased than otherwise by his firmness. Buying things with Steve's money was far more thrilling than spending Horace Craig's, and, like a child turned loose in a toy shop, she bought a gilded mirror, a beautifully carved chair, an immense sofa covered in red silk. At Steve's insistence she bought a bedroom set and a few things for the kitchen; but, because Steve's money gave out then, they did without carpets.

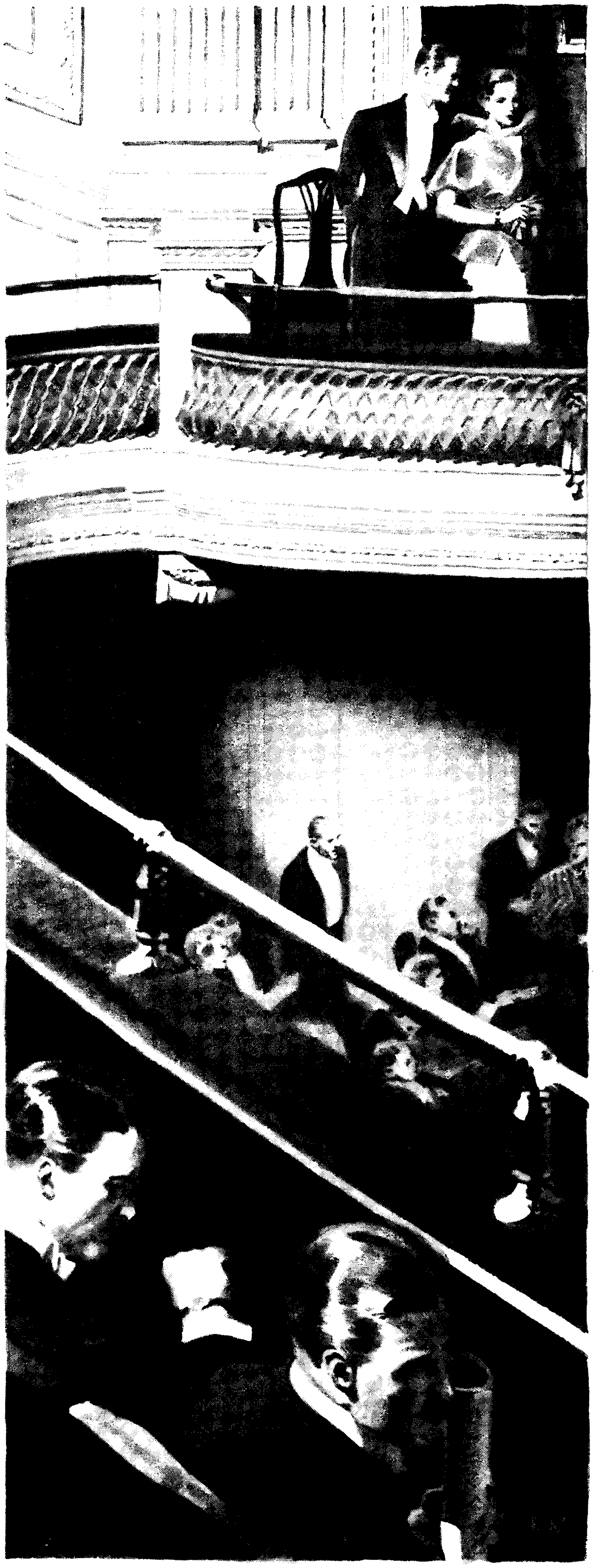
Steve laughed about the lack of wisdom with which Linda made her purchases and Linda laughed with him, but the laughter of the people who came from her former world to see what being married to a poor young man really meant had a different quality.

When these visitors laughed, Linda's finger nails were apt to dig deeply into her palms, though she laughed with them in a purely defensive laughter.

Horace, however, did not laugh when he came. Horace looked around at the general bareness quite as though it were to be expected. "People learn by making mistakes," said Horace rather matter-of-factly, and Linda found herself oddly comforted.

Nor did Gilbert Emory laugh when he called, the call being considerable of a surprise to Linda because Gilbert had been somewhat ironic about her marriage.

Linda served tea prepared by her own hands, feeling very conscious of a ragged finger nail, of a burn stretching redly across the back of one hand, of the fact that her dress was wrinkled.



People began to notice that Gilbert Emory and Mrs. Stephen Dacey were together a lot

Gilbert stared at the burn, at her dress, at the floor Steve had painted black to conceal its bareness. "Liking marriage?" asked Gilbert.

"Liking marriage!" assured Linda in her fashionable, throaty voice.

Gilbert nodded toward the floor. "I haven't sent you a wedding present yet, Linda. Let me send enough rugs to cover all this—"

She thought that he was being very kind, but the suggestion was not to be considered for a moment, and she gave the reason frankly. "I'm afraid Steve wouldn't like that, Gilbert."

"I suppose not," conceded Gilbert.

BEFORE marriage, life had been a gay and crowded business for Linda. Young men taking her to polo or football games, according to the season. Débutante luncheons filled with shrill conversation exploding at frequent intervals into high-pitched girlish laughter. Miss Lynch's school before that, with the comfortable, time-filling routine of classes. All her time planned for her until now!

At first she dropped into the Colony Club often for luncheon, where she was apt to encounter a gay group, but after a little she stopped that, not only because it was expensive from the viewpoint of her new scale of living, but because there was seemingly a barrier nowadays between herself and her former set.

The other girls were always going on somewhere. To a tea. Or a reception. Perhaps to a musical or lecture class. They were nice about it, insisting she come along, but after a while she saw that to be one of a group satisfactorily you had to do the same things, live the same life, and this was no longer her life.

"HOW are the young people getting on?" I asked Horace Craig one day when I encountered him casually at an art exhibit.

He shrugged. "Linda doesn't complain, but I think she's discovering marriage is something other than the state of permanent rapture she expected. There are always adjustments to be made, you know."

He was right about that. Particularly in Linda's marriage there were adjustments to be made, and had been from the first.

Steve, who was the soul of neatness, hung up Linda's clothes for her, scolding good-naturedly. "Honey, this isn't Park Avenue. Nobody's going to come along and pick your things up unless I do!"

That was true. And it wasn't that Linda meant to be careless, it was simply that living with Horace on Park Avenue had meant having a maid to look after her clothes, having breakfast in bed after a night of dancing, meant taking for granted many things that helped make life pleasant and comfortable.

Living with Steve meant loving and knowing she was loved, but it meant things like struggling with a cookstove, and sewing buttons on badly, in the wrong places and with too little or too much thread.

Nothing had prepared her for the shock of her own ineptness, and it was astonishing how inept she was.

"We'll eat out," said Steve soothingly, when it became evident that two young people very much in love could nevertheless starve to death from reasons other than lack of food. "It's almost as cheap anyhow."

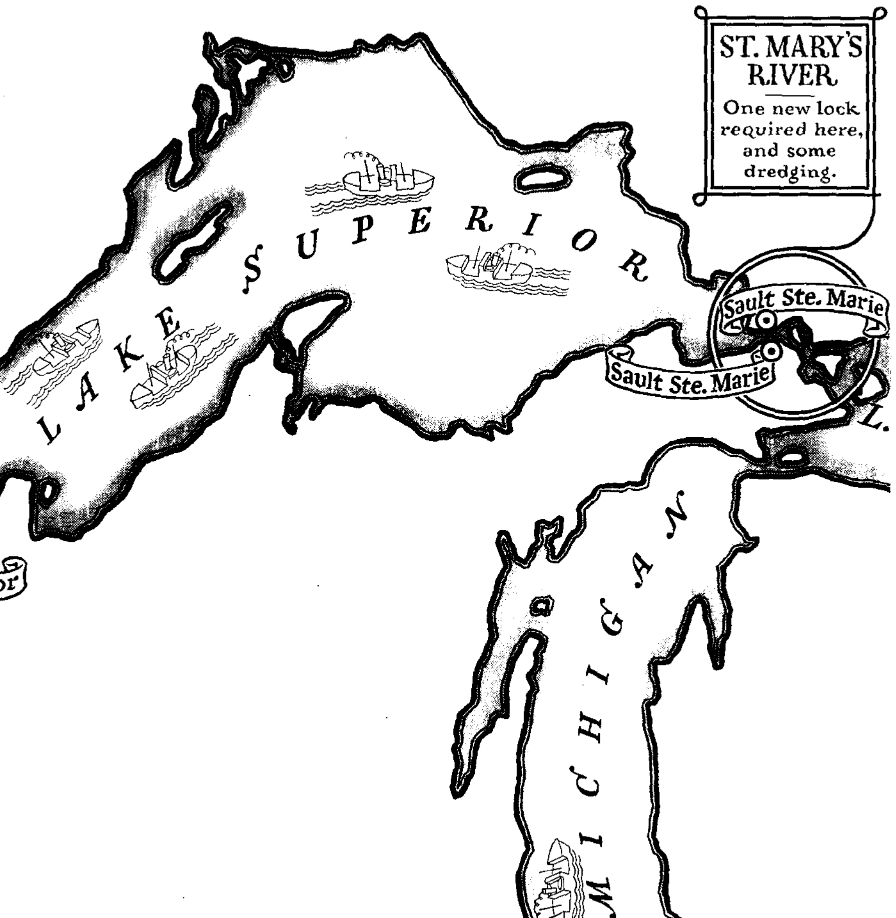
But that wasn't true, and she had to feel that she had failed Steve again, as

(Continued on page 52)

Duluth
Superior

Wide World

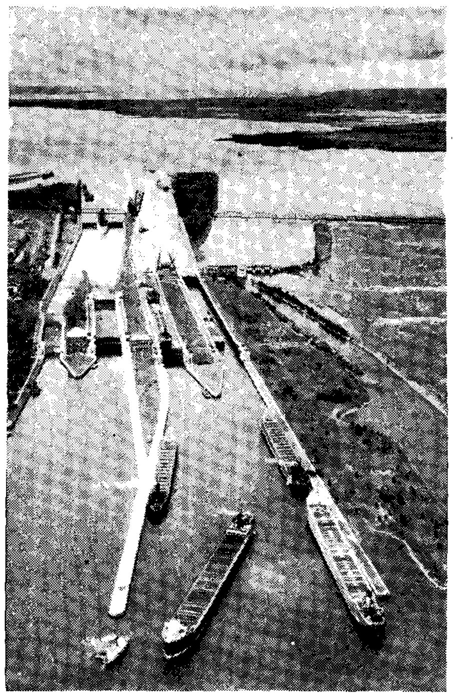
Duluth, potential seaport of the Northwest, and the historic canal of its pioneers



Duluth Smells Ocean Breezes

The time is near, so Duluth believes, when the winds blowing off Lake Superior will carry with them the fragrance of cinnamon and patchouli. The wharves in St. Louis Bay will teem with the color and romance of far places, and a seaport at the head of America's inland seas will be available to half our population and almost half our wealth. Duluth sees herself as one of the greatest cities of the future. The near future, she hopes. A dream that has glowed for half a century in the face of successive disappointments can't be darkened by the delays of Congress. Duluth believes in the Seaway: this is the substance of her vision

By W. B. Courtney



Fairchild Aerial Surveys

Locks at Sault Ste. Marie, one of the world's busiest canals. It needs few changes to handle ocean vessels

BAD news came to Duluth one evening in April of the memorable year 1871. It was carried, thinly and sluggishly, over a single thread of newly strung telegraph wire. Again, on a night in March of this even more memorable year 1934, bad news came to Duluth. It was flashed over a hundred humming wires; told in headlines; announced from ten thousand radios to the chagrined Duluthians at their dinner tables in the lovely "Peony City" at the head of the Lakes.

Seaway Sam talked with me about both occasions. Not that he had personal experience with the first, for he is just past middle life, whereas that happened well over half a century ago. But Sam is a sort of repository for all the bad news that ever came to Duluth; the historian of its adversities. Seaway Sam does not mind a bit of philosophizing in the right place, so long as you do not give it the wrong emphasis; do not use it for a crutch, that is. He has no patience with a man (or a town) who uses philosophy for a crutch; who cannot stand chin up to bad news. Boy and man, he has been hearing bad news these many years. "Bad news," he told me as from a window of his home we peered out across the frozen lake, far below, toward the northeast where snow and the lackluster sky and a late winter twilight were blending into the immeasurable night, "is bad news, and I won't deny it. But if you get it often enough, you grow used to it. If you get it oftener, your dander begins to steam. And if you get it oftenest, why you must just pitch in and dig!"

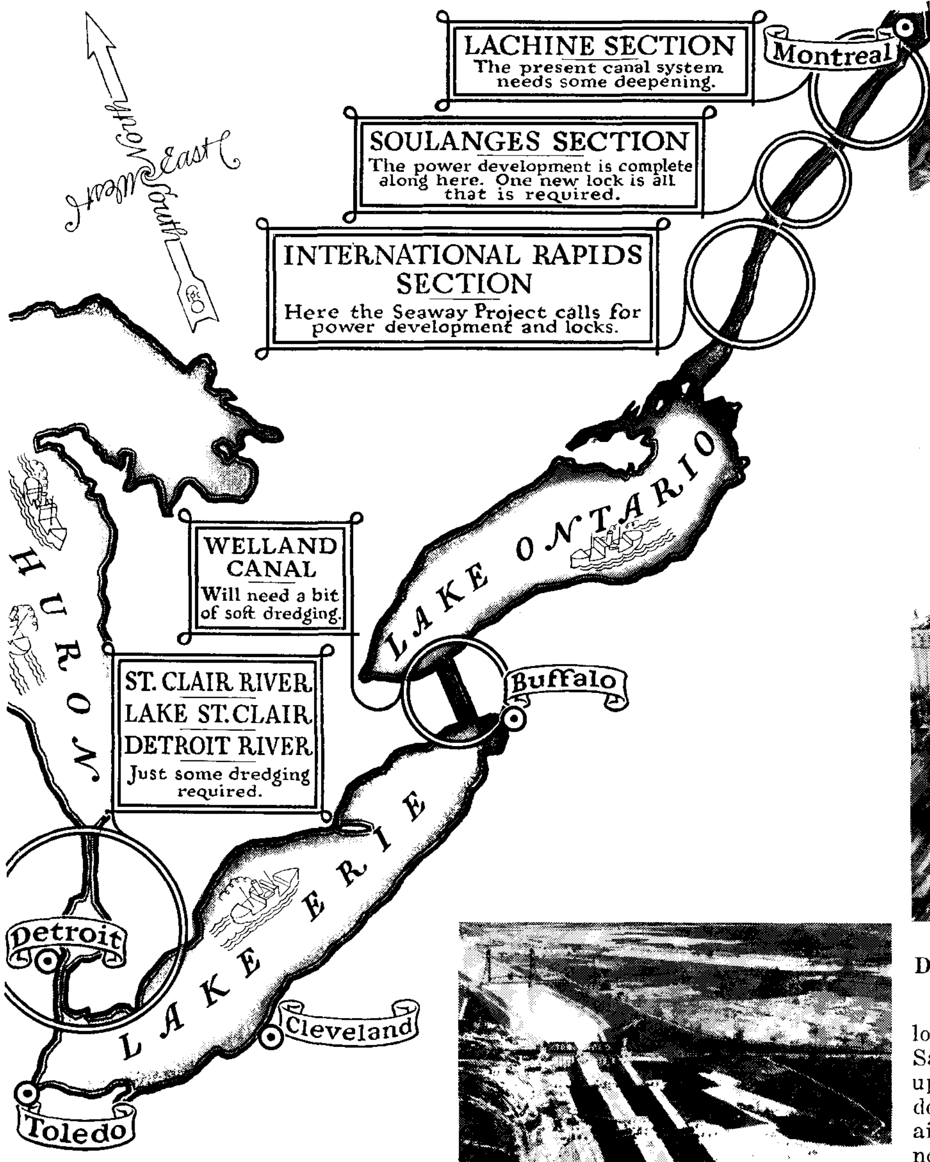
When you look into Seaway Sam's eyes, filled to the lashes with fiery dreams, you are certain that if will power were a pickaxe, and souls had muscles, he could dig a channel unaided from Duluth to Denmark. And it seems to me that in this doggedness, this spirit of pertinacious hope, he is a child of the city's traditions and typical of its average burghers, past and present: as witness that black Friday night back in 1871, when Duluth was but a brash new speck on the tip of the finger that Lake Superior pokes into the midriff of the North American continent. It was the runt and the lastborn of the civic twins of the Central North wilderness.

A Civic Superiority Complex

Superior, the elder village, bullied her from the Wisconsin shore, just across St. Louis Bay. Superior was larger, sturdier, faster-growing; in its relation to Duluth it was everything that its name unwittingly implied. And now Superior was relishing an extra chortle, assured that the upstart neighbor had been pushed back on her shabby heels once and for all. Indeed, reliable family memorabilia tell how a score of the less elegant citizens of Superior went down to Wisconsin Point, as darkness fell, and thumbed their noses and yelled homespun suggestions at some Duluth fishermen on Minnesota Point, across the natural strait through which the St. Louis River flows into the lake.

This was the apt scene for victorious catcalls because in it abided the reason for the controversy.

If it is possible for you to look upon the westernmost end of Lake Superior from the air you will get the idea at once. The St. Louis River, twisting down from the northwest forests toward the lake, abruptly begins to gnaw and slash at the countryside, pushing the Minnesota arrowhead away from the Wisconsin mainland, leaving jagged capes hanging like strips of torn flesh among which the waters form a chain of widening lakes and bays. But the river is suddenly confronted by one last obstinate sinew of land. Thin, yet tenacious, it holds the lake end from gaping into a broad wound. Behind it, the dammed waters spread to make St. Louis Bay. At a point very close to the Wisconsin shore, and eight miles or so from Minnesota, the earthen muscle is stretched too fine, and there is a thin, ancient rip through which lake navigators since time immemorial passed from rough Lake Superior to the bay.



North
East
South
West
LACHINE SECTION
The present canal system needs some deepening.
Montreal
SOULANGES SECTION
The power development is complete along here. One new lock is all that is required.
INTERNATIONAL RAPIDS SECTION
Here the Seaway Project calls for power development and locks.
LAKE ONTARIO
WELLAND CANAL
Will need a bit of soft dredging.
HURON
ST. CLAIR RIVER
LAKE ST. CLAIR
DETROIT RIVER
Just some dredging required.
Buffalo
LAKE ERIE
Detroit
Cleveland
Toledo

Fairchild Aerial Surveys

Detroit looks oceanward from its site on the lake-river link between Huron and Erie

Ewing Galloway

The Welland Canal, with 25 locks, is a ready-made link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, only soft dredging being needed

Fishermen, starting from the inner wharves of Duluth, had to beat a good seven miles down the bay before they could breach out into the lake; homing, they endured the same inconvenience, which was even greater if they came down from the north shore, for then they had to sail along the whole outside face of the peninsula and double on their course once they were inside—fourteen miles roundabout. The situation was a hardship to virtually the entire population of Duluth, which had begun its career as a fishing village.

The wives of Duluth, like the women fisherfolk of Charles Kingsley's poem, had to weep. Blows on Superior are unexpected and calamitous. Even so, I am sure that it was not in anxiety that the women shed tears. Ask one of your deep-sea sailor friends. He will bear me out that it was for shame to see how clumsily their men sailed that the women of Duluth cried, while they stood on the bluffs above town of evenings to watch for the incoming fleet. Neither neat nor conventional were those farmers turned fishermen. Keen-eyed old lady Maysley, who came from salt-water forbears, put it into words. She could always pick her man out of the crowd that jammed through the gut, seven miles away. "There's Ike now," she would yell, "a-comin' wing and slather! Gaff on one side and boom on t'other!" And one day she added: "If only there was a hole down to this here end—'twould save us womenfolks a lot of dallyin' and us'n's menfolks from makin' holy shows of themselves for such long spells!"

That was a reasonable idea, and it took quick hold. The city made up its mind to cut through the peninsula at its Duluth root and turn Minnesota Point into an island. Forthwith it hired a dredge and undertook its first active challenge to geography: began picking at ground whereon the Ojibways of old had lighted their council fires, and held powwows with the titled *voyageurs* and the bold *coureurs de bois* of New France.

Not a Minute to Lose

Word of the enterprise reached Superior. Ever since the day in the mid-fifties when the Nettleton brothers and a few other stalwarts had succumbed to the lure of the Minnesota bluffs and rowed away from the flat Wisconsin beach, Superior had looked upon Duluth as early New York looked upon Brooklyn; as Kansas City, Missouri, looked upon Kansas City, Kansas; as San Francisco of the nabobs looked upon Oakland—with a "fellow, why don't you please go away from here?" air. But this latest annoyance could not be stared down; it required active rebuttal, for it comprised grave danger to the welfare of Superior. The people of Superior believed that it did, at any rate; they figured that a new channel on the Duluth side would scour out of the bay silt that would be diverted to the front of the natural passage on the Superior end.

Superior took pencil and paper in hand and hurried off a protest to Congress. And Superior in those days, if you are to believe my friend, Seaway Sam, "was backed by a right powerful crowd of politicians and rich bankers in Washington!"

It may have been so. For the bad news that reached Duluth that Friday in April of 1871 was that Congress, hearing Superior's prayer, had answered it with an injunction against the digging of a canal by Duluth until a United States Army engineer had looked over the ground. Both injunction and engineer were coming together from Fort Leavenworth in Kansas and would arrive on the first train in the morning of the following Monday. The town bell rang in Duluth within the hour of the telegram's arrival, and when the citizenry had gathered the members of the common council spoke to them: "Clearly, this is to be a week-end of serious endeavor; of toil, and little sleep. If we depend solely upon yonder lone dredge our canal will not be finished before snow flies next autumn. The injunction will be here on Monday. How many of you have shovels?"

It was bleak down on the waterfront that early spring night; but young men and old, fat boys and lean, shed their coats and turned up their trousers and their sleeves, and dirt began to fly like "dust in a Kansas cyclone." Some of the girls held lighted resin knots aloft on the digging line, so that the workers might see not to spade off one another's feet. Some cut and fetched wood—pines grew thickly on the Point then—and tended the fires. Others made coffee and fried doughnuts. Still other girls took off their shoes and stockings and tucked up their skirts and petticoats; and the firelight gleamed redly on their bare legs as they waded into the icy waters so that the male folks would not have to leave their work in order to enjoy a warming cup and a sustaining bite.

All night there was the singing of steel in sand; the secret odors and sounds of heavy, wet earth; muted shouts, and the hurrying of figures to and fro in the fitful light.

Duluth Gets Its Canal

With the dawn came the townsfolk of Superior, who had been mystified by the strange lights in the night, and now rowed or sailed over to investigate. They gathered on Minnesota Point, on the far side of the now plainly outlined ditch; and at first they jeered. But the men of Duluth turned hard looks upon them, and a few shovels were raised threateningly. Afterward the watchers did not stand so close—nor did they jeer again. Instead, they shouted: "You are defying the Government of the United States. We'll have the law on you!" But still the spades carved their quick bites, and flew up and over in their desperate arcs; through Saturday and Saturday night, without pause, and all day Sunday and the whole of Sunday night, too.

Early Monday a pompous Army officer stepped off the train, not a moment too soon to see the little steam tug Fera puff and bubble and fuss her way through the canal into the lake and then turn right around and go through again, knowing she was making history, looking as though she might burst at any moment from importance—or an overwrought boiler. Her whistle was tied down; her first mate stood on his head in her bow; in the town beyond the railroad tracks bells were ringing, and everyone in sight was shouting like a Sioux. Even the engineer of the train that had brought the Army man and the

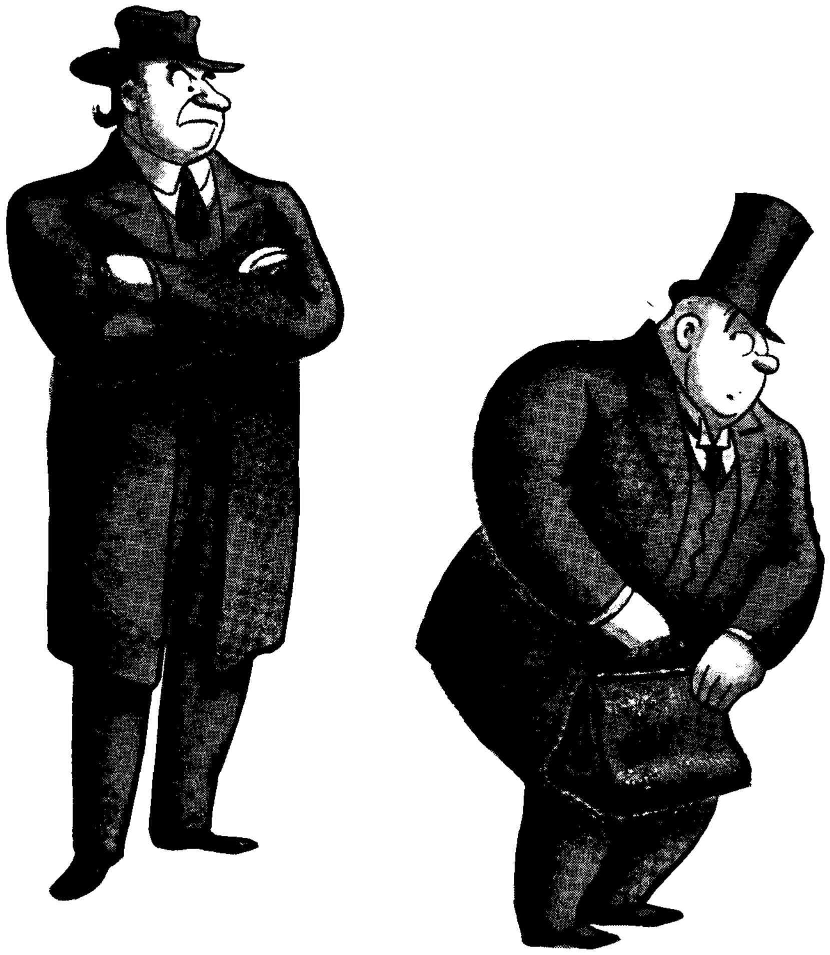
(Continued on page 60)

Wanted for Questioning

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Congress is always investigating something or someone suspect—from a Cabinet member's little black bag to air mail contracts. There have been thirty major quizzes since 1900 and the parade of prosecutors, witnesses and defendants is still passing through the committee rooms of the Capitol. Here is what the average spectator doesn't see in the line of march



Sooner or later, someone turns up with the little black bag

ALTHOUGH the safe-and-sane school of politicians usually howls against "government by investigation" when congressional searching parties tumble out such sensations as burned letters, questionable air mail contracts, little black bags, foreign-loan bribery and deception, and millions in inside profits, President Roosevelt does not shudder over the growth of a Sherlock Holmes spirit on Capitol Hill.

He is the first President in many years who hasn't. In the past, congressional investigations have been an anti-executive and anti-Republican weapon. They have been the only means by which the outs could curb the carelessness or crookedness of the ins; they have been a punitive force like the birch rod in the closet or the strap behind the stove. Except for a few inquiries into the Wilson administration's conduct of the war, the Progressives have precipitated, if they have not actually sponsored, every major inquisition in the last three decades. Democrats or Republicans have sided with them, depending upon which of the major parties seemed most likely to be smeared.

The G. O. P. has usually been the victim, and its spokesmen have often been forced into the humiliating position of eulogizing or defending such suspects as Ballinger, Lorimer, Newberry, Fall, Daugherty, Vare, Sam Insull and Frank Smith, not to mention certain corporations which have been called on the carpet.

Forestalling Post-Mortems

In view of this record, some suggest that Mr. Roosevelt's lack of prejudice against Senate investigations is natural. They point out that the air mail and Wall Street inquiries were aimed at pre-New Deal practices, hurting Republicans rather than Democrats. But the President seems to be moved by considerations which are practical from the standpoint of government as well as politics. The readiness with which Administration friends in Congress and Cabinet have published and checked reports of irregularities indicates that Mr. Roosevelt intends to do his own purging and punishing, whenever necessary. He will not leave it to antagonistic or after-the-fact inquisitors in Congress.

In fact, a permanent investigating force may grow out of White House suggestions. The President has urged congressional committees to keep an eye on governmental activities so that mistakes may be discovered and corrected while they are in the making. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee may even retain a small staff to observe the operation of securities legislation enacted as a result of the two-year-old Wall Street inquiry. Thus the maligned agency of investigation may become a current and positive influence in government rather than a purely partisan thing.

Regardless of the President's motive, he is making a wise move in offering to coöperate with congressional investigators. These self-starting, sensational investigations have helped to wreck parties and Presidents, and various studies of presidential campaign expenditures have ruined the hopes of such potential presidents as Leonard Wood and Frank O. Lowden. Had it not been for the McAdoo-Smith duel at Madison Square Garden, the Harding scandals might have been followed by a Democratic sweep. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee's disclosures of inside intrigues at Paris murdered American participation in the League of Nations and "broke the great heart of the world."

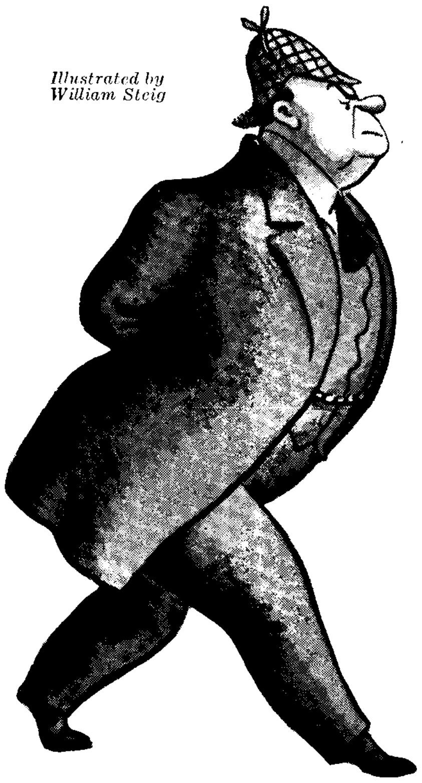
Like lightning, a Senate investigation may strike anywhere and anybody. It is one of the spicy, though sorrowful, things about them that you never know what or whom they will turn up—or out. The late Tom Walsh, Teapot Dome headliner, discovered that. Despite many technical faults as a prosecutor, he won the admiration of foe and friend that spring afternoon when, to his chagrin, his oil inquiry revealed that Edward L. Doheny, his ancient benefactor, was the owner of the little black bag that carried $100,000 to Secretary Fall. Until that moment Walsh had believed another oil man to be the donor.

When Duty Superseded Friendship

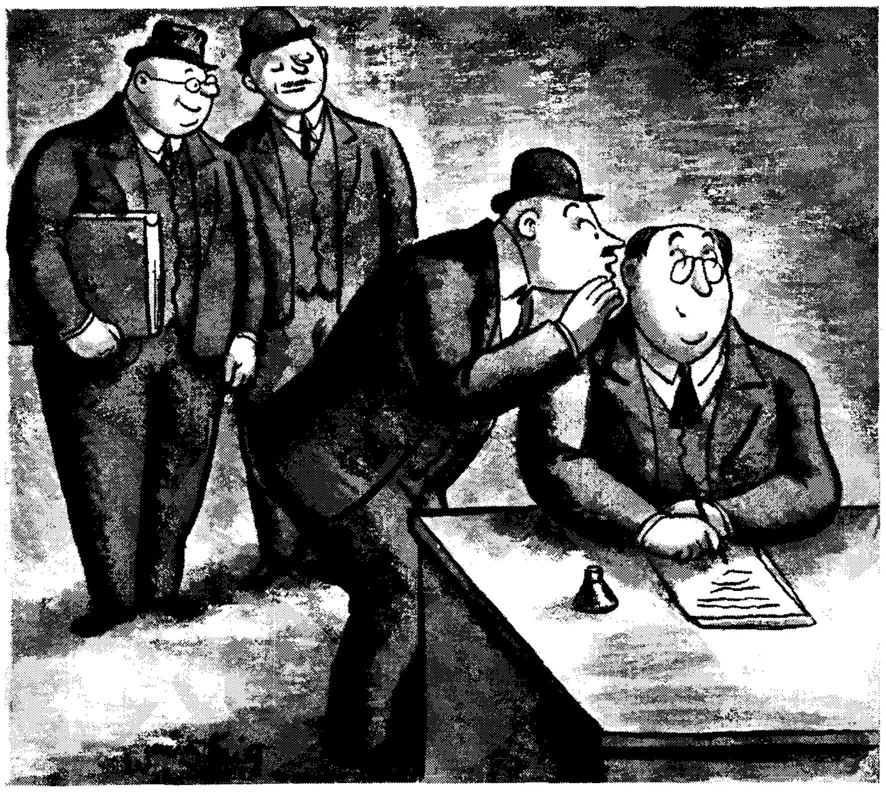
Seemingly unmindful of their long friendship, Mr. Walsh glared into the baby-blue eyes of the roly-poly prospector across the table, and dragged from him a story which seemed to point to jail and disgrace. The senator was as merciless with the mild and elderly Doheny, whose part in the unfolding drama was then unknown, as with men whose guilt he suspected even before they sat in the witness chair. Few looking on knew that between prosecutor and victim there had existed a close friendship based on such ties as a common birthplace, religion, political affiliation and parallel youthful hardships.

(Continued on page 55)

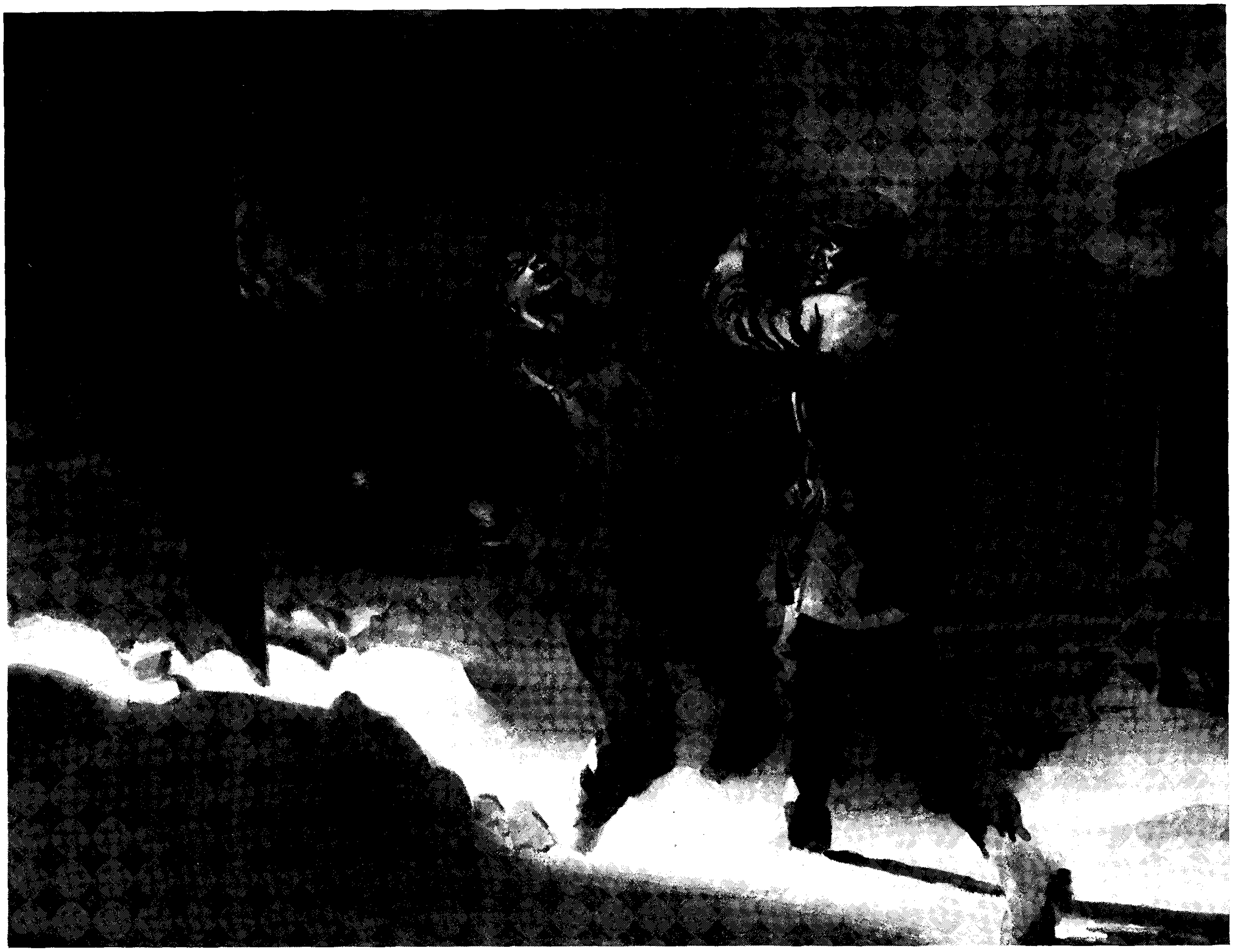
Illustrated by William Steig



Statesmen grow terribly serious under the strain of sleuthing



Once an investigation gets under way, tipsters who know where mud and dirt may be uncovered volunteer their services



"There's something in that," replied the Stud Duck, and swung an uppercut to his chin

Danger Point

By Grover Jones

Illustrated by C. Peter Helck

At 23, the Stud Duck had a responsible railroad job—and a secret. His father watched him anxiously, and wondered. A girl watched him, and guessed. Two trains answered all questions

BELIEVE me, Tubby, she's class. She's—well, she's what you call somethin'."

The Stud Duck and I were walking across the tracks toward the yard office. It was night and a misty rain was falling, blurring the switch lights and chopping the reflected ribbons of red and green along the rails into a myriad of crushed rubies and emeralds. Here and there a string of freight cars splotched the background with dragonlike shadows, some motionless in the winter rain, others serpentining with the swing of the tracks as a yard engine, snorting fire and cinder clouds, lined them up for an incoming rattler.

The Stud Duck was talking about his new girl. He was always talking about his new girls. They came and went with the regularity of a commuters' train and each subsequent catch was always more beautiful than the one before.

Maybe that was because he was young; he was only twenty-three. And maybe it was because he had a job somewhat beyond his years. He was our yard conductor—Stud Ducks, we call them—and, although the old-time switchmen weren't prone to admit it, he was tops in his line. As a clerk in knee trousers, he had switched a million cars on paper before he ever took a hand, and he knew what it was all about.

True, he had been given the job by his father, the Big He, but everybody knew it was his ability that kept him working. The two didn't get along; seldom spoke, as a matter of fact. The reason was obvious to most of us—they were born with different viewpoints.

The Big He was the finest yardmaster the road had, a gentle body who believed that the yards offered something more than just a job. They had a soul to him, and he was never ashamed to say so. He liked the feel of moving freight and people, of keeping the country alive. And he always impressed upon you the duty of making the passengers blissfully ignorant of the grime and grind of the machinery that kept their magic carpet in motion.

The Stud Duck was different. A passenger train was a load of lugs to him despite the fact that he would move it about as gently as a mother does her baby when she tucks it away for the night. But he did it because he wanted to be the best Stud Duck in the yards and not because he was interested in the passengers.

His principal interest was the ladies and neither friction nor foul weather ever dampened his enthusiasm when it came to elucidating on matters of the heart. On this particular night he was in top form.

"I MET her at Deeley's," he said, as we got our turn-over from the yard boss and started back for the shanty. "Last night, it was. I was splittin' a crock of Sam Clay with a petticoat from Peoria when she barged in on the arm of a tallowpot. Now, Tubby, you know how firemen stand with me—most of 'em have got their skulls cooked from bailin' black diamonds into a leaky fire box, and this mug don't look no different from the rest. So I side-track him into an alley, bad-order the pip from Peoria and hook on to the hot-shot. Beautiful? Tubby, I've never seen nothin' like it. Her hair's as red as a new caboose and she's got eyes bigger than the jewels in a brewery horse's bridle."

"Interesting," I said, and then added dryly, "Did she get a chance to tell you something about herself?"

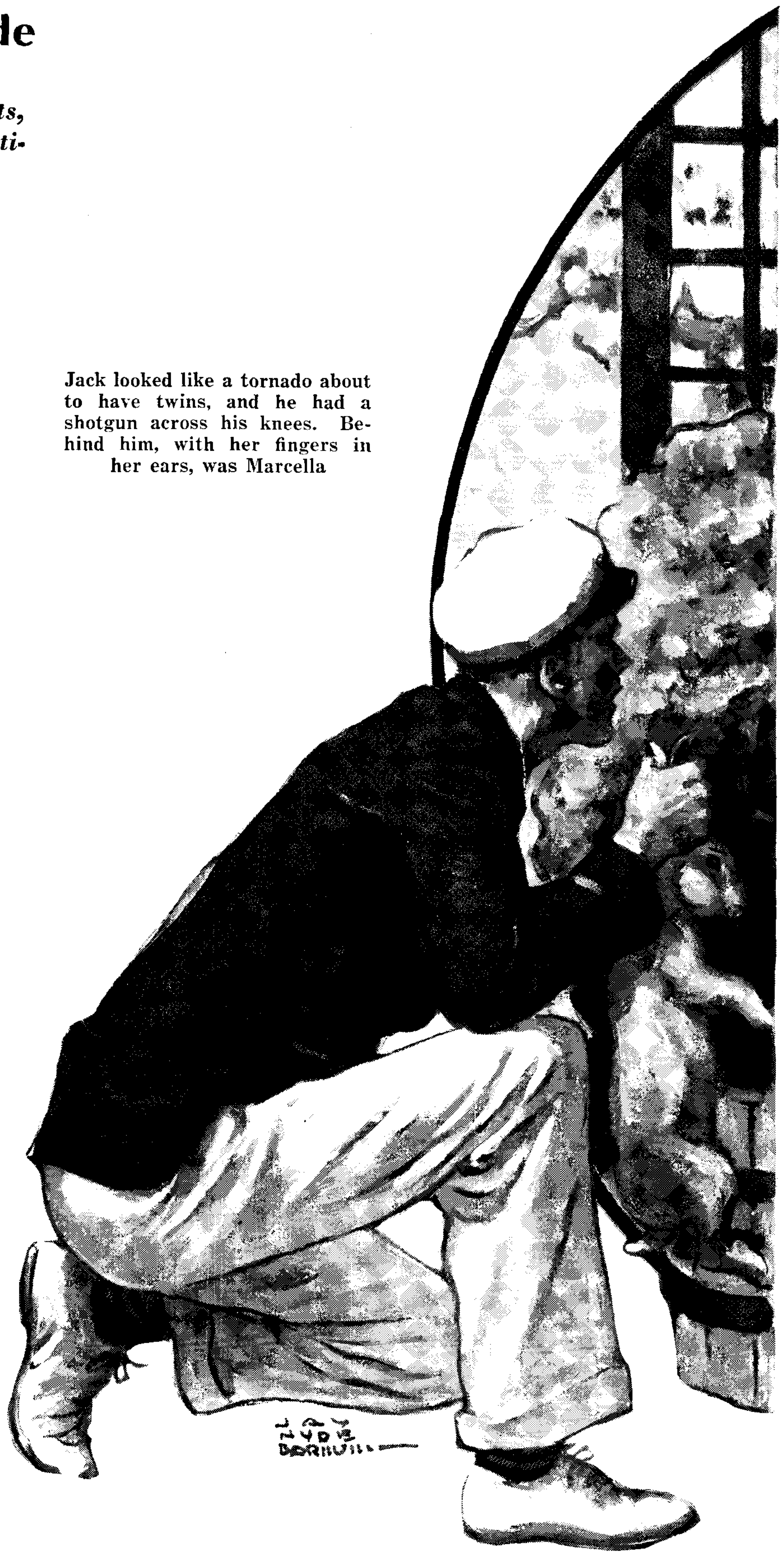
"Sure," he grinned. "She's a beanjoint boomer an' she's takin' over the Greasy Spoon down at the Madhouse."

(Continued on page 56)

The Dark Horse

By Meade Minnigerode

A story of love, rabbits and sailboats, told by a loyal supporter of the Anti-Rabbit Party



Jack looked like a tornado about to have twins, and he had a shotgun across his knees. Behind him, with her fingers in her ears, was Marcella

DEAR Marcella is so independent! Yes—so *much* individuality, you know! I suppose you've heard that she keeps rabbits?"

The Browns put it that way to acquaintances—mostly visiting racing men from other yacht clubs—with the sour flattery of people who are obliged to tolerate a freak.

"Rabbits? You don't say?" the visiting racing men usually replied. "Something to do during the week between yacht races, I suppose?"

"Marcella doesn't race," the Browns were then forced to explain. "She doesn't care for the water at all, you see. Her whole time is devoted to her rabbits."

"Charming occupation," the visiting racing men murmured.

"Delightful hobby," the Browns agreed.

"Oh, pooh!" Marcella would remark if she were present.

And a silence would descend. The deep silence of strong sailor men whose sensibilities have been profoundly shocked.

But it is only too true. Marcella Brown is a rabbit expert. And you can't devote your whole time to rabbits and go sailing in racing sloops. And that is what made it so awkward for Marcella—or at all events for Marcella's family; because nothing that Marcella chooses to do ever makes it awkward for Marcella, only for those around her. It's a perfect gift, and Marcella is very heavily endowed in that respect.

You see, the Browns belong in racing yachts from the time they're knee-high; and if you marry a Brown you pay the cook a little more, that's all, because you never know when they'll be home for supper on a race day. It's in the family, from Grandfather Brown and his Andromeda that won the ocean race, down to the most recent Brown boys and girls, all towing out to the Sound behind the Ark every Saturday afternoon in an assortment of one-design racing sloops of varying dimensions.

BUT Marcella Brown—and remember, they named one of the new sloops after her—kept rabbits!

It had always been a sore subject; but when Jack Brown, Marcella's brother, became the defender for our district in the International Sloop Class with his Banshee, it seemed self-evident that relations between the Brown family tradition and Marcella were due for a severe crisis.

There was Banshee out on the Brown private beach being groomed, and not a Brown talking, thinking or dreaming anything but sandpaper and wire rigging; and there, also, was Marcella in the midst of the daily turmoil calmly carrying carrots, or whatever it is that you carry, to her rabbits.

"I suppose you're all keyed up?" I deliberately asked her one morning.

"Keyed up?" she replied. "What do you think I am, a grand piano? Keyed up about what?"

"Why, about Jack, and Banshee, and the International Series," I explained.

"Oh, *that!*" Marcella smiled. She smiles very sweetly indeed. "Yes, the family's having squalls over it. Jack's won something, hasn't he, or he's going to win something, and it all depends on whether the wind blows hard enough, isn't that it?"

"Now, Marcella!" I expostulated. I hate being made a monkey of, and I wondered sometimes whether Marcella could possibly be as dumb, even in connection with nautical matters, as she contrived to look.

"Well, don't ask me," she protested. "I don't know a thing about it, and I've got plenty of troubles of my own. One of my rabbits is sick."

"Well, I'm sorry if your rabbit's sick, Marcella," I told her. "It's a shame. But at a time like this oughtn't you to realize that you're a racing commodore's granddaughter? The Western Yacht Club forever, and all that sort of thing? After all, you *are* a Brown, remember, one of the Barnacle Browns!"

"Pooh!" Marcella laughed. "But I'll give Jack a rabbit's foot if he wants one. That's an idea! Jack! Oh, Jack! Shall I give you a rabbit's foot?"

"Give me a *what?*" Jack emerged all hot and grimy from under Banshee's bottom to inquire.

"A rabbit's foot," Marcella called to him. "For luck—you know, for your little boat!"

IF THERE is anything Jack Brown detests, it is to have anyone call his precious Banshee a "little boat." He did not want a rabbit's foot. He came out from under Banshee's bottom a second time—he looked a good deal like an angry turtle—to state again that he did not want a rabbit's foot.

"I don't want a rabbit's foot. I don't like rabbits. I think rabbits are pests. And the end of my boom to you!"

That was the meaning if not the precise context, which I would hesitate to repeat, of his vigorous observations on the subject of rabbits' feet.

"Oh, very well," Marcella remarked.

And it suddenly occurred to me that there would come a moment, say the day before the first race, when even the sight of a rabbit would throw all the Browns into fits of uncontrollable jitters.

And then it was the day before the first race, and there I was on top of a stepladder on the veranda of the Western Yacht Club, and there, unexpectedly, was Marcella looking at me—which is a dangerous thing to have happen to one on top of a stepladder, because perhaps I haven't mentioned it before, but to be looked at by Marcella is an experience which requires both feet on the ground and a firm hold on one's general equilibrium. At least I find it so.

Marcella, in fact, is very lovely to behold, with glorious red hair, and splendid eyes, and a fine, big, cracking smile which illuminates the whole countryside; and I would rather be looked at by Marcella than win a yacht race, and when I have said that I have said everything, for we Danes have our traditions too.

My name is Philip Dane; and I'm in my late twenties, just four years older than Marcella; and I guess mirrors don't crack when I look in them, but neither had the ice ever cracked that formed all around whenever I suggested to Marcella that she marry me. I'd been doing that most every Saturday and Sunday, and legal holidays besides—I'm in an office the rest of the time—for the last six months, I suppose, when this International came along; and I might as well have been talking to a spinnaker pole. In fact, I've said things to spinnaker poles in my day that have produced much greater results.

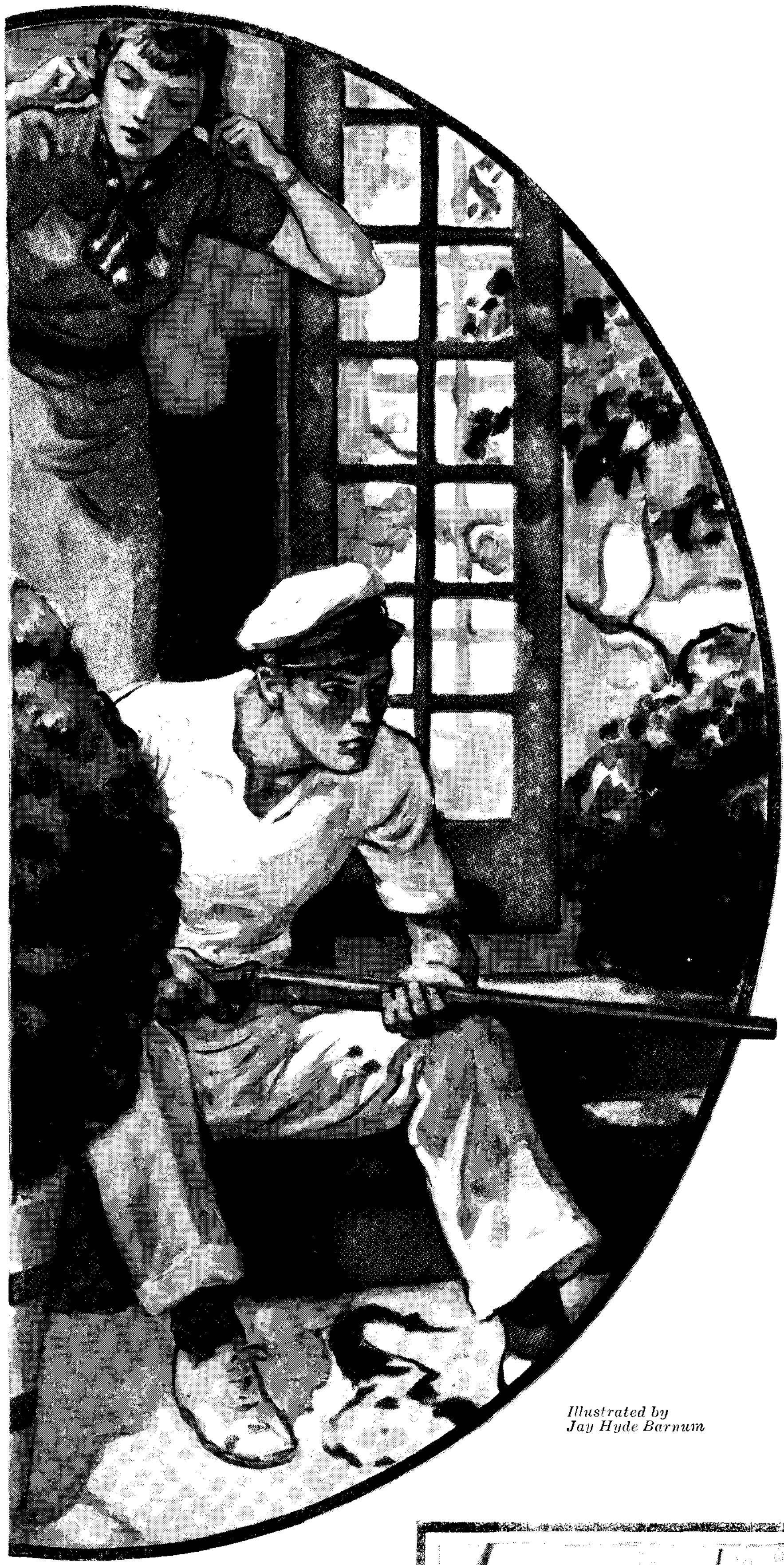
"What are you hanging up the little flags for?" she asked me.

"Competing nations," I informed her, with my mouth full of tacks. "Internationals start tomorrow. Seven nations represented."

"Pooh!" Marcella remarked, and left me.

THAT was one great trouble about Marcella. She was always going off and leaving me. I had the most acute desire, every time that I saw her, to take her in my arms and kiss her, and then invariably she got me side-tracked onto some ridiculous conversation, and then before I knew it she'd have gone and left me.

And now she had left me, perched on top of my stepladder, but not for long. She was back on the veranda in a few moments; but the circumstances of her

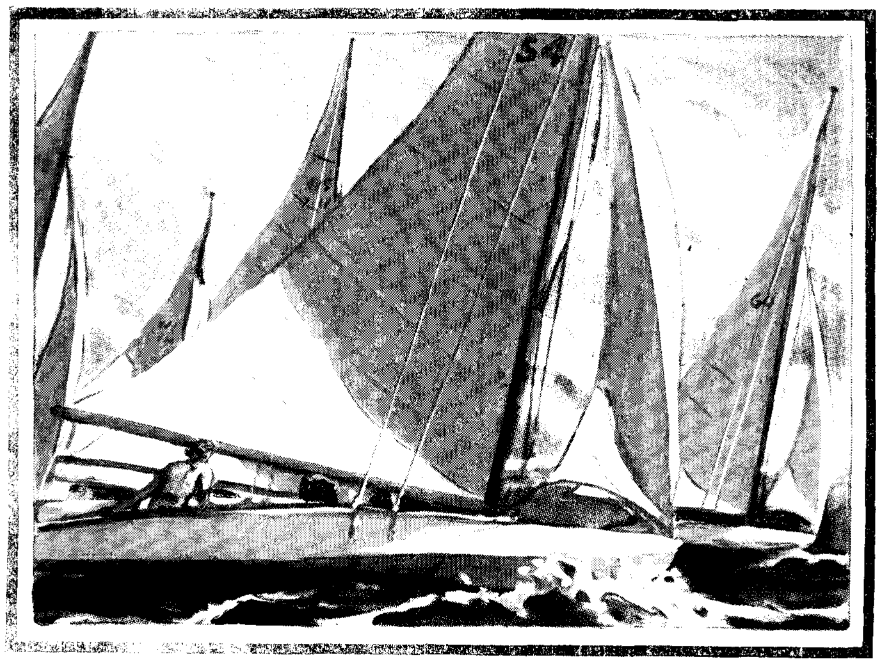


Illustrated by
Jay Hyde Barnum

return were not particularly cheering to me. She had an individual in tow; a good-looking, sunburned chap in white flannels and a yachting jacket, who evidently seemed to believe that gazing admiringly at Marcella was a monopoly of his own.

"Hullo!" Marcella chirped—or it seemed to me that she chirped. Anyway, a pert and aggravating sound. "Mr. Dane, do you know Mr. Loring?"

Yes, I knew him. Vice-Commodore Godfrey Loring. Very attractive fellow, or so I had thought the evening before. He was representing the British West Indies in the series, and the dopesters all had him as a very likely winner—of the series, that is. I had not thought of him before as a contestant in any other field of competition, but you can't trust these tall, sandy-haired, visiting Britishers. It takes weeks to get back to normalcy after one of them has gone through a yacht club veranda.



"I know Mr. Loring." I waved to him, not ungraciously, I trust.

"Oh, *rather*," he agreed, but he never took his eyes off Marcella.

"I didn't realize you knew each other," I remarked.

"Oh, ra*ther*," he proclaimed—and this time his eyes did condescend to come my way for a second. "Awfully jolly meeting Miss Brown again."

Awfully jolly indeed, I thought to myself. I hoped he'd get himself disqualified in all three races, and that I should have the pleasure of erasing all his points every evening on the score board.

"I met Mr. Loring last spring in Bermuda," Marcella decided to inform me. "We went to see the glass flowers—oh, no, that's in Cambridge—what was it we went to see? Oh, yes, the marine gardens. It was a glass boat—well, there was a glass in the bottom of it."

Ah, yes, Bermuda. Well, one certainly meets people in Bermuda!

"You didn't tell us," I complained to Marcella. "I didn't know you'd ever been in a boat, except a steamer."

"Oh, I say!" Godfrey exclaimed.

I THOUGHT that would get him. Your good Internationalist begins to feel embarrassed right away in the presence of persons who have never been in a boat.

"No," I shook my head dolefully at him. "Miss Brown doesn't care for the water. She never goes sailing. Do you, Marcella?"

"I *say!*" Godfrey exclaimed again; and it grieved me—oh, how it grieved me—to see his incredulous expression.

"That's true," Marcella spoke up, as usual without the slightest compunction. "My family are all racing enthusiasts, but I never go near the water. I don't know a thing about sailboats. I keep rabbits. I'll show them to you if you like."

"Oh, you must see Marcella's rabbits! They're perfectly swell rabbits," I encouraged him. I could think of nothing better for an Internationalist to do on the day before the first race than to go and waste his time looking at a bunch of prize rabbits. No, sir.

Vice-Commodore Loring made grunting noises.

"Awfully jolly—I mean to say—kept guinea pigs myself when I was at school—first opportunity—I mean to say, just now, my crew—"

Yes, I knew exactly what he meant to say, except that he was afraid of offending Marcella. Last day before the series, and his boat out on the haul-out dock receiving finishing touches before going into the water, and the crew expecting to go sailing, and fuss with rigging, and try out jibs and things. But it was not for me to remind Mr. Loring of his more pressing duties. I was not *his* crew. No, indeed.

"Oh, come on, Godfrey, come and see my rabbits," Marcella pleaded with him. "I don't think you're a bit nice if you don't."

Oh! So she called him Godfrey, eh? Well, the end of my boom to *him*.

"Go on, why don't you?" I urged him. "It's just a step to the Browns'. I'll send word down to your crew that you'll be back a little later."

"Awfully good of you," Godfrey blinked at me. "Couldn't think of troubling you—I mean to say—"

HE WAS trying desperately to get away from those rabbits, that was clear, but our dear Marcella had him lashed to the mast. He might be an Internationalist, but from my point of view he was looming up as a dark horse of quite another color. Well, you know what I mean. But one thing at a time.

"No trouble at all," I insisted. "Glad to do it." Hell, yes—delighted. "You're in luck, old man," I assured him. "Miss Brown never asks *me* to come and see her rabbits. Do you, Marcella?"

"I don't cast my pearls before swine," Marcella remarked very sweetly, and led the way off the veranda, confident, apparently, that Godfrey Loring would follow her.

And he did. He looked pretty foolish, but he followed her as a dinghy follows its tow line. And I sat up on top of my stepladder and watched them go; and I don't know how I looked; and I thought it was a swell fix for the Britisher to have to go rabbit gazing instead of attending to his boat; but I was considerably peeved, and I was not so sure that I had done any too well for myself turning him loose with Marcella. That had been a pretty dirty crack of Marcella's about the pearls. He had had her all to himself in Bermuda, evidently, and Bermuda—well, Bermuda is just the place for a picnic, if you know what I mean.

And I am so confoundedly dumb anyway that it never occurred to me that Marcella—but I'm getting ahead of myself.

NOONTIME passed, and became hot early afternoon, and still I had seen no sign of Godfrey Loring's return. I had seen his crew, however, looking very warm and excessively annoyed, and I was glad that I was not the crew's skipper.

"Loring is the silliest ass in two hemispheres," he complained to me. "Blinking good sailing breeze late this morning—good chance to try the boat out—but no, the blighter has to go off to look at a barnyard!"

"Rabbits," I corrected him. "Prize rabbits."

"Prize kangaroos!" the crew snorted. "It's that Miss What'sername he's looking at. They were thicker than thieves down in Bermuda. Not that I blame him—dashed good-looking girl, but not during the series! Damn it, man, he's here to win the Internationals, if he can, not to look at pretty girls, what?"

"Oh, absolutely," I agreed. "In fact, quite!"

And so Miss What'sername and Godfrey Loring had been thicker than thieves down in Bermuda, eh? It occurred to me that I had perhaps better drop around to the Browns' and see what was going on. Might the best boat win in the series—as long as it was the home boat—but I wasn't going to sacrifice Marcella completely, not on *that* altar!

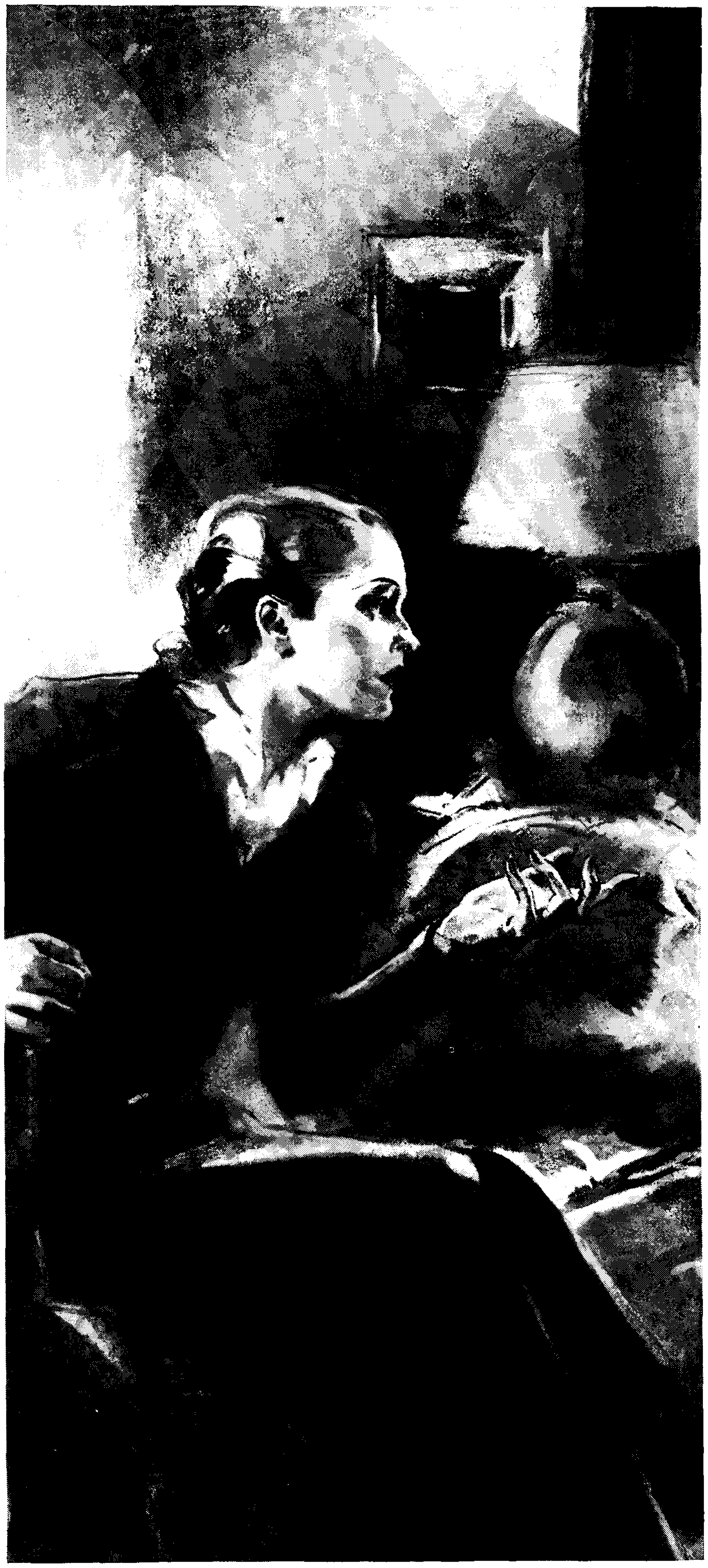
I got the car and picked up three or four other competitors—the French

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman



Her amusement fled. "Kernie, you can't leave me"

The Story Thus Far:

ROSE AMES is tried for the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames. Defended by Carlton Forman, a brilliant attorney, she is acquitted. Whereupon Forman (who, she has reason to believe, loves her) calmly informs her that he believes her guilty—and sails for Europe. . . . Protesting her innocence, Mrs. Ames offers Sam Kernochan, New York's cleverest detective-reporter, fifty thousand dollars to find the murderer.

Kernochan accepts the offer. He does not, however, believe her story—that, alone in her bedroom, she had heard a shot, rushed to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. All exits had been locked *on the inside;* no third person had been present. In a skeptical frame of mind "Kernie" sets to work. From Laurette Marks, a Broadway charmer, he secures various "leads" which enable him to establish the following facts: *Jimmy Pottery, killer and racketeer,* had been for years, and still is, infatuated with one Emily Trephon of The Jollities. Two of Emily's lovers had been killed: Ansell Layman *and John Ames.* Johnson (Mrs. Ames' butler, who for reasons of his own is secretly in the retail hardware business) knows Pottery and is, apparently, a close friend of Callie Curtis, one of the *racketeer's satellites.*

Having incurred the enmity of Pottery (the two men meet and have a bitter quarrel), Kernochan is warned by Laurette Marks that he is in peril. He resolves to move with caution. And he makes another resolve (far more difficult, he finds, to keep): *not to fall in love with beautiful Rose Ames.* . . . Someone, Kernochan believes, *might have shot John Ames, slipped* out through the bathroom door, and turned the key *from the outside* with pliers. He is apparently wrong—the key shows no plier marks.

Day by day, Laurette Marks' fear for Kernochan's safety increases. At last, professing to love him, she implores him to accompany her to Havana—she paying all *the bills.* He declines the invitation. He declines, also, to answer her questions anent his findings in the Ames case. . . . Having learned that Johnson has been quietly robbing her, Mrs. Ames discharges him. Early the following morning, Lieutenant Kellerman of headquarters is informed that a man has been shot to death in Johnson's hardware (or so-called hardware) store. He notifies Kernochan. Together, they go to the store. The murdered man is—*Johnson!* . . . An hour later, Kernochan opens the door of his apartment. "Come in—I won't hurt you!" Laurette Marks greets him.

VIII

DELIBERATELY Kernochan closed the door behind him; slowly he took off his hat and coat and gloves, deposited them on a table just inside the door, and walked to the fireplace. He bent over, struck a match, and ignited paper beneath a couple of pine logs. From a sofa where she was curled Laurette spoke:

"I'm afraid of real wood fires. I didn't dare light it. You know, if the chimney isn't just right the room fills with smoke."

Kernochan straightened up and faced her. The flush on her cheeks matched the tremor in her voice.

"How did you get in here, Laurette?"

She tried to be arch.

"Your landlady—is that what she is? Anyway, a woman answered my ring and, Kernie, she didn't seem too surprised at a young woman calling at two in the morning. I think you're a bad boy."

"Horror veiled her surprise," said Kernie. "She'll probably ask me to give up my rooms in the morning."

"You won't mind." The girl tried to smile, but the effort was not too successful. "We'll be on our way—"

"Why did you come here?" interrupted Kernie.

"Do you always cross-examine lady visitors?"

Kernochan moved away from the blaze. He sat down in a chair close to the girl.

"Now, listen, Laurette. I don't cross-examine lady visitors because I don't have any."

"You ought to sell that line to a Broadway show. Sam Kernochan, the great lover, never entertains girls at home. There's a laugh."

"Truth is funnier than fiction, eh? Come on, Laurette, what are you doing here?"

SHE had recovered composure now. The color had left her cheeks and her brown eyes were cool. She tucked her feet more comfortably beneath her. She had changed from the flame-colored evening gown to a tweed suit, not too heavy, of dark material.

"I'm a saleswoman, and I'm still trying to sell Havana to you."

"I thought I made it clear I wasn't in the market," he said.

"You might have changed your mind," she suggested.

"I haven't."

"But you haven't heard all the arguments. You have great sales resistance, Kernie, but still—"

"It's past three, Laurette," he said, exasperation in his voice. "We've been all through this, Laurette. Let's not go through it again."

"Do I understand you?" Her eyes twinkled. "Am I to infer that you aren't sailing tomorrow?"

"I wrote an article for the Leader once, stating that I approved of whipping wife-beaters. Anyway, I was filled with liquor and chivalry, and the hand that was raised against a woman ought to be chopped off at the wrist. My lovely one, do I feel differently now? And we aren't even married. A good spanking would be the best thing in the world for you. Get it through your beautiful dumb head that I'm not going anywhere with you, except to take you home now."

He rose from his chair.

"Get up, put on your hat and coat, and I'll take you home. And I hope that when you think of the hour of sleep you will have cost me, your conscience will bother you. Come on, get going."

She shook her head.

"I'm staying here, Kernie."

He looked down at her. More than exasperation was in his black eyes. Anger was there. He wheeled suddenly, walked to the table on which lay his coat and hat, and picked them up.

"'Tis a bitter cold night, my girl, and a man can't turn a woman out at this hour. But the man can get out himself. Take an occasional look at the fire, Laurette, so that sparks won't set the place ablaze. You'll find a new toothbrush in the bath. Sorry I haven't any cold cream or powder. The same woman that let you in can probably be persuaded to make coffee for you in the morning, although you'll find the necessary things for breakfast in the kitchenette. Sweet dreams, my pet."

She sat up now. The cool amusement of a moment ago fled from her eyes, to be replaced by definite alarm.

"Kernie, you can't leave me."

"Why can't I leave? Did I ask you to come down here?"

Through terror she managed a smile.

"I'll say you didn't. You fight for your honor, boy. I don't know where you got your reputation. You certainly haven't earned it, as far as I'm concerned." Her tone changed; it became crisp. "Kernie, you simply can't go out."

His hand on the door knob, he looked at her.

"Laurette, it's too sudden. I mean, we've been swell pals for a long time. You haven't gone on the make for me because you've suddenly discovered that I have charm. What's it all about?"

"There aren't many men I know that would bother to ask questions in a situation like this, Kernie," she said. "You may not believe it, but other men would ask questions later."

"I'm not other men. You're going to tell me the answers this minute, or else I'm leaving you here. For God's sake, Laurette, why be mysterious?"

"Why are you mysterious?" she retorted. "Be frank with me, Kernie. A few days ago you lost your job on the Leader because you kicked up a row about the Ames case. You were dead sure that she was guilty. You started on a bender and suddenly snapped out of it, right in the middle of it, something you'd never done before. Then you became chummy with Rose Ames. You asked me questions about John Ames. Kernie, what are you trying to do? Are you trying to pin the Ames killing on somebody?"

"Well, suppose I am?"

"Then come to Havana with me."

"I'm frank with you, Laurette. I'm trying to pin the Ames killing on someone. Now you be frank."

"I'll give it to you straight, Kernie. I don't see how anything can be pinned on anybody, but there are people in this town who don't like your activities. You talked out of turn to Emily Trephon. I don't know what you said, but you scared her, and some friends of hers got terrified."

"Pottery?"

"I couldn't prove it. And what we can't prove let's not talk about."

"So Pottery's *really* scared? He frightens easily. I didn't know I'd got very far. I guess I'm smarter than I know."

"YOU'RE plenty smart, Kernie. But a man can be too smart for his own good, sometimes."

"Did Pottery give you the Havana tickets?"

Laurette shook her head.

"A girl friend of mine, Myrtle Carey, gave them to me. Said she couldn't use them. Told me to take a boy friend and mentioned your name."

"Carey? Is she sewed up with Pottery?"

"She certainly is not, so far as anyone knows, but you can guess the connection. I can guess it. Anyone can *guess* it. But proof—that's something else, Kernie. Now, I read all the testimony in the Ames case. How anybody could be sewed up with that I can't imagine. If he didn't do it himself, his wife did it. I mean, there's never been a question that a third party could have pulled the trick."

"Evidently Pottery doesn't want the question raised," said Kernochan.

She shook her head doubtfully.

"It may not be that. Maybe, mussing around, you'd put your finger on something else. Maybe Pottery wouldn't like that. You start investigating one thing and you might stumble on evidence about another."

Kernochan looked thoughtful.

"You may be right. So Pottery wants me out of town?"

"I didn't say it was Pottery."

"No, you didn't *say* it. But of course, Pottery's the man who thinks travel would be good for my health. Well, I'm not doing any. Now, Laurette, be a good girl and let me take you home."

"You can't do that, Kernie. Why do you think I came down here? Because Myrtle phoned and wanted to know if you were going with me. She wanted to know if you were still with me. I knew what that meant. If you'd left my apartment, Myrtle—and someone else—might not be willing to believe that you were sailing with me. So I told Myrtle that you'd gone home but were waiting for me there. Kernie, I don't know what you've got on Pottery, but he, or someone, is plenty scared. So—I'm not going home and you're not going out."

Kernochan whistled softly.

"You wouldn't fool me, sister? You mean that you think that if it doesn't look as though I'm going to be on that boat tomorrow, something might happen?"

"Things do happen in this man's town," she said.

"Things *have* happened. Your hardware merchant was killed tonight."

Her eyes widened.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"WHAT do you think I mean? Somebody shot Johnson tonight. Laurette, you're monkeying with murder. Murder's a tough thing. You wouldn't hide anything from me, would you? I mean, your friend Myrtle didn't mention Pottery's name?"

"She didn't mention any name. You know how it is, Kernie. Loose talk isn't good. She had her message; she had her story; she gave it to me."

"But giving somebody money, several thousand dollars, is pretty thick."

Laurette suddenly blushed.

"I made that part of it up. She only gave me the tickets. The money—well, that was my own. You see, I want you to go. Entirely aside from any jam you may be in—Kernie, you make it awful hard for a girl that's in love with you."

"In love with me? Come now, Laurette, don't give me that."

"Why? Because you don't want it?"

"Because it isn't true. You're a sweetheart, Laurette. You think I'm in danger and you want to help me out of it. So you pretend you care for me."

"Says Samuel Kernochan, the man who knows women," she laughed. "Modest, aren't you, Kernie? What makes you so sure I'm not in love with you?"

"Oh, don't, Laurette. It's an act, and you're a great girl to frame it for me, but you don't need to keep it up. In love with me? You've managed to hide it pretty well for quite a while."

"Sometimes a girl gets so she can't hide it any longer, Kernie."

"But we hadn't seen each other for months until the other day."

"What's seeing people got to do with loving them? Gee, I must be hard to take."

"You're not a bit hard to take, Laurette. I can't think of anything easier, only—we don't want to spoil it, Laurette. I mean, you'd feel like the devil and so would I. We're not in love with each other, no matter what you say."

She sighed.

"Well, maybe I'm not. Let it go at that, Kernie. But I'm not going home tonight."

"DON'T be silly. Pottery wouldn't dare put a finger on me."

"No? You may be silly enough to think that, but Myrtle Carey is going to think that I've moved right in with you. She may send the word around. And even if you don't go to Havana—leave me, and I'll scream. Try to send me home and I'll scream louder. Now what are you going to say?"

"Not a thing in the world, except that you're a swell girl even if you do get silly notions in your pretty head."

He walked to his bedroom door.

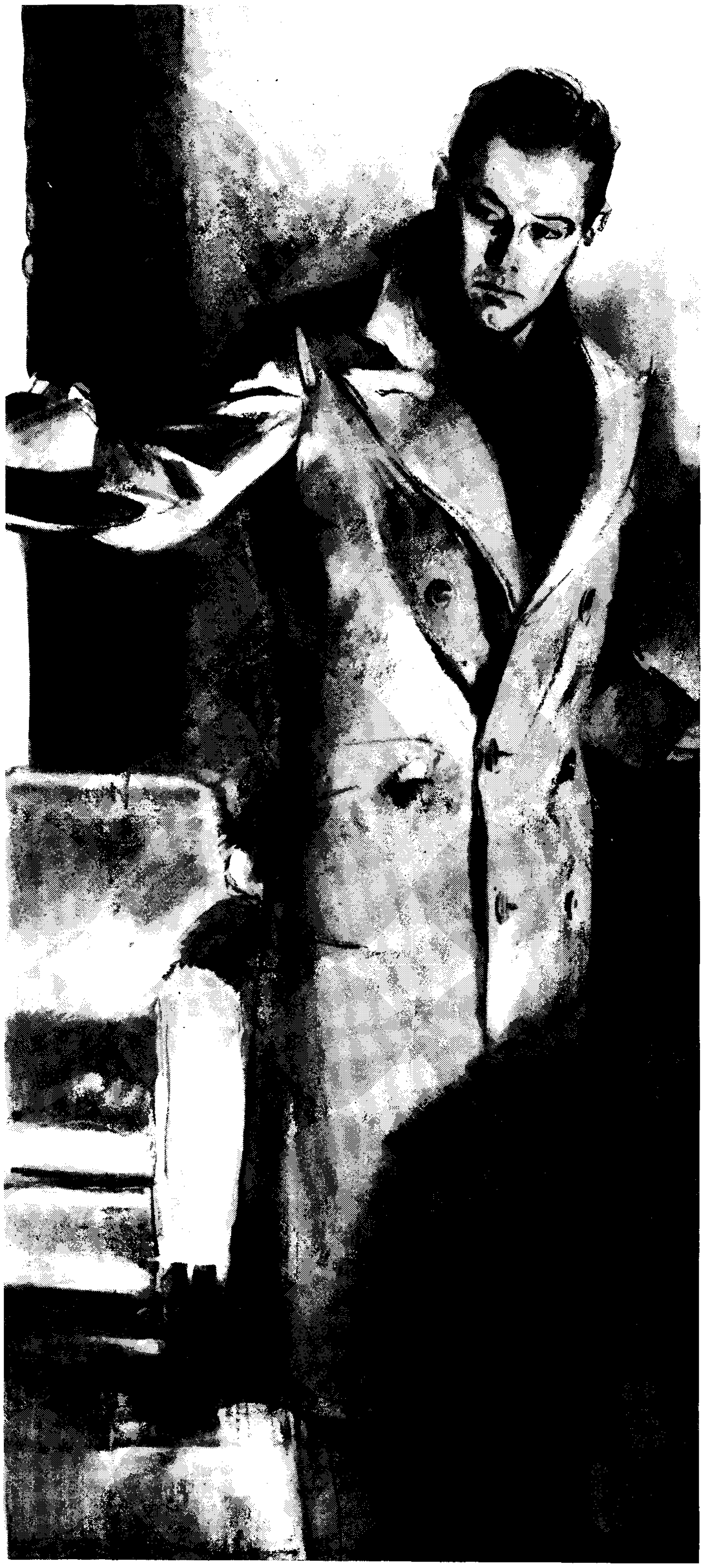
"You can make yourself comfortable in here, Laurette."

"And where will you make yourself comfortable?" she asked.

"The couch will do me," he smiled.

She rose and laughed at him.

"Okay, Kernie. If that's the way you feel."



"Why can't I leave? Did I ask you to come here?"

She made a moue, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and the bedroom door closed behind her. Kernochan sat down before the fire. He waited until the sound of her movements in the next room had ceased. Then, after another wait of ten minutes, he tiptoed to the bedroom door, opened it slightly, and listened. Her regular breathing convinced him that she was asleep. So he closed the door, walked to the telephone and rang up police headquarters. He caught Lieutenant Kellerman just as he was leaving the building.

"Did you round up Callie Curtis?" asked Kernochan.

"My God, aren't you asleep yet? Sure, she was just a pal of Johnson's. You know what those things are like. Didn't know he was a butler, thought he was a hardware man, couldn't remember where she first met him, didn't know him very well. You've heard that chatter."

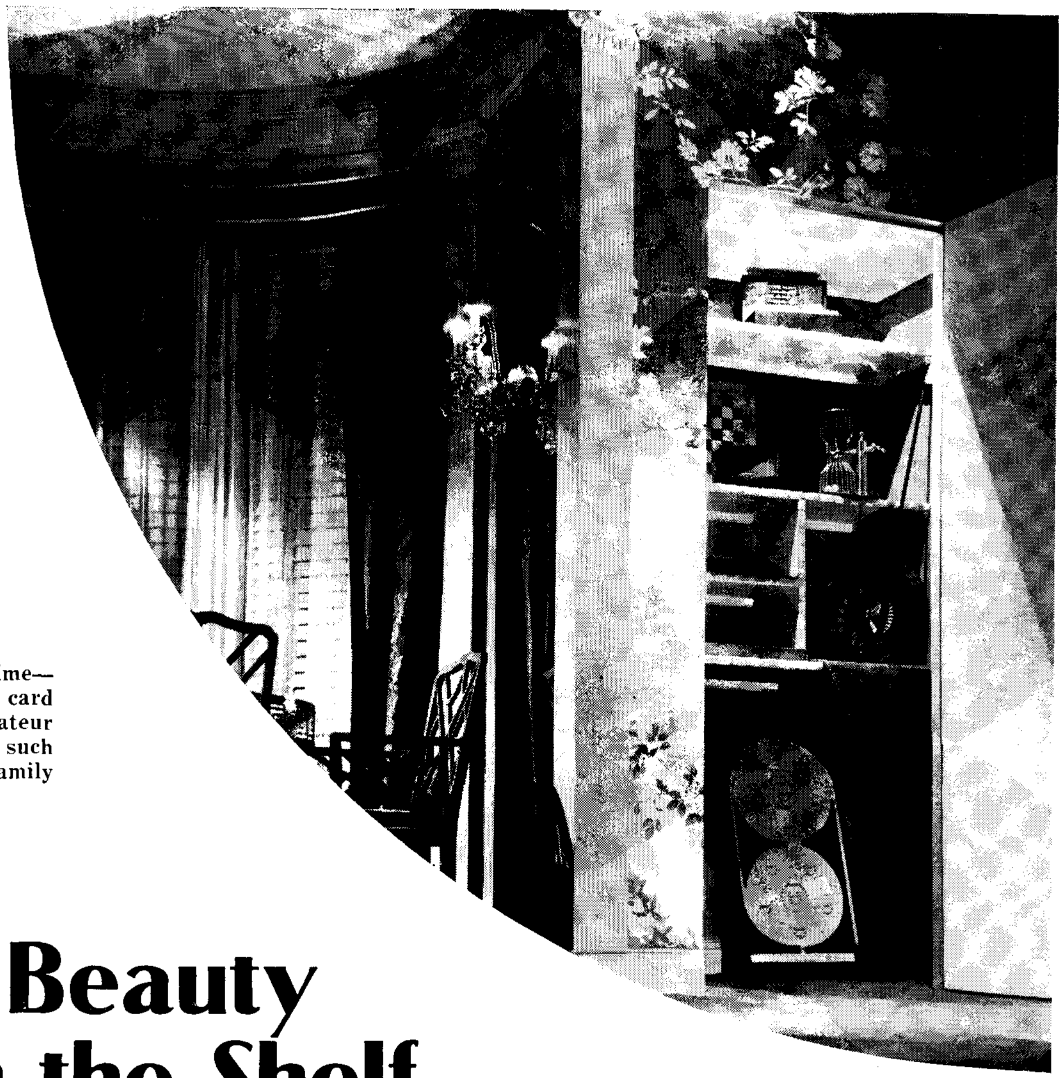
"Are you holding her?"

"Because she wrote a letter to a man saying she couldn't meet him tonight? Be yourself, Kernie. Any good lawyer

(Continued on page 36)

Photographed for Collier's by Windmann Studios

Closets from W. & J. Sloane



All set for a good time—a game closet with a card table handy. Any amateur carpenter could make such shelves to fit the family game supply

Beauty on the Shelf

By Marie Beynon Ray

The family skeleton will have to find another hiding place, for the closet is rapidly becoming one of the most popular rooms in the house. What with game closets, shoe closets, package closets, powder rooms and so on through the house, the decorators are having a big time—and so will you

"CLOSETS have a bad reputation," smiled Lady Mendl, still Elsie de Wolfe to her native land. "Closets have always been rather scary places—where the family skeleton hung, where the bogey-man lived, where naughty children were put, where ghosts lurked, where burglars hid, where there was no bone for Old Mother Hubbard's dog.

"But recently we decorators, who are great at opening windows to the sunlight and tearing down doors to forbidden places, decided to change all that and make closets among the most cheerful rooms in the house. For they *are* rooms, you know, miniature rooms where some of the nicest things in our lives are kept—exquisite gowns, silver slippers, jams and cookies, her tennis racket and his golf clubs, the children's skates and the puppy's leash, heaps of fluffy bath towels, piles of snowy linen, vintage wines and old laces."

"When I open a closet door I like to experience a sense of invading a secret place where something pleasant awaits me—a choice from among many delightful things. I like to be greeted with a pleasant odor and a soft light, an air of orderliness, a sense of plenty—plenty of towels, plenty of fragrant soaps, a great plenty of silver, glass and goodies.

"Any closet, however small, can and should be given a touch of beauty. Consider the decorator's best and least expensive friend—paint. Select a delicious color of paint, or two or three colors, and go as far as you can with that—floor, walls, perhaps even shelves. Or you can paper the walls, or cover them with silk or toile de Jouy, if you're in an expensive mood. Next you tackle the shelves. I like very much lining them with silk or chintz and finishing the edges with a painted molding. Or loose silk pads, scented to swooning, may be used on the shelves, and the edges decorated with a flat molding painted in a classic design.

Spicing Your Furs

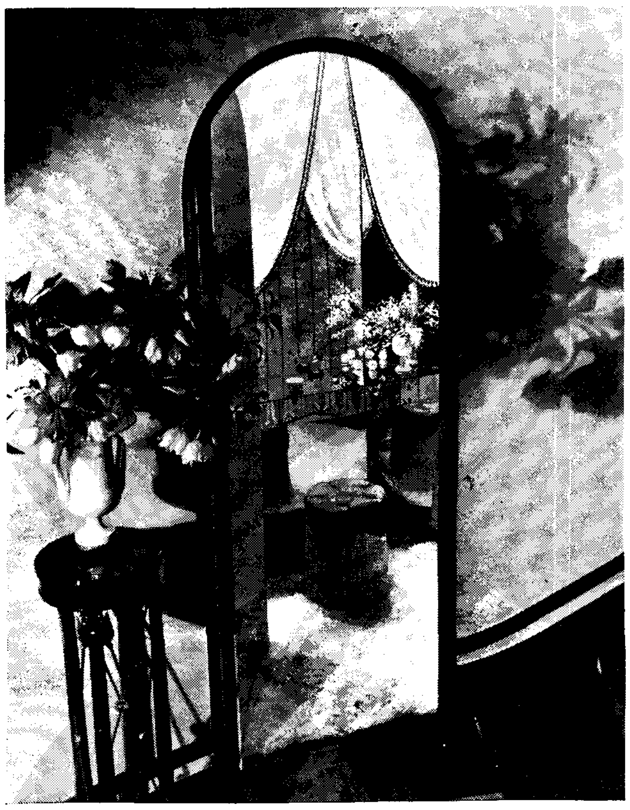
"You don't stop there. You sweep right on to clothes hangers and bags. Personally I wouldn't give a penny stamp for a hanger which wasn't padded out like Jack Dempsey's shoulders, covered with silk or velvet, the hooks wrapped in ribbon, and the whole thing scented deliriously, either with your own special perfume or that generic odor, lavender.

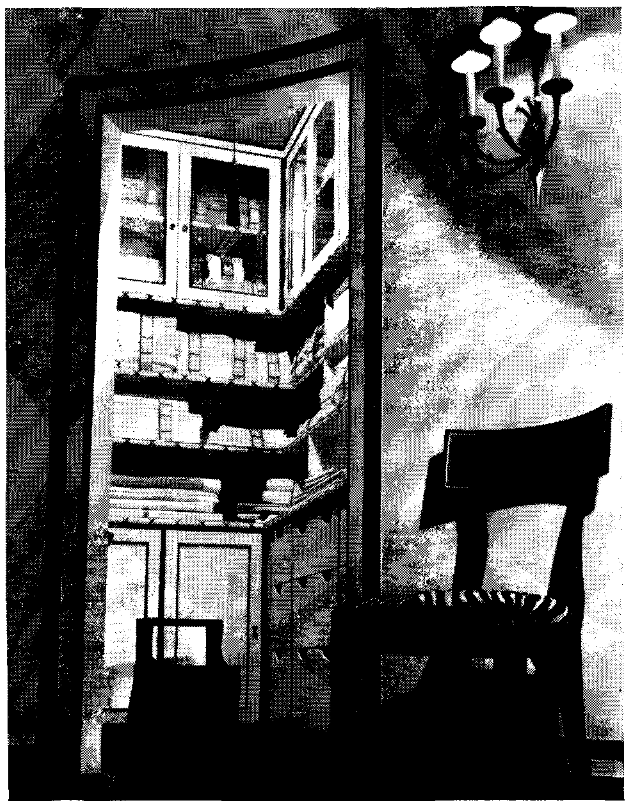
"Shoes should be in a separate little closet of their own—or a compartment closed off from the rest of the closet. However dainty a woman may be, shoes have an odor—the odor of leather, of dampness, of the streets. They should rest on sloping shelves, the heels caught over a ledge. Here, as well as in the closet for furs, I like to hang a spice ball—a ball about four inches in diameter pricked with cloves which, when the spicy odor evaporates, can be saturated again with oil of cloves. Then you know what it is to be welcomed to a closet."

That brings us to some of the major demonstrations of what can be done with closets, once you let yourself go.

(Continued on page 26)

Below, left, a mirrored powder room off the entrance hall; right, a linen closet to inspire the housekeeper





"A SCIENTIST NEEDS HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. CHESS PLAYER"

Russell F. Mann, B. S.,
specialist in bio-chemistry, *says:*

"Championship chess calls for healthy nerves, but scientific work taxes the nerves, too. Concentrating over a microscope . . . analyzing chemical compounds weighing as little as 1/1000 gr. of some chemical—there's nerve strain for you! Smoking means a lot to me, and I picked Camels as my cigarette years ago. I like the flavor of Camels better and better the longer I smoke them. And they never bother my nerves."

Frank J. Marshall, U. S. Chess Champion, *says:*

"Championship chess is a test for anybody's nerves! I smoke steadily—whether I'm playing or not—and I find that Camels never jangle my nerves or disturb my concentration. The natural, mild flavor and distinctive taste that won me years ago still make me enjoy every Camel thoroughly."

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are YOUR Nerves?

Are you a coin rattler...a ring twister? Do you drum with your fingers, wrinkle your forehead, make peculiar clucking noises when you are under a nervous strain? All these habits come from "jangled nerves"—they are nature's way of calling for a new deal.

So get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your cigarette.

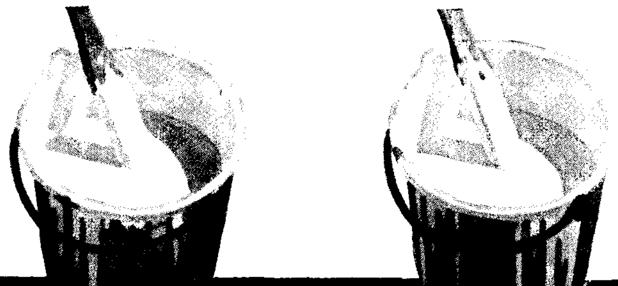
☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.**

You can enjoy Camels as freely as you wish because this milder cigarette, rich in flavor, *never gets on your nerves!*

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

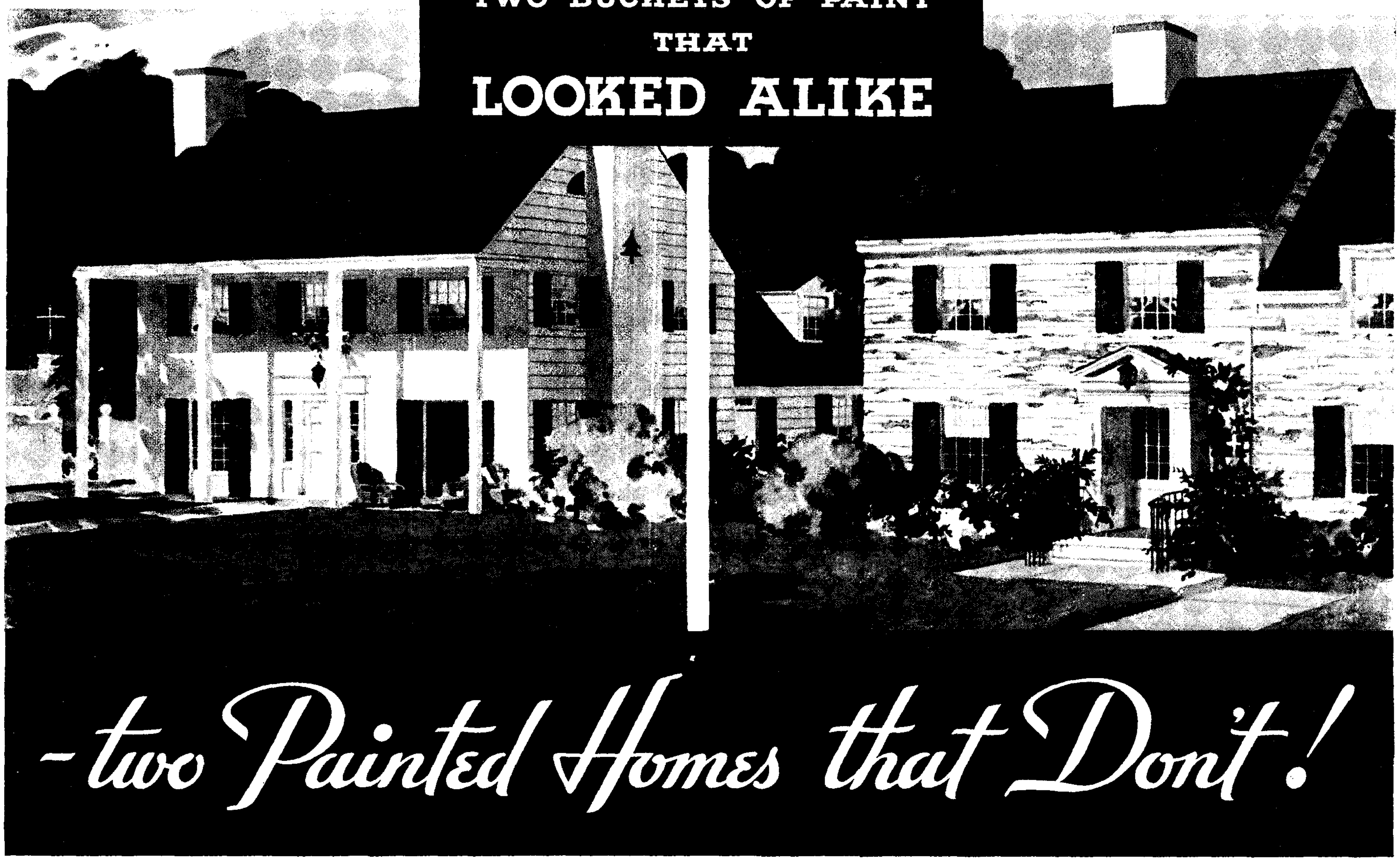
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!



Look at these two buckets of paint. Not much to choose between them, is there, as far as appearance goes? Judged by looks alone, they might fool anyone. But appearances are often deceiving.

Look what came out of the buckets! When the two jobs were finished, they, too, looked alike. But now what a difference between them. A big difference in appearance and a big difference in cost.

TWO BUCKETS OF PAINT THAT LOOKED ALIKE



—two Painted Homes that Don't!

"HA", chuckled the man who got his paint job out of the *wrong* bucket, "I'm $50 ahead. And can I use $50!"

Now, after 2½ years, his paint job which cost $125 is *all through.* (See actual photograph at right.) And before repainting, he has to pay $75 for burning off what's left of his "cheap" paint ...a total of $200. That's $80 a year. A priming coat, needed before new paint can be put on, will add still further to the cost.

And his neighbor? After 4 years, *his* paint... Dutch Boy White-Lead... is still good. He paid $175...less than $44 a year up to now.

What's more, at repaint time he'll pay for no burning and scraping. Nor for a new priming coat either. Because Dutch Boy does not crack

and scale. Instead, it resists the weather...wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface for new paint.

Play safe. See a Dutch Boy painter. He mixes Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your job and tints his paint to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

The free booklet below is full of money-saving suggestions. Shows you what to look for. How to pick the right painter. How to order your painting job out of the *right* bucket! Send for it. Address your request to Dept. 108, nearest branch.

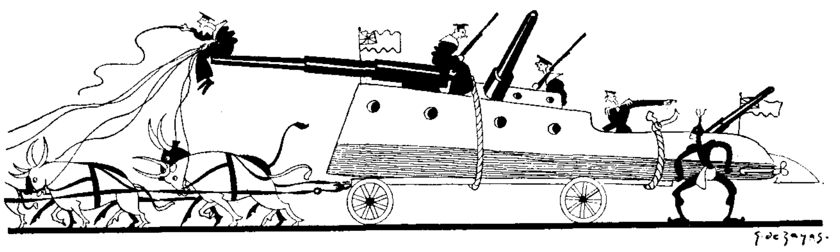
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

In the left panel below, you see a paint job that 2½ years ago looked like $50 saved. Today, it has cost almost twice as much per year as the Dutch Boy job shown in the right panel . . . same type of house in the same mid-western city.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the World War, the oddest expedition was that of the 28 men and their "navy" of two large motor boats which were transported from England to the heart of Africa to destroy the German flotilla on Lake Tanganyika. On one leg of the trip, a 146-mile road had to be hewed through dense jungle and the boats moved by trucks pulled by 42 oxen.

In many European cathedrals, the organists are not allowed to sound certain low notes on the great pipe organs because it is feared that the vibrations set up by them might fracture costly stained glass windows.—*By Mrs. H. Rowan, San Francisco, California.*

Apraxia, the inability to remember the uses of things, is a peculiar condition brought on by cerebral disorders such as brain tumors and hemorrhages. Persons so afflicted sometimes eat soap, try to comb their hair with a tooth brush or shine their shoes with a dinner plate.—*By J. C. Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Illinois.*

The Samoyedes of Siberia measure time by "kettles," meaning the length of time that it would take to bring a kettle of cold water to the boiling point.—*By Antonio Di Giustino, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.*

Bladderwrack, a seaweed that grows in abundance along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, is a very versatile plant. It is not only used as an ingredient in a number of obesity cures, but also as a fodder to fatten hogs.—*By Raymond Drozda, Berwyn, Illinois.*

Only once in all history, it is believed, did a ruling monarch ever pawn any article of his regalia. It occurred in England in 1386 when the extravagant King Richard II, when apparently short of ready money, pawned his royal crown for $20,000.

For about ten years after the first railway lines were built in the United States, the tracks were free to anyone who had a vehicle with flanged wheels. Consequently locomotives had to crawl for hours behind slow teams and sometimes even had to stop completely when mules developed stubborn streaks.—*By R. M. Sawyer, Dalton, Massachusetts.*

Aramaic, the language used by Christ and his disciples, is still spoken in its original form not only by the Nestorians of Kurdistan but also by many of the peasants in the remote villages of Palestine.—*By H. J. Magens, Huron, South Dakota.*

An insidious propaganda war is being fought today by radio stations in Europe. Not only do they use foreign languages to help disguise their identity when broadcasting fake news and poisonous speeches, but recently one was caught actually announcing itself as another station after such a program.

In France the minimum number of *magistrats* constituting a bench is three, and the maximum number, in the Court of Cassation, is sixteen, eleven of whom are required to form a quorum. Juries are used only in the highest criminal court.

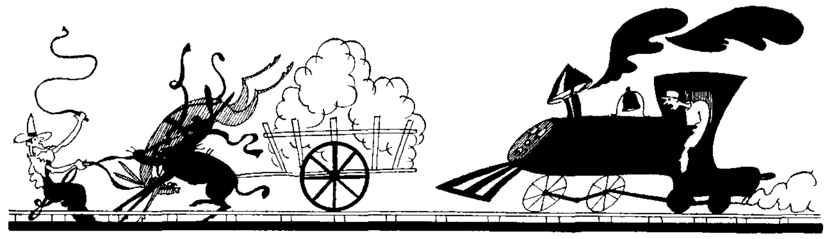
The North Sea Mine Barrage, the 6,000-square-mile belt of destruction between Norway and Scotland which bottled up the German Navy, consisted of 71,000 mines, every one of which had been located and destroyed 12 months after the Armistice.

During the past 1,200 years, China has engraved its chief historical facts and other important records on large stone tablets and set them up in prominent places. Today they are the most numerous of all the monuments in that country. Even the authorized texts of the Chinese classics are preserved on 300 of them.

In many states of this country, a person may legally change his name without application to a court of law provided there is no fradulent intent. —*By Mabel E. Murray, New York City.*

Nearly 44,000,000 persons, or 34 per cent of the population of the United States, still are without local public library service. The extremes among the states are Arkansas, in which 91 per cent of the people are without a library, and Massachusetts, in which every community has at least one.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Lather
OR
Brushless?

LET'S *Debunk* THE DEBATE!

"HONESTLY, it hands me a laugh. One manufacturer insists 'ONLY Lather can give you a decent shave.' The other replies: 'Lather is old hat—ONLY Brushless is fit to be used.'

"To me that's nothing more than ballyhoo! I've been studying the science of shaving for 26 years and I can tell you there is no such thing as *one* best preparation for *all* faces. Lather may be best for you, Brushless best for your brother. It depends on your shaving technique, your type of beard and—most important—*your type of skin.*

"That's why I make *both,* Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Both are *whisker-wilters.* That means that both take *all* the fight out of *all* of the beard, so that the blade can cut clean and close—without a yank or a scratch.

"Yes, both do it—*but only your own skin can decide which is best for you.*

"For example, if your skin is *oily,* you should use Mennen *Lather.* It penetrates into the pores, loosens deeply-imbedded oil and grease deposits, flushes out your over-active skin.

"If you have a *dry skin,* I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream (not a grease)—containing special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

W. G. Mennen

"If your skin is *normal,* then it's a question of convenience—do you like to use a brush or don't you?

Send for my "Skin Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin Tester Kit'... containing good-sized tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double Edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

After the shave .. *Mennen Skin Bracer, a new lotion with a clean, refreshing odor. And Mennen Talcum for Men, the man's powder. Doesn't show ... protects your face.*

MENNEN
LATHER SHAVE...
.. brushless SHAVE

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double edge blade."

• • •

Send coupon with 10¢ to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-16.

....

....

KEEP THOSE
SHOE BILLS
FROM
RUNNING WILD

JUST as long as boys are boys and girls are tomboys, they are going to be hard on shoes.

But that's no excuse for letting their fun be hard on your pocketbook!

Save money—as thousands of parents are doing—by putting those ever-busy feet in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

There's a sole that can take it—*no other sole made can beat it for wear!* That means weeks, often months, of extra service — fewer shoe bills—because a shoe wears as long as its sole.

You pay nothing extra for these tough, longer-wearing, waterproof soles. Ask for them by name on new shoes—and at repair shops.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer
Made by the makers of
Goodyear Tires

Beauty on the Shelf

Continued from page 22

One shop in New York has set up a full-size, two-story, ten-room Regency house complete with gardens and terraces, complete to a breakfast table laid for two in the bedroom and a tea table laid before the fire in the living-room. In this house they've gone completely closet-mad. And beginning with your first stunned glance at the adorable little powder room off the entrance hall and working up to the linen closet on the second floor, you feel this madness growing upon you, too.

After tearing yourself away from that red and white powder room with its flesh-colored mirrors, you wander into the living-room, passing with a mere nod the closet devoted to male hats and coats where a tiny mirror in a two-drawer wall cabinet is quite good enough for men to primp before; where a newfangled umbrella rack, which checks your most-mislaid possession just as they do in the shops, elicits from you a glance of approval; where the walls are a jolly red and the moldings silver, and where there are coat hangers and hat stands for more men than you ever hope to entertain.

A Closet for Dozens

Practically without drawing a breath, you dart to a door in the living-room where, your feminine instinct assures you, lurks another closet, and you're no more than bearably astounded to discover that this closet, living right next door to the card-room, is a game closet. What a swell idea! Into its many compartments go the backgammon and chess boards, the boxes of chips and cards, roulette—all the new and old games that are so much fun to discover all over again when friends drop in. All the shelves, doors and drawers are painted white with silver moldings and the walls are pale green.

You mount the spiral staircase to the oval upper hall and there you find the linen closet. It's big enough to be almost a little room—big enough to have a carpet of its own. Quite a patriotic little closet, too—all in red, white and blue, but restrained, you understand, restrained. Though the carpet is bright, bright red, the walls are a pale blue; the shelves, the many small doors and drawers are all painted white with a red trim, and the shelves have a classic wood molding in red and white. In such a closet, one's finer feelings assure one, only "dozens" can be kept—a dozen of these monogrammed Irish linen sheets, two dozen of these embroidered pillow slips, three dozen of these hand-drawn guest towels, and so on till you feel yourself getting fairly light-headed. Don't think for one moment that these precious linens are merely lightly piled together in dozens. They are held together in their meticulous dozens by binders of white taffeta piped in red and laid tenderly on pads of white quilted satin. Some, too lovely to hide, go behind glass doors and on open shelves; others in trays and drawers with an opening at the top for the hand to slip into. There's a duck of a red, two-step ladder to stand on for reaching the way-up shelves.

In the master's bedroom are several closets. On the top shelves of one, reached only by courtesy of a little stepladder, are several handsome, sturdy boxes for those extra quilts and blankets needed on chilly nights. The rest of the space is devoted to many little closets built within the one big one, some sections given over to drawers of every size and shape, others to closed-in shelves, others to open shelves to accommodate every whim and fantasy in underwear and haberdashery that a man of infinite imagination can conjure up. At one side is a metal rack divided into sections by uprights so that the numerous suits, coats, etc., can't get into a huddle. This ingenious rod can be swung out into plain view for the master to make a thoughtful choice.

If I were to relate the extent to which guests are pampered in this house, what with a special doodad on the inside of the door for holding about twenty pairs of shoes (and I guess that's enough for any old guest) and stands for eight hats (I admit that seems skimping it a bit); what with metal rings for furs and brackets for golf bags and tennis rackets—why, you just wouldn't believe me, that's all. They've fixed it to keep the most high-spirited dresser in order.

There's one shop in New York which devotes itself utterly to closets—nothing but closets. It is rumored that the woman who heads this movement has conceived (yes, and executed) closets costing up to $20,000. Naturally a woman who has given herself up unrestrainedly to that sort of thing has been able to think up some pretty dramatic effects. There are more kinds of closets than you or I dream of. To wit: package closets—you've guessed it, for the inveterate package-wrapper-up—containing every sort of box you may ever need, tissues, ribbons, papers on rollers, and string in drawers with holes through which it is pulled. Jewel closets, glass closets, children's closets.

Just as there are kitchen experts to plan our kitchens for us these days, so there are closet experts to plan our closets, should we feel a bit weak on interior decoration. All we need do is to send in a brief description of the closet—its dimensions, its use, how many people use it, and its sex. Yes, indeed, there's sex even in closets today. A color scheme and equipment that would delight the young man of the family might be absolutely repulsive to the daughter of the house. With our requirements before him, the closet expert gets to work and makes a little drawing of the perfect arrangement for that space, suggests the best treatment of the walls, the arrangement of shelves and equipment, an appropriate color scheme, etc. Then, if you approve, all the suggested equipment will be shipped to you, and you or your husband, if he is one of those who wield a mean hammer (if not, a local carpenter), can do the rest.

All Ready-Made

And a great deal is being done these days to enable you and me to dart into a shop and buy everything needed to fit up a closet in the most approved manner. Quilted padding by the yard in every color that might occur to the most imaginative decorator, and in various widths, is stock merchandise. Narrower widths for the shelves and drawers and matching valances piped in a contrasting color—even matching thumb tacks to apply it painlessly to plaster or wood—make it possible for even the least carpenterish of women to do her own decorating. Or, if you decide that painting is more in your line, you can buy plain glazed chintz valances bound with another color to finish the painted shelves, or, less perishable, painted moldings in any one of a number of charming designs. Cheaper, of course, if you are at the head of your class in painting, is to buy unpainted moldings and paint them as your fancy dictates.

Even the interior carpentry of the closet is made easy. You can buy sections of drawers, closed-in compartments, trays, etc., for every conceivable use. Did you like those drawers with an opening for the hand? You can buy them. Do you fancy a section of trays of various depths for laying away beaded gowns, with smaller divisions for purses and hosiery? You can have them. Do you hanker for a shoe rack, a hat rack, or a shoe and hat rack combined to hang on the closet door with four simple screws which even the most feminine of women can manipulate? It's yours for a negligible amount of cash. Remember that little two-drawer-and-mirror wall cabinet for the men's closet mentioned above? It's equally good for a cosmetic cabinet and can be bought painted to order or unpainted.

And boxes! Not just any old boxes, but boxes that are as beautiful as they are useful, boxes of every possible size, for every conceivable use—blanket boxes, hat, shoe, collar, glove, suit, sweater, scarf, blouse boxes; boxes with wooden sides for strength but pasteboard tops and bottoms for lightness; boxes with drop fronts for accessibility; boxes covered with satin, moiré, plain or figured chintz, some with moss fringe around the edges.

When it comes to the linen closet and and you feel that craving for binding things in dozens come over you, just run into a shop and buy yourself all the binders you want—one yard long, they are, and two inches wide, of quilted satin or taffeta bound with a contrasting color, some with a delicate painted design, all with snaps and a sachet pocket. If it's the dish closet you're considering, see those plate covers (for your by-the-dozen plates) of Argentine cloth, a material which, being translucent but impervious to dust and dampness, makes ideal clothes bags, for you can see your dresses through them and so don't have to open bag after bag to find the dress you want.

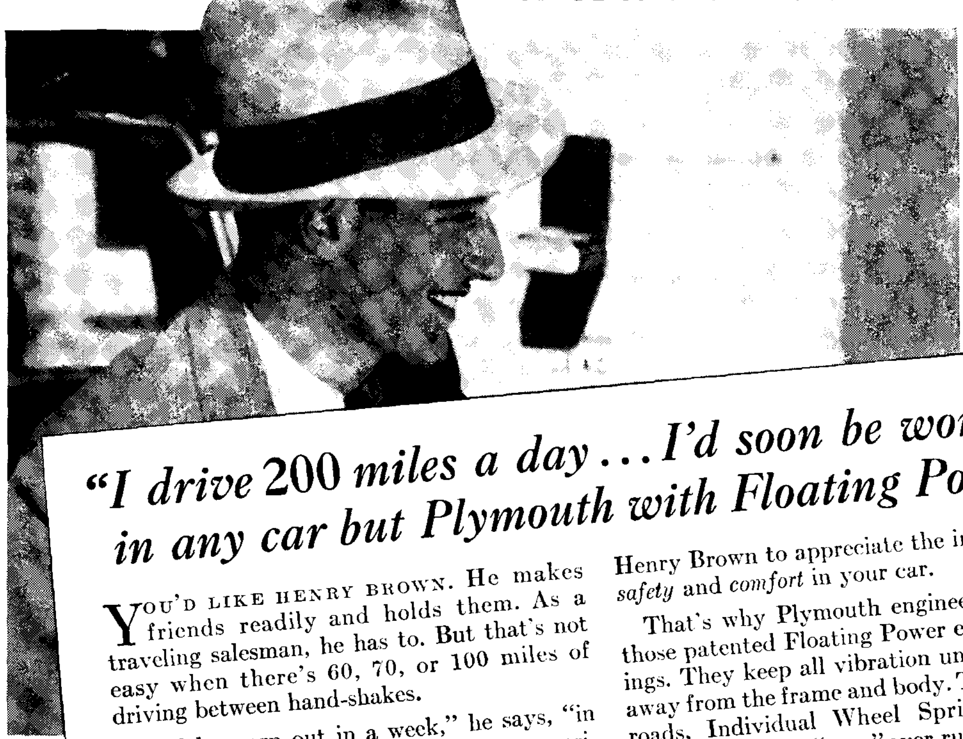
Fixing Up the Bride

When it comes to gadgets, they've forgotten nothing. There are umbrella racks for checking umbrellas and canes; racks to hold a bridge table and four chairs; brackets for tennis rackets and golf bags; fast-gripping trouser racks; broadly padded clothes hangers, some with extra long necks for fur-trimmed coats; hangers, hat stands and boxes all quilted to match; ingenious metal tie racks guaranteed to prevent the most nervous dresser from spilling his ties on the floor; metal clothes rods with spikes dividing them into sections to prevent things from getting into a huddle; rods covered in velvet to match your color scheme; silk tassels to bring the too-high light within easy reach—even an electric light with its own dry battery for the closet that has no light. Oh, they've thought of everything!

And here, if by any chance you have a bride to fix up, is the very thing. A closet lined, every golden inch of it, in gold paper with a delicate, white, cross-bar design; boxes of white satin finished with moss fringe, flippant green velvet bows, and silver rings for pulling them open; a cylindrical green and white metal laundry hamper, opening with a flip of the toe; hat stands of crystal with white satin bases and tops; white, quilted satin pads on all the shelves, in all the drawers; and about the whole dainty affair, a fine nuptial flavor.

"No Vibration FOR ME— I HAVE TO LIVE IN MY CAR!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH H. BROWN OF CHARLESTON, S. C.



"EVEN MAPS don't help me much to dodge the rutty back-country roads I have to travel. I've got to depend on those Individual Front Wheel Springs to smooth them out . . . save me from nerve-wracking jars and jolts."

"I drive 200 miles a day . . . I'd soon be worn out in any car but Plymouth with Floating Power"

YOU'D LIKE HENRY BROWN. He makes friends readily and holds them. As a traveling salesman, he has to. But that's not easy when there's 60, 70, or 100 miles of driving between hand-shakes.

"I'd be worn out in a week," he says, "in any car but a Plymouth. I know from experience that Floating Power and Individual Wheel Springing make my job a whole lot easier. They let me relax.

"Another thing. I know that wherever I drive I'm 100% *safe* with Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body on the car."

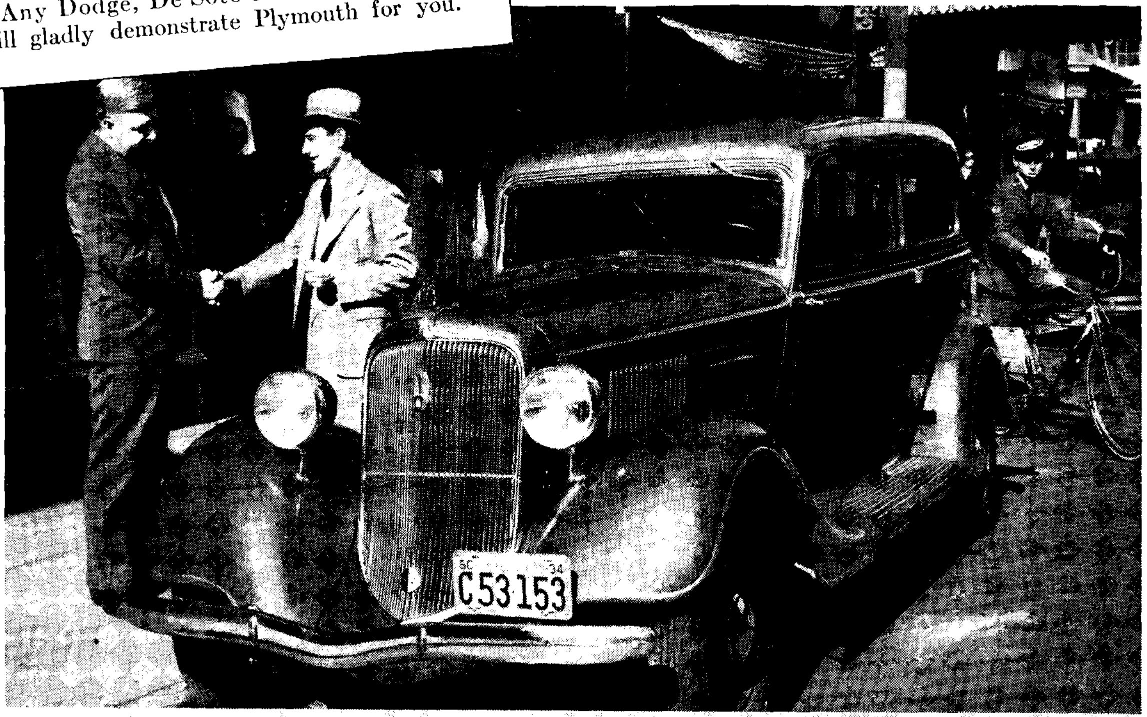
You don't have to be a demon driver like Henry Brown to appreciate the importance of *safety* and *comfort* in your car.

That's why Plymouth engineers developed those patented Floating Power engine mountings. They keep all vibration under the hood, away from the frame and body. Then on rough roads, Individual Wheel Springing makes each front wheel "step" over ruts and bumps.

And remember that Plymouth's Safety-Steel Body is the best highway insurance you can have these days . . . that Hydraulic Brakes are the safest, surest brakes made.

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly demonstrate Plymouth for you.

"LAST DECEMBER, in my previous Plymouth, I made New York from Charleston in a little less than 23 hours, with a terrible stretch of mountain road part of the way. Thanks to Floating Power I felt great when I arrived."



MR. BROWN'S new De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $495 f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Mich., subject to change without notice. Duplate Safety Plate Glass throughout, optional at low extra cost (only $10 on the De Luxe Sedan).

PLYMOUTH $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

BREAKFAST MENUS LACK VARIETY IN FRUIT JUICE

● REGARDLESS of how nourishing a soup is, a housewife wouldn't think of serving the same kind every day for dinner. She knows that appetites would quickly tire of the monotony.

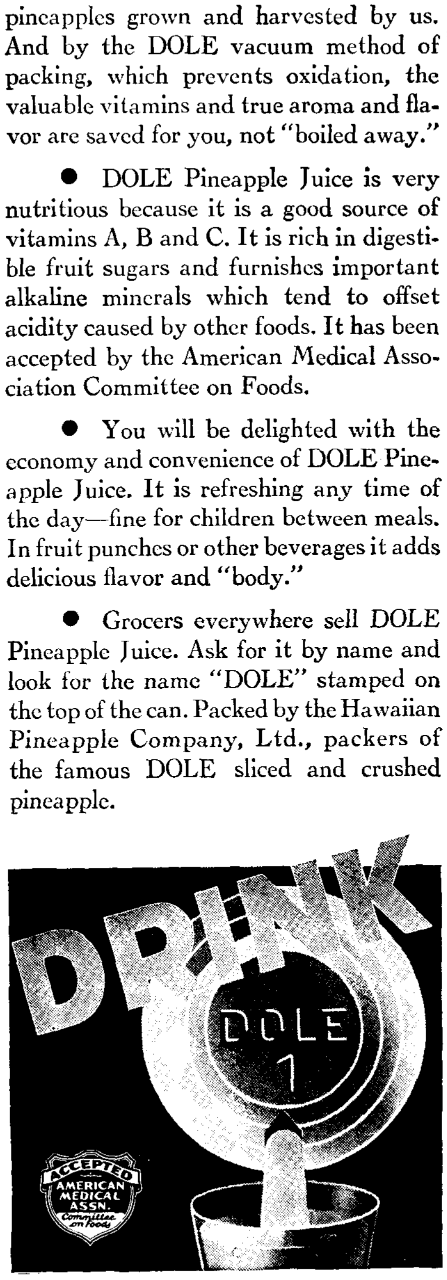
● The same reasoning can be applied to fruit juice in relation to breakfast menus. And today you will find countless women serving DOLE Pineapple Juice as well as tomato and orange juice.

● DOLE Pineapple Juice is fine for breakfast because its flavorful goodness appeals to morning appetites. It should never be confused with the sweetened juice found in sliced canned pineapple. DOLE Pineapple Juice is pure, unadulterated juice of fresh, ripe, luscious pineapples grown and harvested by us. And by the DOLE vacuum method of packing, which prevents oxidation, the valuable vitamins and true aroma and flavor are saved for you, not "boiled away."

● DOLE Pineapple Juice is very nutritious because it is a good source of vitamins A, B and C. It is rich in digestible fruit sugars and furnishes important alkaline minerals which tend to offset acidity caused by other foods. It has been accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods.

● You will be delighted with the economy and convenience of DOLE Pineapple Juice. It is refreshing any time of the day—fine for children between meals. In fruit punches or other beverages it adds delicious flavor and "body."

● Grocers everywhere sell DOLE Pineapple Juice. Ask for it by name and look for the name "DOLE" stamped on the top of the can. Packed by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., packers of the famous DOLE sliced and crushed pineapple.



Just a Second

Continued from page 10

Now Hubbell wound up. Now Bolton crouched, smiling confidently. Terry looked more nonchalant than ever.

"But I wasn't feeling that way," Terry told me the other day. "Say, but they were long seconds. Everything depended upon what happened now. Maybe I'd figured things out wrong. Maybe Bolton would murder a screw ball low and inside. The first one Carl threw was a ball. Bolton swung at the next one and missed. Then came another ball. Well, this was the spot where Carl had to give him a good one and we all felt that he'd swing at it. A dinky little Texas leaguer would put the game on ice. Any kind of a hit would score Schulte and Kuhel. That was suspense, waiting for Carl to toss up the next one. Long seconds? Every one of them lasted an hour. Then he threw it—Bolton hit it—and you know what happened."

Sure I knew what happened. He hit between short and third, and speedy, cocky Blondie Ryan flashed three steps to his right, scooped up the ball and, without losing a fraction of a second, snapped it to Critz at second. That put Sewell out. Critz wheeled and lined the ball to Terry at first and Bolton, a slow man, was out by eight feet. Two seconds that whole play took. Two seconds, but I'll bet they took ten years off the life of Bill Terry—the fellow who isn't supposed to have any nerves.

Frank and Eddie

Let's shift the scene to Wimbledon. It's the summer of 1931 and Frank Shields is playing Jean Borotra in the semifinal round. Shields is going great. The big boy's serve is a blasting, devastating weapon that leaves Borotra gasping. He has Borotra two sets to one and now he leads in the third set four games to three. Shields serves and he quickly runs the score to forty to fifteen. He steps back to serve again. If he wins this he wins the game and holds a five-to-three advantage in the set—a virtually decisive margin.

He serves and Borotra manages to get his racket on the ball. His return is weak, a trickling drop shot that just falls over the net. Frank rushes in, gets to the ball—then the crowd is shocked to see him slip, fall to the ground and writhe there in agony. His knee has given away and in falling he has displaced several ligaments and torn the muscles around the knee.

"I thought I could never get up," Shields says, recalling the incident. "All my life my ambition had been to win the Wimbledon title. Now it was in my grasp. If I could beat Borotra—and I had him just about beaten—I felt that I would win the finals the next day. All this flashed through my mind as I lay there wondering whether or not I could get up. They were the longest seconds I have ever spent."

Anyhow, Frank got up. He limped back and served an ace which gave him the game, and now he led, five games to three. If he could win one more game now he'd win the match. Borotra served and Frank didn't win a point. He couldn't move and stabs of fire were torturing that knee. Now it was five to four and again Frank served. He knew that it would have to be aces or nothing. Six times he served and four of those balls streaked over the net so fast that Jean couldn't touch them. Four service aces gave Shields the game, gave him the match—and put him into the finals.

Ask Eddie Rickenbacker about the longest seconds he ever spent. He won't hesitate. Captain Eddie has lived on thrills all his life with speed and danger his ever-present companions. A great automobile driver, a great war pilot, Eddie is now a successful executive. There was one day in France. . . .

Eddie felt pretty good. He had just chased a German plane back over the enemy lines and he had finally caught up with it and planted it with a stream of leaden death. Now he was on his way home for breakfast, just three miles from the lines. Looking over the side of his Nieuport biplane, he spied a German airport and he felt a thrill of anticipation as he noticed three German planes just leaving the ground. Eddie was flying high. He knew he hadn't been seen and now he cut his motor to glide down. If he could only get close to them before being discovered there was a chance that he could get them.

He was within three hundred yards of them when the ground crew sent up a black shell—a signal that enemy aircraft was about. The Germans then saw Eddie, who started his motor and went for them hell-bent. They dove and the leading one tried a smart maneuver. He suddenly came up, looped over on his back with the intention of getting behind Eddie. But he miscalculated and. . . .

"He was coming right at me," Eddie says. "He hadn't gone high enough. I swerved as quickly as I could but it wasn't quickly enough. My right lower wing hit his wing and my ship shook all over. I took a look and found that half of my lower wing was gone. The ship, losing all balance, immediately went into a tail-spin. I tried everything, but nothing worked. I fell from ten thousand feet to five hundred in no time. The three Germans, satisfied that I was a goner, ambled along.

"I could catch fleeting glimpses of a thick wood below me. This was a sweet spot all right. Then I thought of one last-chance stunt to try and I didn't have much faith in it. I held to the stick and stepped over the side on to my right wing. Miraculously my weight balanced the ship for a minute and it came out of the spin, less than four hundred feet from the ground. I got it on an even keel and headed for the lines. As I went over the German trenches they peppered me with rifle shot—but missed. I was hoping the ship would hold out for just a few seconds more. It did. I got over our second line and then crashed into an open trench. The plane was smashed to bits but I didn't even get my hair mussed. I've had lots of tough moments racing and flying but those seconds when I was in that tail-spin were the longest I ever knew."

"You're a lucky guy, Rick," I told him.

"Sure I'm a lucky guy," he grinned.

Lion Meat

I sat in Clyde Beatty's dressing-room ten minutes before he was to go out into the big cage with thirty-eight lions and tigers.

Those cats have been tossing Clyde from hospital to hospital for years, and yet he's still in there flicking his whip at them and shooting off blank cartridges from that silly little gun. He was getting into the white clothes he wears during the act.

"What's that thing?" I asked, pointing.

"That's my right leg," Clyde stormed. "What does it look like?"

"It looks like a rainbow," I grunted—and it did look like a rainbow. Clyde has the silliest looking right thigh you ever saw. A lion named Nero knocked Clyde down one day and started munching happily on that thigh. Clyde isn't sensitive about his various scars. He's even a little proud of them. Each one of them represents a time he should have been killed and wasn't. An X-ray picture of Beatty would look like a jigsaw puzzle. We got to talking about his most thrilling experience—the longest seconds he'd ever spent in there with those cats of his.

"I was in a real tough spot once," Clyde admitted. "It was down in Collinsville, Pennsylvania. I was working thirty-two lions and tigers that night. Everything was great in the beginning and the cats started to go up on their pedestals according to schedule. Without any warning, a lion named Duke took a nip at a girl tiger named Rosie. Rosie nipped back and then there was a roar from the whole bunch of them. Three of the tigers were already up on their pedestals and they looked on, a bit bored, while the other twenty-nine went to work on each other. The cage was a mess of flying pedestals, chairs, lions and tigers—and me huddling against the bars wishing there was a tree to climb.

Just a Lucky Guy

"I decided to get out of there and aimed for the safety cage, a small door through which I entered and left. I looked over and there was Theba, a tiger, and Hilda, a big lioness, guarding that door and eying me in a nasty manner.

"My whip had been lost in the shuffle and I'd dropped my gun. I picked up the leg of a chair and advanced toward the door. Theba and Hilda both let out roars. I backed away, but then across the ring I saw a lion named Chester giving me a dirty look. Chester never had liked me anyway, and now he saw his chance.

"He started to fight his way through that mass of roaring, clawing cats and I knew I had to get out that door—Theba and Hilda notwithstanding. I edged to within five feet of it and now Theba and Hilda were on their feet looking at me very unpleasantly. Chester was getting nearer. I had to dash right between Theba and Hilda, much as I hated to do it. I covered those five feet in one second, but that second seemed like a year. It was the longest second I ever experienced. I was sure that one or both would nab me as I passed them.

"Well, they didn't get me. Theba hit me with his paw, tore off my sleeve and gave me some nasty scratches, but I managed to scramble out of the door. Well, that experience scared me. I resolved to get out of the racket right then and there."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Well, that was two years ago and I'm going on in five minutes with practically that same bunch of cats," Clyde said.

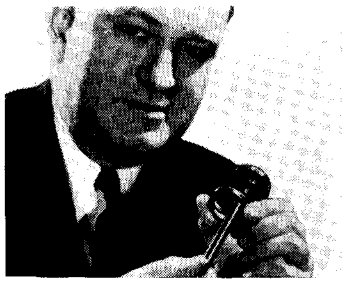
"You're a lucky guy, Clyde," I said to him.

"Sure, I'm a lucky guy," Clyde laughed—just as Rickenbacker had laughed. I don't know how these fellows can laugh the way they do. They really ought to be ashamed of themselves; sticking out their chins for punches like that. They've got no right to be alive and yet they laugh and go right back for more. I don't know. I guess they're all just a little bit crazy—these daredevils with the permanent twinkle in their eyes.

"SHOW-DOWN" PROVES AMAZING EXTRA VALUE IN DODGE TRUCKS

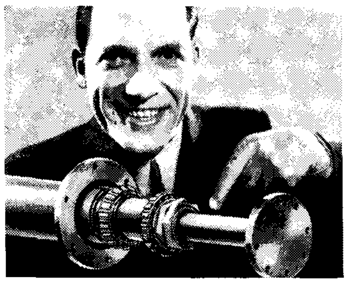
DODGE HAS 18 COSTLY FEATURES

That Save Gas... Oil... Upkeep



VALVE SEAT INSERTS—Save gas—cut valve grinding expense.

OIL FILTER—Saves oil—prolongs engine life—saves money.



FULL FLOATING REAR AXLE on Dodge *trucks*, cuts service costs.

COMMERCIAL EXPRESS—6 CYL. 18 extra, cost-cutting features $485*

4 PISTON RINGS...4-BEARING CRANKSHAFT ... MAN WHAT AN ENGINE!
AIR CLEANER... OIL FILTER TOO... DODGE SURE PROTECTS ENGINE AGAINST WEAR!
AND IT HAS ROLLER BEARING UNIVERSALS ....SEALED AGAINST DIRT AND WATER!
18 HIGH-PRICED TRUCK FEATURES LIKE FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE...YET ... PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!
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"SHOW-DOWN" CHART OFFERED FREE

Now a simple, easy-to-use "Show-Down" score card lets you check for yourself the astounding difference in values among low-priced trucks. Shows you the amazing number of *extra* high-priced features that are built into low-priced Dodge trucks.

Such features as hydraulic brakes, valve seat inserts, full floating rear axle, obviously cost Dodge more... you don't have to be an engineer to *know* that they make your truck better... yet Dodge gives them to you in trucks priced with the lowest!

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1½-TON CHASSIS—136″ WHEELBASE	$525*
1½-TON CHASSIS—161″ WHEELBASE	$555*
2-TON CHASSIS—140″ WHEELBASE	$845*

*All prices F. O. B. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra.

Dependable DODGE TRUCKS

The Dark Horse

Continued from page 19

boys, and the Chesapeake district crew, and the California skipper. There would be more safety in numbers around Marcella, I thought.

"Whither away?" California asked me.

"Just at the present I'm going to the Browns'," I told him. "I'm looking for Loring."

"Say, so was his crew. Where's he been all day?" Chesapeake wanted to know. "He wasn't out sailing with us when they put the boats in."

"He went to look at some rabbits," I informed them. "Understand, Frenchy? Rabbits—you know, big ears, make good stew?"

"Des lapins," the French skipper explained eagerly to his crew, whose only way of expressing himself in English was by means of a charming and apparently inexhaustible smile. *"Loring est allé voir des lapins!"*

I gathered that the French crew was entertained.

"There is also a lady," I added. "She is not at all difficult to look at, if you'll take my word for it."

California leaned back.

"Drive on," he commanded.

THERE seemed to be a good deal of paint scattered around the Browns'. Blue paint, such as Jack Brown uses for Banshee's bottom. Not only in cans on the porch, but on the floor of the porch, and down the porch steps, and on the stone walk—a succession of paint tracks in pairs—and across a sail which had been left on the lawn to dry.

"What goes on?" California inquired of Jack Brown. "Color scheme looks like hell on that sail, if you ask me. It's against the rules anyway."

Jack Brown was sitting on the bottom step of the porch. He looked like a tornado about to have twins, and he had a shotgun across his knees. Behind him on the porch, with her fingers in her ears, was Marcella.

"Don't shoot, Jack!" she was pleading with him. *"Please* don't shoot—if you hit Godfrey—"

"I don't know where Godfrey is," I called to Jack, "and if you want to shoot him that's quite O. K. with me. But if you shoot at him facing the way you are now, you'll hit *me."*

I had not really guessed what it was all about, myself, but the French skipper seemed to have the situation in a bombshell, so to speak.

"Mistair Brown," he suggested, "he shoot ze rabbit, *hein?"*

Jack Brown exploded.

"You bet your sweet life I shoot ze rabbit!" he roared. "Trailing paint all over my sail! I'll shoot every rabbit that shows his nose on this lawn!"

"Jack's a little excited," Marcella explained. "One of my rabbits got loose, and upset the paint. Godfrey's chasing him. Won't you all come in—I mean, I think you'll be safer inside."

"But where *is* Loring?" I insisted. "I don't think he's accustomed to chasing rabbits."

"Ferocious animals when they're aroused," California proclaimed. "Yes, sir—bite the end right off a carrot!"

Which was precisely what Loring had done—I mean, lure his rabbits with carrots—for there he was, suddenly peering cautiously around the corner of the house, with a rabbit by the ears in one hand and the remains of a carrot in the other.

"I've caught the blighter," he announced. "I mean to say—charming little creature— I say! Is that gun loaded? They do go off—"

Marcella swooped down on the rabbit.

"My precious!" she crooned. "Poor little footies all covered with nasty paint."

Jack put down the gun and scowled. I stalked around the corner after Marcella.

"Now what have you done?" I frowned at her. "Gotten our boy Jack all riled up with your rabbits. Why couldn't you let him alone?"

"Oh, pooh!" Marcella replied. "Good for him. Give him something to think about. Keep his mind off the race."

And *that* hadn't occurred to me before. Only I refused to believe that it had occurred to Marcella either, until just that moment—but then, I don't mind saying it, I'm dumb.

And so we came to the first race.

WELL, some funny things happened. It may have been just the fortunes of the race, and the shifting winds, but Vice-Commodore Loring didn't do so well. I had the impression that he wasn't doing so well before the race ever started. His crew looked pretty sour when I passed him in the turmoil on the dock, just before the tows began to get under way. And as we went rolling by to the starting line a little later in the race committee coast-guard, it looked as though Loring and the aforesaid crew were having something of an argument in the cockpit of their Curlew. I gathered that there was something the matter with a turnbuckle—one of those last-minute somethings.

"Should have tried it out yesterday," the crew was exploding as we went by. "Instead of that you went rabbit hunting—"

Not just the right atmosphere in the cockpit of a racing sloop a short while before the warning gun.

But what really did for Curlew that day, I suspect—she finished seventh while Jack Brown was turning in a good second—was what happened at the starting line. Not many seconds before the starting gun, when things were pretty tense, a voice arose from somewhere and made itself heard across the still waters of the Sound.

"There he goes! Vice-Commodore Rabbit Hound! Am I right, boys?"

And a perfect gale of laughter, which came tumbling down the line from boat to boat.

Well, I think it upset him a bit. It flustered him, so that he made a poor start. As we went home after the finish, I was thinking very hard. Thinking of Marcella.

"Oh, come on, Godfrey, come and see my rabbits! I don't think you're a bit nice if you don't."

That had been the beginning of it, really. And now, as I stepped ashore and caught sight of Marcella on the veranda, for the first time it dawned on me that I *was* terribly dumb, and that perhaps Marcella Brown—one of the racing Barnacle Browns, after all—was not dumb at all.

However, a series is never over until the last gun is fired.

It blew for the second race, and some of the boys had trouble. Several of the previous leaders finished out of sight, and Jack Brown managed only a fifth. And with the scores all scrambled, Loring came in with a magnificent, smashing first, which I must say the gallery greeted with a tremendous ovation of bells and sirens. It put Curlew only one point behind Banshee and it was anybody's series.

And so we came to the last race.

And everything happened.

The tow patrol went off without noticing that the Ark had not yet started with Banshee. The race committee was held up by a protest hearing, and I had to let them go without me while I straightened out the score sheets, intending to join them with the coast-guard speed boat—only the speed boat got itself involved with a visiting admiral. And Jack Brown broke his arm.

"Jack's fallen down and broken his arm! His crew's taken him to the county hospital!" It was a very breathless Marcella pouring this out into my ear on the dock.

I simply gazed at her speechlessly. She must have come just as she was, I did notice, because she was dressed in any old clothes.

"He was late," she went on, "and he started to run through the short cut down by the hutches, you know—and—"

"And what?" I asked her, although I seemed to know in advance the dreadful thing that she was going to say.

"One of my rabbits ran across the path and Jack tripped over it and fell," and I will say there were tears in her eyes as she told me.

"Marcella!" I exclaimed.

"Never mind now," she cut me off. "What about Banshee? Is there time to get her out there?"

"Yes, there's time," I glanced at my watch. "They can't fire warning anyway until all contestants are accounted for. But what of it? No one to sail her—"

"I'll sail her," Marcella announced, without seeming to realize that she was saying anything extraordinary.

"You'll sail her!" I cried.

"That's what I said," Marcella insisted. "Family's all gone out already on the spectator boat. I'm the only owner can be reached—boat has to be sailed by her owner, I mean any of her owners is eligible to steer in a race."

"Yes, any registered owner. Crew can't touch the tiller." I had not realized that Marcella knew so much about it.

"WELL, I'm one of Banshee's owners," she reminded me. "You know that all of us are registered as owners of all the Brown yachts—Father did that when we were kids—I was registered too."

"True enough," I agreed with her. "You're eligible officially—but how do you think you're going to step into a racing sloop and sail a race in her? You don't know the first thing about it!"

"What of it?" Marcella argued. "Banshee has got to be there to count—what do you call it, qualify? And I can do what you tell me to do, can't I?"

"You expect *me* to go with you?" I stared at her.

"Certainly," Marcella informed me. "I've got to have a crew. You can tell me what to do with the stick thing you steer with, while you're attending to the sails. At any rate Banshee'll be there."

"Yes, but—" And yet it was true that Banshee would have to start, at least, in order to qualify, regardless of the score.

"Pooh, and double pooh!" Marcella started to push me down to the float. "Stop wasting time."

Not for a moment had I any intention of being mixed up in the ridiculous undertaking—but there I was, somehow, in Banshee's cockpit while the Ark snorted under way, getting ready the sails and trying to show Marcella what to do.

(Continued on page 32)

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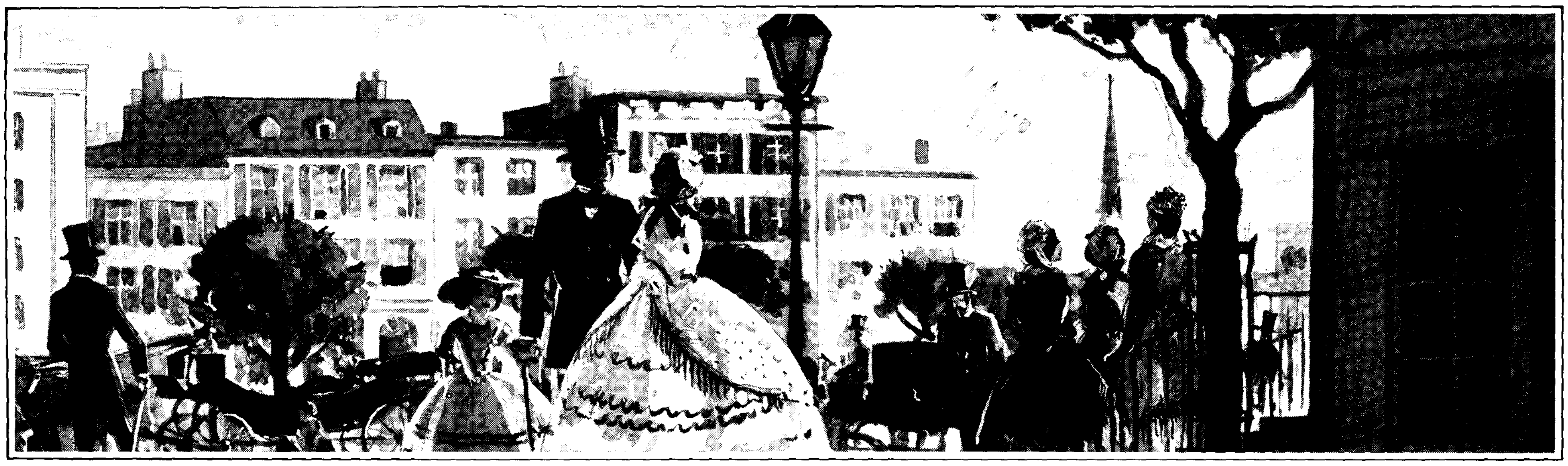
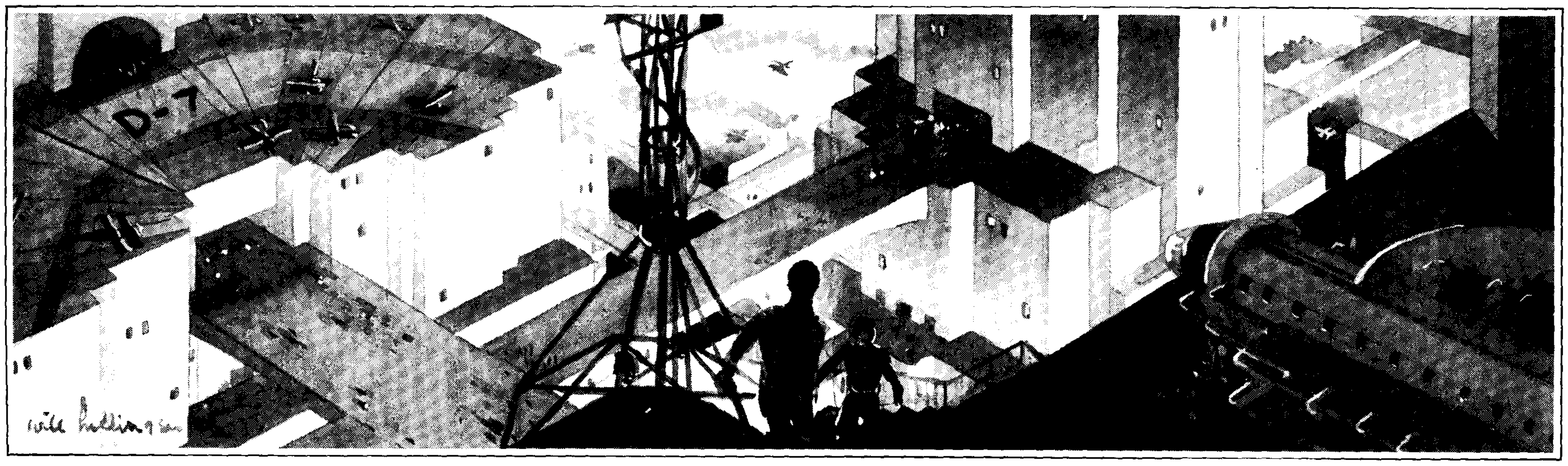
The Equitable looks back 75 years



. . . and 75 years ahead!



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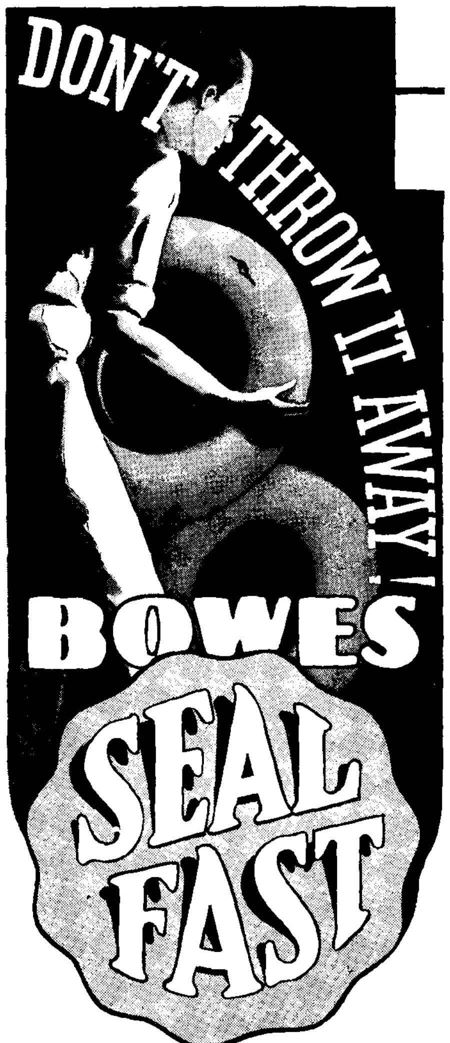

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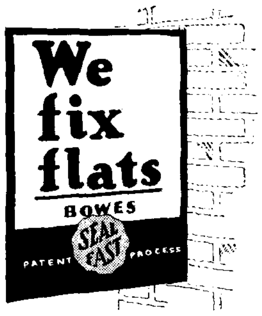

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A few territories open to good salesmen who can finance themselves and prove their ability to run their own business. Dept. C.

The Dark Horse

Continued from page 30

"Sit there," I told her. "I'll handle the sheets—"

"Sheets?" Marcella blinked at me.

"Oh, never mind," I waved my hands at her. "Just push that stick whichever way I tell you, and remember this boom swings from side to side when the sail's hoisted."

"I—I'll try," Marcella promised.

What a way to take an International entry out to her final race! Fortunately Banshee had a permanent backstay, and this class carried no spinnaker. It would be simple enough to handle, at that, if only Marcella could get the hang of steering. It would be necessary to coach her all the time, especially on the wind—provided we ever managed to start at all without getting into some jam at close quarters. A coast-guard patrol came bearing down on us out in the channel, and I told him the situation. As he backed away from us I could hear him radiophoning the committee boat.

"Two four two calling two four six—two four two calling two four six—yacht Banshee—yacht Banshee—will be sailed by—will be sailed by—Miss Marcella Brown—Miss Marcella Brown—I will give you—I will give you—full details—full details—"

Well, we got out there, and I got the sails up, and we cast off and began jockeying for position before the start. I kept Marcella going back and forth on short reaches, well clear of the jam—it was a calm day, without much wind—and she was managing it pretty well, simply following my constant instructions while I trimmed the sheets. I gathered that we were creating a sensation, but I was too busy to pay much attention. There was a good deal of commotion, and what sounded like applause, and some people gesticulating wildly on a coast-guard, whom I took to be the Brown family, and the race committee looked at us all goggle-eyed when we passed under their stern. I did notice Loring when he went close by once.

"I say! I *say!*" he was sputtering. "Dashed hard luck on your brother, Miss Brown"—the race committee had evidently broadcast the news—"jolly sporting of you—"

Marcella waved to him and we went on. She was all tense at the stick, with a funny little smile on her face I had never seen.

"How're they coming?" I asked her.

"O. K.," she replied.

"Take it easy," I encouraged her. "You're doing fine. Just sit tight. I'll tell you what to do."

Marcella grinned. She'd make a good sailor, I thought to myself. Must be in the blood. And then we were shooting for the line, a trifle late but clear—the gun went—and we were off. Very creditable start, I flattered myself.

"WHERE do we go now?" Marcella inquired.

"Straight ahead," I coached her. "Stick a little more to the right—that's it. See that chimney on the shore? Aim for that."

Well, believe it or not, we passed some boats on the first leg. I kept working Marcella to windward and coaching her all the time, and Banshee was sailing herself anyway. The second leg was a reach, which Banshee loves, and we didn't lose any ground. I figured we were in seventh or eighth place at that. The whole gallery was following us, apparently, and Marcella was behaving splendidly, doing everything I told her—but the trouble would come on the last leg to windward. That was where we'd go to pieces, on the beat against the wind which is the real test of sailing for the skipper. A novice can't hope to get away with it. I could almost hear the Browns gnashing their teeth on the coast-guard. And the wind was freshening.

"Listen," I warned Marcella. "We're going on the wind around this mark. She'll heel over a good deal, so don't get nervous. You've got to watch your jib—don't let it flutter—do exactly as I tell you all the time."

I turned forward to handle the jib, and Marcella spoke for almost the first time since the start.

"I forgot to give my rabbit his medicine," she chose to remark at that critical moment.

"To hell with your rabbit!" I exclaimed. "Watch yourself now—do just as I tell you—"

"*Oh, pooh to you!*" The words snapped out behind me in a voice strange to me, but it must have been Marcella's.

I swung around to look at her over my shoulder. She had one hand on the stick; with the other she was starting to haul in the main sheet; there was a poise and ease about her; she seemed perfectly at home.

"Marcella!" I cried. "What on earth—"

"Shut up!" Again that whiplash voice. "Mind your own onions—trim the main—ready about—*hard alee!*"

WE WENT around that mark like nobody's business. We were on the wind, pointing close, and true, and steady. I glanced back at Marcella, and dawn burst upon me. I did not pretend to understand, but I knew that I had been a first-class fool. Marcella needed no coaching from me. What we had done so far had been as much her doing as mine, what we would do from then on was entirely in her own capable hands, tack after tack. I lay out on the weather deck and minded my onions. When Marcella commanded, I jumped to obey. There was a sailor, a racing Barnacle Brown, at the helm.

We came in second—Curlew one boat behind—and Banshee had won her International Series. I never again expect to hear the bedlam that greeted Marcella as she crossed the line. Her father nearly jumped off the coast-guard. I thought old Oscar in the Ark was going to kiss her.

"Will you please tell me?" I begged her. "I'm every kind of a fool, but will you *please* tell me?"

But it was Loring who told me. He came sailing up to us immediately.

"Jolly fine work!" he was shouting. "You sailed a beautiful race, Miss Brown. I knew I was licked as soon as ever I saw you in the boat!"

"Now what do you mean by that?" I implored him.

"Why, Miss Brown is a first-rate sailor," he laughed. "That's why I couldn't understand on the veranda the other day. She's been sailing every spring in Bermuda, on the sly."

"Godfrey taught me," Marcella grinned.

"But why didn't you *tell* us?" I scolded her. Curlew had drifted away, but Marcella was still grinning. Grinning at me.

"I prefer my rabbits to your old sailboats," she calmly remarked.

I DIDN'T say anything. You can't do what Marcella had just done—I mean, you can't have the ability to do it—and not want to do it again. It's bound to break out. We picked up our tow, and I got the sails down; only I guess I was thinking of something else, because the main came down sort of all on top of us, so that for a moment we were hidden from the spectator fleet under a tangle of canvas.

"Listen," I said to her. "Sail *my* boat from now on, will you, Marcella?"

"But I haven't any crew," she objected—and everything inside of me went whup, because for once there wasn't any ice.

"I'll crew for you, Marcella," I told her. "I'll crew for you all the rest of my days, if you'll let me."

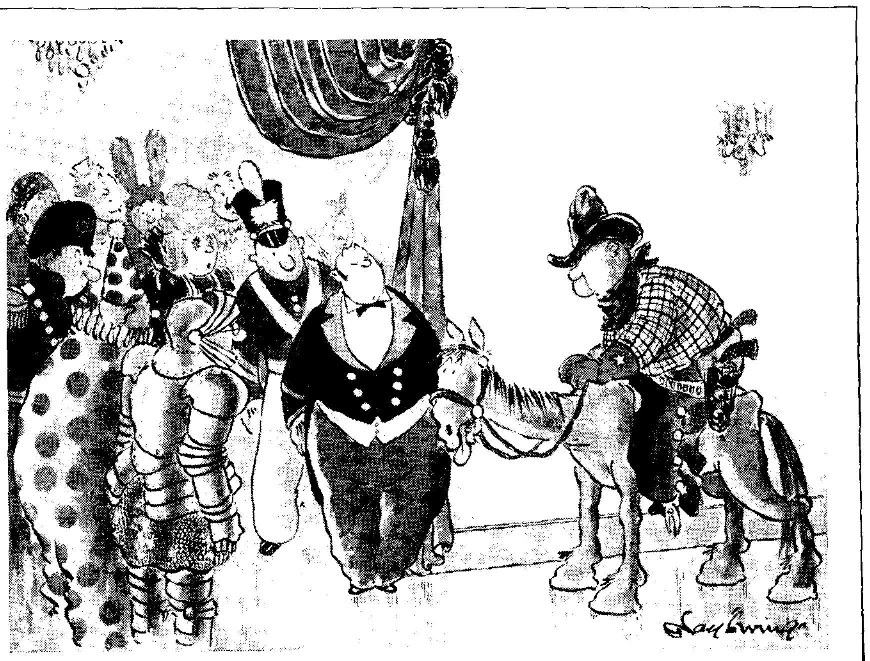
"But the boat's not registered in my name," she objected again.

"We'll do that at a registrar's office right away," I smiled at her.

"Well," Marcella suddenly grinned at me, "you're a good crew, Philip, except *you talk too much.*"

"You say the word, Marcella," I assured her, "and I'll never say another!"

And then—well, and then we had to get out from under that sail because people were shouting at us.



"Yes, sir—yes, sir—I know, sir. But there's such a thing as being too realistic too, sir"

Jay Irving

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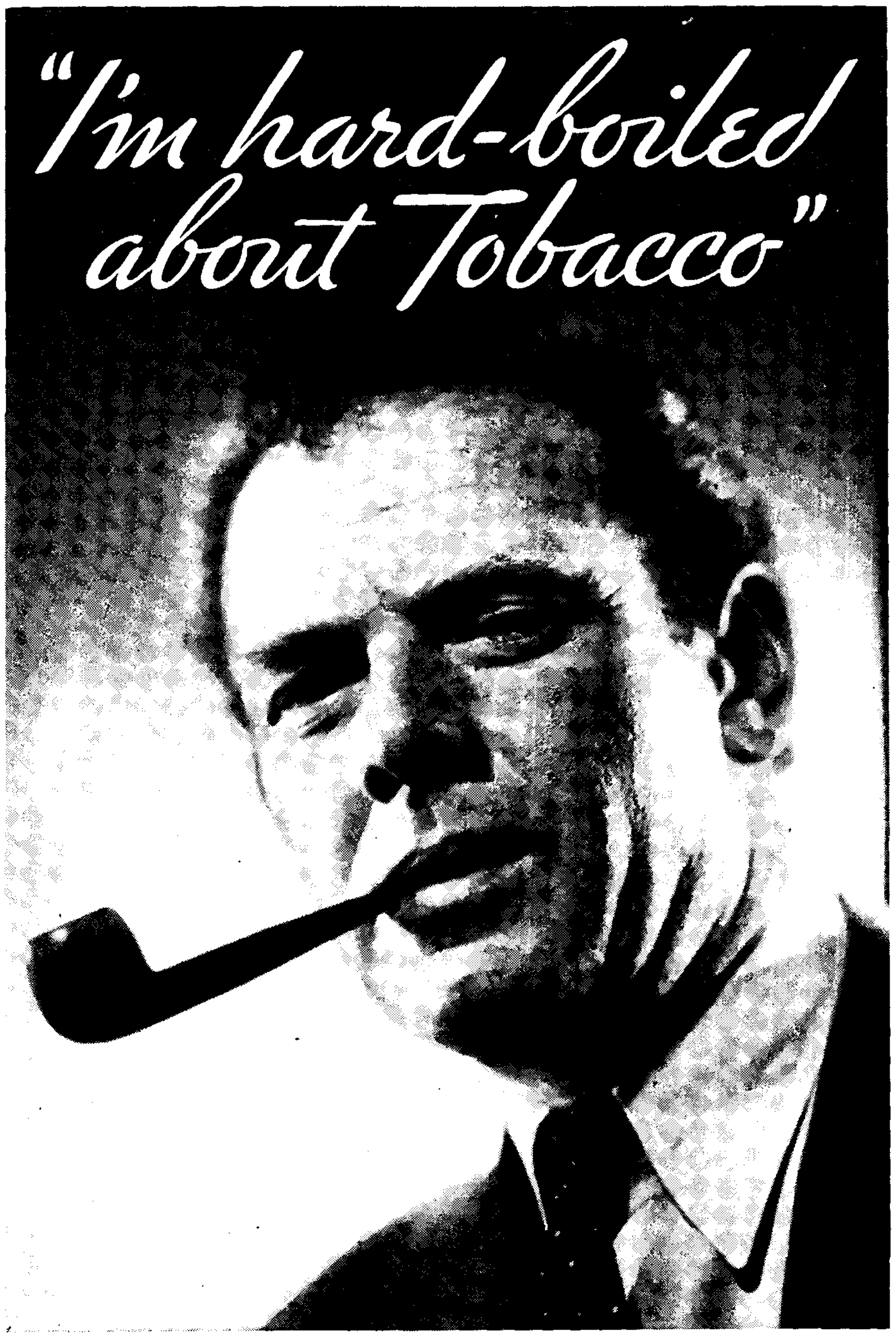

CHARLES BICKFORD . . . famous star of the screen

WHEN a friend of mine lent me my first pipeful of Union Leader, I had no idea it cost but 10¢ a tin. If I had known that . . . maybe I'd have been chary of it . . . for I'm pretty hard-boiled and fussy about tobacco.

That first pipeful won me, and my pipe. We both fall pretty hard for good old Kentucky Burley . . . and I never tasted smoother Burley than Union Leader. I smoke it regularly, not alone because it's a big value for little money, but because it's a grand smoke. (Good for cigarettes, too.)

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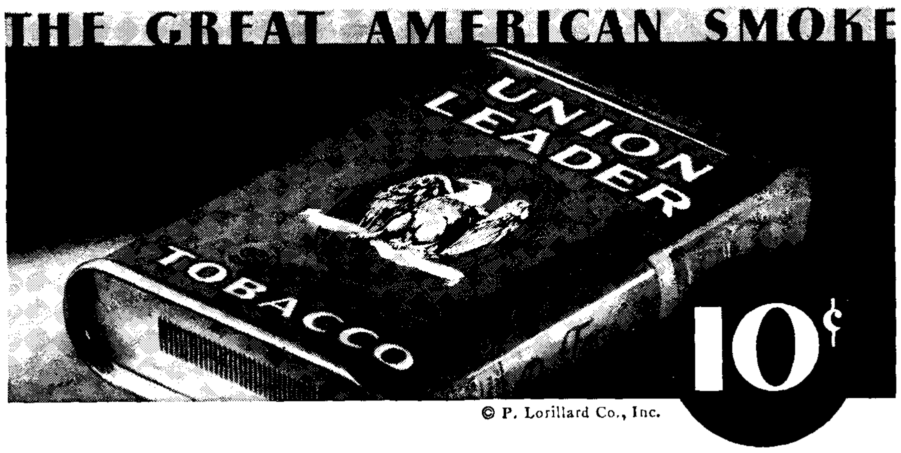

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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 21

would snatch her out of here in ten minutes. I sent her home. But there'll be someone hanging around her place just in case."

"What about Pottery?"

"Well, what about him? Has an alibi, of course. And a good one. Was having a drink with Callie at the Nirvana and her boy friend blew in and took her away. First time he'd ever met Johnson was then. Never heard of the man before. Callie told the same story, and as Pottery was with friends from eight o'clock tonight until we rounded him up, there was no reason to hold him. We couldn't make anything stick. Just because the other night he was with a girl who happened to write a letter to a man who was murdered this night—that doesn't justify a pinch. I wish you'd tell me things, Kernie. You know something, and I agreed to play ball with you. But I'll have to ask you to be on my team pretty soon. What's the link between the Ames matter and the killing of Johnson?"

"If I knew the answer to that I'd be telling you before you could put the question," replied Kernochan. "I only know, Kell, that things are happening, and they seem to be happening because I'm doing a little prying around. You'll be glad to know that a good friend of mine thinks that Pottery is going to turn on the heat for me."

"Really? Well, don't lose any sleep over that one," said Kellerman. "In my little chat with Pottery that ended half an hour ago, I told him that if anything happened to you because of your little run-in with him the other night, plenty more would happen to him. I made it strong. Sleep easy. And something else: I said I wouldn't bother Mrs. Ames, but we're going to look pretty dumb down here if we don't find out that Johnson was her butler. How long do you think it will be before some other bright newspaper man stumbles on that?"

"Let it ride as long as you can," said Kernochan. "I'll see Mrs. Ames first thing in the morning and prepare her for the shock. It will be a shock, you know. Meantime, much obliged for warning Pottery."

HE HUNG up, stared distastefully at the couch, then walked over to the table, picked up his coat, lay down on the couch, and pulled the coat about him.

If only Laurette hadn't turned hysterical on him! Laurette had never been the *hysterical* kind. But one never knew about women, as a hundred thousand sages had been remarking since Eden. And Pottery's reputation was sufficient justification for Laurette's alarm.

Only, why had Jimmy Pottery, through roundabout ways, conveyed a threat to Laurette? Right under Kernochan's nose must be evidence in the Ames matter. Pottery must be convinced that Kernochan would stumble on that evidence at any moment. Unless, although this was far-fetched, Pottery feared that Kernochan would come upon evidence about some other crime.

Had he, in his chat with Emily Trephon, overlooked something? What evidence could be lying around? Why had Johnson been killed? Although there was nothing to connect Johnson's murder with the Ames case, Kernochan was certain that connection was there. And he fell asleep wondering what it could be.

He opened dazed eyes, pushing protestingly at a hand that gripped his shoulder and shook him. Usually he awoke clear-eyed and in full possession of faculties, but this morning he was foggy-minded, and it was seconds before he recognized the smiling face of Laurette. Then he swung his feet to the floor, groaning slightly with a stiffness caused by discomfort. He noticed a blanket upon him.

"Where did this come from?" He fingered the blanket.

"Morning greeting of the girl friend, eh? Don't you think I'd be a corking wife? You didn't guess I was the kind of girl that would creep in during the night, to see if you were warm, and put a covering on you?"

"Much obliged, but you shouldn't have done it. I'll bet you froze."

"I'm warm-blooded, or had you guessed?" She grinned impudently at him. "I think of other things besides blankets, too. Can't you smell the coffee?"

HE ROSE to his feet, looked whimsically at his rumpled dinner suit, felt with dismay the stubble on his chin, then managed to smile at her.

"I trust you slept comfortably, Miss Marks."

"No one disturbed me," she laughed. "You can have your bath. I'm all prettied. Or had you noticed?"

He went into the bedroom, closed the door, found fresh clothes and in fifteen minutes returned to the living-room. A card table was set with breakfast. Laurette, pouring coffee, smiled at him.

"I ought to be wearing an enticing negligee, but I guess I look pretty good even in a street suit. Boy, does it creep into your thick skull what a bachelor misses?"

He sat down and removed the cover from the scrambled eggs.

"It's ten o'clock in the morning, not romantic two," he said. "You don't have to be that way, Laurette."

"No? But suppose I feel that way?" She saw the cloud in his eyes and reached over and patted his hand. "Don't be scared, Kernie. Everyone is entitled to one crazy hour. I've had mine. I won't bother you again. You're a pretty swell lad, Kernie."

"You're a pretty swell girl, Laurette. And by the way, you needn't be nervous about Pottery any longer. I talked to a friend last night." . . .

"That puts both of us on the team. I did a little secretarial work this morning while you slept."

"Read my mail?"

"I'd like to," she said. "Am I the shameless hussy? No, I simply answered the telephone. Mrs. Ames rang up."

Kernochan's jaw dropped.

"Did she leave any message?" he asked. Despite himself, color flooded his cheeks.

"Don't be frightened, Kernie. Your girl friend, Laurette, is a smart little trick. I told her that I was your secretary, come in to do some copying of a manuscript, and that you were not yet awake. She didn't think anything wrong."

"Of course not," said Kernochan.

"So that's why?" said Laurette.

"What's why?" The flush grew deeper.

"You've gone for her, eh, Kernie?"

"I wish you wouldn't be a complete idiot," cried Kernochan. "What did Mrs. Ames want?"

"Said she wished you'd come to see her this morning. I told her that as soon as you waked up I'd give you the message."

She pushed back her chair.

"Mrs. Rainey says she'll wash the

(Continued on page 38)

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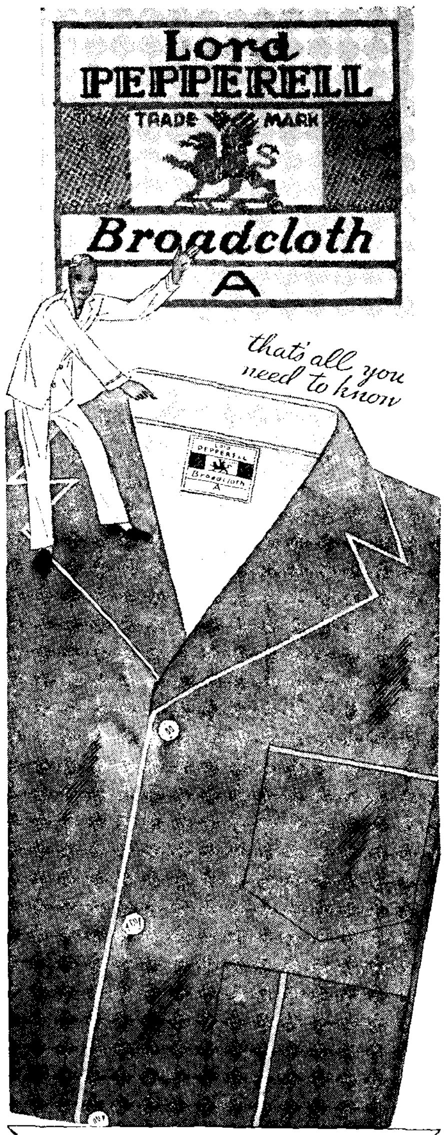

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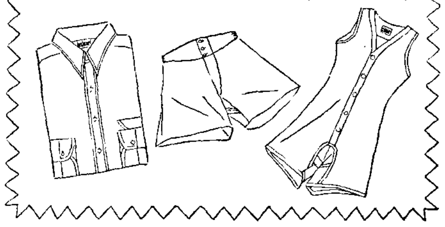

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 36

dishes, but if you'd rather have me—"

"When did you see Mrs. Rainey? How did you know her name?"

She laughed at him.

"The cream was sour and I went out and found her. Don't be frightened; she saw you sleeping on the couch. You couldn't stand better with her. She gave me some fresh cream. I hadn't bothered to tell her about myself last night, but this morning we had quite a chat about Keokuk—I'll bet you never knew I came from there, or that one branch of your family lives there. Why, you never even knew that I was your cousin. But Mrs. Rainey knows it."

"Thanks for preserving my moral standing on Eighth Street," said Kernochan dryly. "And now, while I hate to speed the parting guest—"

"I understand. Be sure to send me an announcement. I hardly expect a bid to the wedding, but—don't get mad, Kernie. Can't you understand wanting to laugh your way out of a situation? And you're sure it's all right about Pottery?"

"It's okay. But I'll never forget that you were worried about me, Laurette. You're a peach."

"Only your doctor says peaches disagree with you. Well, look up your auntie one of these days. Always glad to see old friends. I'll kill a chicken any time you drop in, neighbor. 'By."

Kernochan shook his head as the door closed behind her. Could it be possible that Laurette was really in love with him? He hoped she wasn't. That was the way things went in this silly world. The right people loved the wrong people. Bless her heart, she couldn't be braver. And then, as he left the house and took a taxi to East Sixty-third Street he forgot all about Laurette in his anxiety to see Rose Ames again.

A footman let him in and in a moment he was told that Mrs. Ames awaited him in her sitting-room upstairs. He found her in a blue negligee that set off her white skin and black hair.

"I hope your secretary didn't wake you up because I wanted to see you," she said.

INTO her innocent words he read meaning, and his reply was halting.

"No, not at all; certainly not. But she told me you wanted me when I awakened."

"I hope I didn't take you from other work," she said. Her voice was bland and her eyes were ingenuous.

"My only work is what I'm doing for you," he told her.

"And you need a secretary for that?" Her eyes were wide now.

He felt himself coloring.

"I have some old manuscripts that need copying."

"Of course." She changed the subject, and if Kernochan had been looking at her closely he would have discovered sly malice in her expression, the natural malice of a woman who, interested in a man, suspects him of interest in another girl. "You got my note last night?"

He nodded an assent.

"I hope you weren't angry. But at sight of Johnson I lost my temper. His deceit, over so long a time—I couldn't be sorrier. I know you wanted him around—"

"It wouldn't have made any difference. It would have happened anyway," he said.

"What would have happened?"

"What did happen. Your butler had other activities besides his stealing from you, Mrs. Ames. He was the associate of racketeers; he ran a hardware shop which was a mask for a munitions establishment. And last night he was killed."

She put a white and slender hand to her mouth, as though to quell an exclamation of horror. He noted, hardly aware that he did so, how graceful were even her slightest movements.

"Killed? You mean that, if I hadn't discharged him—"

"What on earth could that have had to do with it?" he soothed her. "I told the police that he had been your butler but kept them from bothering you."

"BOTHERING me?" Her eyes and voice were strained. "But what about— Last night, after he'd left the house, Lizzie, one of the housemaids, came to me. She was in tears. She told me what I hadn't guessed, that she and Johnson had been married for five years. She asked if I'd discharged him because of dishonesty. I tried to avoid answering, because I was so sorry for her, but she knew. He had told her that he'd made money in the stock market, but she hadn't quite believed it. She said that he had been running around with other women, she thought, poor thing. She's been with me years. And now he's dead. How am I going to tell her? And why were you so interested in him, Mr. Kernochan?"

"Because I knew his associates. And I wondered—"

He rose and walked to the door of the bedroom that had been John Ames'. He opened the door.

"Did Johnson, did anyone, except the police, go into that bathroom?" He pointed into the room. "Did Johnson come into this bedroom?"

"You mean—when I screamed?"

He nodded.

"I can't be sure. Yes, of course I can; I testified, and so did Johnson, that he went into my husband's room."

"And the bathroom? After you found your husband's body, did you go in there?"

She shook her head.

"I went in before he came home. You remember, I told you that I had tried the key in the lock."

"I remember that. But you didn't go in afterwards? Did Johnson go in there? Can you remember?"

She clasped her hands so tightly that the white skin over her knuckles seemed bloodless. Her broad forehead wrinkled in concentration.

"Yes, he did," she said slowly. "I never thought of it. The question was never asked. Or, if I did think of it, it seemed so unimportant that I paid no attention to it. Why? Is it important? Does it mean anything?"

"He might have gone in there to let the murderer out," said Kernochan.

She shook her head.

"But if there'd been anyone in there I'd have seen the person; the door was open. And anyone in there could have unlocked the door and let himself out. And no one could have come in through the bathroom door, because, as I've told you, it was locked."

"Of course," said Kernochan. "The servants all testified, didn't they, that there had been no callers that afternoon? As I remember it, they said that no tradespeople had called since the morning. But, unless you ordered tea, wasn't it your custom to let the servants go to their rooms in the afternoons? As I remember the testimony, you were not expecting anyone in. On duty that afternoon were Johnson and Lizzie, the housemaid. You didn't expect any of the others to be on duty until five o'clock, at the earliest, when the cook would start preparing supper for the help, and would also be ready to make tea if you asked for it. Now, your husband came in from golf at about five o'clock. That right?"

"Yes, that's right," assented the girl.

"Where's Johnson's room?" he asked abruptly.

"On the next floor."

"Will you take me there?"

"Of course," she replied.

She rose and walked to the door. The negligee she wore clung tenderly to her body. She walked as gracefully as she moved her hands. She led the way up a flight of stairs and on the next landing opened a door.

Kernochan exclaimed with satisfaction as he noted signs of occupancy.

"I was afraid he might have taken away his things."

"He was coming back for them today," said Mrs. Ames.

KERNOCHAN walked to a dresser. In the very first drawer he opened he came upon several loose keys. He picked them up and walked to the window. There in the sunlight he examined them. One of them, at the end which would be inserted in the lock, bore the distinct marks of pressure of some sort. He held it out to Mrs. Ames.

"Would that fit your husband's bathroom door?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"Then let's go downstairs and find out," he said.

"What does it mean? *If it does fit,* what would it mean?"

"I talked with Lieutenant Kellerman, who dug up what evidence there was. He read my mind when I asked him questions. And he happened to say that the key in your husband's bathroom door was shiny and new. Tell me, Mrs. Ames, had new keys been ordered for the doors, for any door?"

"Why, no," she replied.

"Are you enough of a housekeeper to have known about such matters?"

"I'm afraid not. The fact that Johnson robbed me is proof that I'm not very competent. But I'm *certain that, for a long time,* there had been no bills from locksmiths. Why?"

"Because this key bears the marks of pliers. A person could have unlocked the bathroom door, and from the hall outside turned the key in the lock with a pair of pliers. Then, another person—Johnson, for instance—could have gone into the bathroom, drawn out the telltale key, and substituted a new one. Why should that lock have had a new key in it?"

"But would Johnson have been foolish enough, granting that your reasoning is correct, to have left the original key lying here in his dresser?"

"All criminals are foolish," replied Kernochan. "And the murderer, or the accomplice of murder, is the most foolish of all, because the penalty is so much greater than any reward could be. And it is in the little matters that the criminal is careless. Let's go downstairs."

White-faced, trembling, she led the way downstairs. They entered her sitting-room; together they went through her husband's room and into the bath. With fingers that shook, Kernochan inserted the key into the lock. It turned freely.

"It fits," said Mrs. Ames.

Kernochan, looking at her, nodded agreement.

(To be continued next week)

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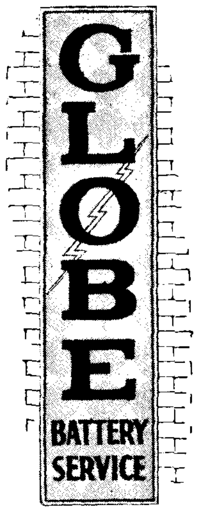

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 9

off a corner to keep the curious away, and had the thing opened. Whew!" he whistled. "I got a shock. The figure was packed in on a sort of rest—and there was a second glass lid. I had the shock of my life!"

"Why?" growled Gallaho.

"Well, I'd read about The Sleeping Venus in the papers. But I wasn't quite prepared for what I saw. Really—it's uncanny, and if I may say so, a bit shocking."

"In what way?" jerked Nayland Smith.

"Well, it's the figure of a beautiful girl, asleep. It isn't shiny, as I expected, hearing that it was made of porcelain—it looks just like a living woman. And it's colored, to represent nature. I mean, finger nails and toe nails and everything. By gosh!"

"Sounds worth seeing," growled Gallaho.

Nayland Smith dived into some capacious pocket within the leather overcoat, and produced a large, mounted photograph. He set it upright on the inspector's desk, right under the lamp. Preston stood up and Gallaho approached the table. Wisps of fog floated about the room, competing for supremacy with the tobacco smoke from Nayland Smith's brier. The photograph was that of a nude statue, such as Preston had described; an exquisite figure relaxed, as if in sleep.

"Do you recognize it?" jerked Nayland Smith.

Preston bent forward, peering closely. "Yes," he said, "that's her—I mean, that's it. At least, I think so." He peered closer yet. "Damn it! I'm not so sure."

"What difference do you notice?" Nayland Smith asked eagerly.

"Well . . ." Preston hesitated. "I suppose it was the coloring that did it. *But the statue was far more beautiful* than this photograph."

There came a rap on the door, and the uniformed constable came in.

"The third car has arrived, sir," he reported to Watford, "and a Mr. Alan Sterling is here."

ALAN STERLING burst into the room. He was a lean young man, marked by an intense virility. His features were too irregular for him to be termed handsome, but he had steadfast Scottish eyes, and one would have said that tenacity of purpose was his chief virtue. His skin was very tanned, and one might have mistaken him for a young army officer. His topcoat was open, revealing a much-worn flannel suit, and he held a soft hat in his hand. He was obviously a man wrought up to the verge of endurance. His haggard eyes turned from face to face. Then he saw Sir Denis and sprang forward:

"Sir Denis!" he said. "Sir Denis . . ." and despite his Scottish name, a keen observer might have deduced from his intonation that Sterling was a citizen of the United States. "For God's sake, tell me you have some news! Something—anything! I'm going mad!"

Nayland Smith grasped Sterling's hand, and put his left arm around his shoulders.

"I am glad you're here," he said. "There is news, of a sort."

"Thank God!"

"Its value remains to be tested."

"You think she's alive? You don't think . . . ?"

"I am *sure* she's alive, Sterling."

The other three men in the room watched silently and sympathetically. Gallaho, alone, seemed to comprehend the inner significance of Sterling's wild words.

"I must leave you for a moment," Nayland Smith went on. "This is Divisional Inspector Watford and Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho, of Scotland Yard. Give them any information in your possession. I shall not be many minutes." He turned to Preston. "If you will give me five minutes' conversation before you go," he said, "I shall be indebted."

He went out with Preston. Sterling dropped into the chair which the latter had vacated, and ran his fingers through his disordered hair, looking from Gallaho to Watford.

"You must think I am mad," he apologized. "But I've been through hell—just real hell!"

Gallaho nodded slowly.

"I know something about it, sir," he said, "and I can sympathize."

"But you don't know Fu Manchu!" Sterling replied wildly. "He's a veritable fiend—a demon—he bears a charmed life."

"He must," said Watford, watching the speaker. "It's a good many years since he first came on the books, sir, and he's still going strong—he must be a bit of a superman."

"He's the devil's agent on earth," said Sterling bitterly.

THE door opened and Nayland Smith came in.

"Give me the details quickly, Sterling," he directed. "Action is what you want—and action is what I'm going to offer you."

"Good enough, Sir Denis." Sterling nodded. He seemed dangerously overwrought. "Shall I begin at the time you saw me off in Paris?"

"Yes." Nayland Smith glanced at Watford and Gallaho. "Mr. Sterling," he explained, "is engaged to the daughter of an old mutual friend, Dr. Petrie. Fleurette—that is her name—spent a great part of her life in the household of that Dr. Fu Manchu whom you, Inspector Watford, seem disposed to regard as a myth."

"Funny business in the south of France, some months ago," Gallaho growled. "The French press hushed it up, but we've got all the dope at the Yard."

"Sir Denis and I," Sterling continued, "went to Paris with Dr. Petrie and his daughter, my fiancée. They were returning to Egypt—Dr. Petrie's home is in Cairo. Sir Denis was compelled to hurry back to London, but I went on to Marseilles and saw them off in the Oxfordshire of the Bibby line."

"I only have the barest outline of the facts, sir," Gallaho interrupted. "But may I ask if you went on board?"

"I was one of the last visitors to leave."

"Then I take it, sir, you waved to the young lady as the ship was pulling out?"

"No," Sterling replied, "I didn't, as a matter of fact, Inspector. I left her in the cabin. She was very disturbed. I talked to the doctor—her father—on deck, and left at the last moment. Then I went back to the hotel, had some lunch, and picked up the Riviera Express in the afternoon, returning to Paris. I was hoping for a message at the Hotel Meurice but there was none."

"Did Petrie know you were staying at the Meurice?" jerked Nayland Smith.

"No, but Fleurette did."

"Where did you stay on the way out?"

(Continued on page 42)

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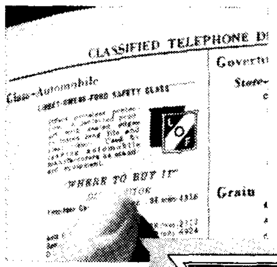
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SHOES FOR MEN

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 40

"At the Chatham—a favorite pub of Petrie's."

"Quite. Go on."

"I dined, and spent the evening with some friends who live in Paris, and when I returned to my hotel, there was still no message. I left for London this morning, or rather—since it's well after midnight—yesterday morning. A radio message was waiting for me at Boulogne. It had been dispatched on the previous evening. It was from Petrie on the Oxfordshire. . . ." Sterling paused, running his fingers through his hair. . . . "It just told me that Fleurette was not on board; urged me to get in touch with you, Sir Denis, and finally said the doctor was hoping to be transferred to an incoming ship."

"A chapter of misadventures," Nayland Smith murmured. "You see, we were both inaccessible, temporarily. I have later news, however. Petrie has made the transfer. He has been put on a Dutch liner, due into Marseilles tonight."

The telephone bell rang. Inspector Watford took up the instrument on his table, and:

"Yes," he said, listened for a moment, and then: "Put him through to me here."

He glanced at Nayland Smith.

"The constable on duty outside Professor Ambroso's house," he reported, a note of excitement discernible in his voice.

Some more moments of silence followed during which all watched the man at the desk. Smith smoked furiously. Sterling, haggard under his tan, glanced from face to face almost feverishly. Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho removed his bowler, which fitted very tightly, and replaced it at a slightly different angle. Then:

"Hello, yes—officer in charge speaking. What's that? . . ." The vague percussion of a distant voice manifested itself. "You say you are *in* the house? Hold on a moment."

The inspector looked up, his eyes alight with excitement.

"The officer on duty heard a cry for help," he explained, "found his way through the fog to the house; the door was open, and he is now in the lobby. The house is deserted, he reports."

"We are too late!" It was Nayland Smith's voice. "He has tricked me again! Tell your man to stand by, Inspector. Gather up all the men available and pack them into the second car. Come on, Gallaho. Sterling, you join us!"

Even the powerful searchlights attached to the Flying Squad car failed to penetrate that phenomenal fog for more than a few yards. Progress was slow. To any vehicle not so equipped it would have been impossible. A constable familiar with the district walked ahead, carrying a red lantern. A powerful beam from the leading car was directed upon this lantern, and so the journey went on.

P. C. IRELAND in the lobby of Professor Ambroso's house learned the lesson that silence and solitude can be more terrifying than the wildest riot. His instructions had been to close the door but to remain in the lobby. This he had done.

When he found himself alone in that house of mystery, the strangest promptings assailed his brain. He was not an imaginative man, but sheer common sense told him that something uncommonly horrible had taken place in the house of Professor Ambroso that night.

The fire was burning low in the grate. There were some wooden logs in an iron basket, and Ireland tossed two on the embers without quite knowing why he took that liberty. Red tape bound him. Furtively he watched the stairs, which disappeared in shadows above. He was a man of action; his instinct prompted him to explore this silent house. He had no authority to do so. His mere presence in the lobby—since he could not swear that the cry actually had come from the house—was a transgression. But in this, at least, he was covered; the divisional inspector had told him to stay there. How did they hope to reach him? They would probably get lost on the way.

Now that the fog was shut out, he began to miss it. The silence which seemed to speak, and in which there were strange shapes, had been awful, out there, on the verge of the Common, but the silence of this lighted lobby was even more oppressive.

Always he watched the stairs.

MYSTERY brooded on the dim landing, but no sound broke the stillness. He began to study his immediate surroundings. There were some very strange statuettes in the lobby—queer busts, and oddly distorted figures. The paintings, too, were of a sort to which he was unused. The entire appointments of the place came within the category which P. C. Ireland mentally condemned under the heading of "Chelsea."

One of the logs which he had placed upon the fire, and which had just begun to ignite, fell into the hearth. He started as though a shot had been fired.

"Damn!" he muttered. "This place is properly getting on my nerves."

He rescued the log and tossed it back into place. A cigarette was indicated. He could get rid of it very quickly if the inspector turned up in person, which he doubted. He discarded his oilskin cape and produced a little yellow packet, selecting and lighting a cigarette almost lovingly. There was company in a cigarette when a man felt lonely and queer. Always he watched the stairs.

He had finished his cigarette and reluctantly tossed the stub into the fire, which was now burning merrily, when the sharp note of a bell brought him to his feet at a bound. It was the doorbell. P. C. Ireland ran forward and threw the door open.

A man in a leather overcoat, a gray-haired man, with piercing steel-blue eyes, stood staring at him.

"Constable Ireland?" he rapped.

There was unmistakable authority about the new arrival, and:

"Yes, sir," Ireland replied.

Nayland Smith walked into the lobby, followed by Inspector Gallaho, a figure familiar to every officer in the force. There was a third man, a young, very haggard-looking man. But Ireland barely noticed him. The presence of Gallaho told him that, in some way which might prove to be profitable to himself, he had become involved in a case of major importance. Fog swept into the lobby. He stood to attention, recognizing several familiar faces of brother constables peering in out of the darkness.

"You heard a cry for help?" Nayland Smith went on. His mode of speech reminded the constable of a distant machine gun. "You were then at the gate, I take it?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" growled Gallaho.

"There was someone moving about in the fog, sir. When I challenged him, he didn't answer—he just disappeared. At last, I got a glimpse of him, or it, or whatever it was."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" Gallaho demanded. "If you saw something—you can describe it."

"Well, sir, it might have been a man crouching down on his hands and knees—you know what the fog is like—"

"You mean," said Nayland Smith, "that you endeavored to capture this thing—or person—who declined to answer your challenge?"

"Thank you, sir; yes, that's what I mean."

"Did you touch him or it—?" Gallaho demanded.

"No, sir. But I lost my bearings trying to grab him. I found myself nearly on the other side of the road by the Common when I heard the cry."

"Describe this cry," snapped Nayland Smith.

"It was a woman's voice, sir; very dim through the fog. And the words were 'Help! For God's sake help me!' I thought it came from this house. I groped my way back, and when I reached the door, found it open. I've been here in the lobby ever since."

"You say it was a woman's voice," Sterling broke in. "Did it sound like a young woman or an old woman?"

"Judging from what I could make out through the fog, sir, I should say a young woman."

Sterling clutched his hair distractedly. He felt that madness was not far off.

Gallaho turned to Sir Denis.

"It's up to you, sir. Do you want the house searched? According to regulations, we are not entitled to do it."

His tone was ironical.

"Search it from cellar to attic," snapped Nayland Smith. "Post a man at each end of the drive and split the others up."

"Good enough, sir." Gallaho returned to the open doorway. "How many of you have got lanterns—flashlights are no good in this blasted fog."

"Two," came in a muffled voice, "and Ireland has a third."

"The two men with lanterns are to stand at the ends of the drive. Anybody coming out—get him. Jump to it. The rest of you, come in."

Four constables came crowding into the lobby.

"Isn't there a garage?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"Yes, sir," Ireland replied. "It opens onto the left side of the drive in. But nothing has gone out of it tonight."

"Have you any idea where the studio is?"

"Yes, sir. I've been on day duty here. It's behind the garage—but probably there's a way through from the house."

"JOIN me, Sterling," said Nayland Smith. "Gallaho, allot a man to each of the four floors. Close the door again, and post a man in charge here, in the lobby."

"Very good, sir."

"Come with me, Ireland. You say the studio lies in this direction?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, Sterling."

They crossed the lobby, approaching a door on the left of the ascending staircase. Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho was readjusting his bowler. Police constables were noisily clattering upstairs, their lights flashing as they ran. The door proved to open onto a narrow corridor.

"Find the switch," snapped Nayland Smith.

Ireland found it. And in the new illumination queer paintings assailed their senses from the walls. There was a door at the farther end of the passage. They opened it and found themselves in some dark, lofty place.

"There's a switch, somewhere," Nayland Smith muttered.

"I've found it, sir."

The studio of Pietro Ambroso became illuminated.

To one not familiar with the Modern Art movement it must have resembled a nightmare. Those familiar with the phases of the celebrated sculptor could have explained that his mode of expression, which, for a time—indeed, for many years—had conformed to the school with which the name of Epstein is associated, had latterly swung back to the early Greek tradition—the photographic simplicity of Praxiteles. All sorts of figures and groups surrounded the investigators. That deplorable untidiness which seems to be inseparable from genius characterized the studio.

There were one or two earlier examples of ceramic experiments—strange figures in porcelain resembling primitive goddesses. But Nayland Smith's entire attention was focussed upon a long, narrow box, very stoutly built, which lay upon the floor. In form, it bore an unpleasant resemblance to a coffin. Its lid was propped against the wall near by, and a sheet of plate glass, obviously designed to fit inside the crate, lay upon the floor. Quantities of cotton wool were scattered about. Nayland Smith bent and peered at the receptacle.

"This is the thing described by Preston," he said. "Look—" He pointed. "There are the rests which he mentioned—not unlike those used in ancient Egypt for the repose of the mummy."

He stared all around the studio.

"I know what you're thinking, Sir Denis," said Sterling hoarsely. "Where is the porcelain Venus?"

THERE was a momentary silence, and then:

"That customs officer," came Gallaho's growling voice—he had just come in—"didn't seem to be quite sure that what he saw *was* the porcelain Venus."

"I quite agree, Inspector," said Nayland Smith.

His manner, his voice, indicated intense nervous tension. From an inner pocket he extracted a leather case, and from the leather case, a lens. He bent, peering down into the crate designed to contain the celebrated work of art.

Gallaho watched him silently, respectfully. Sterling, fists clenched, knew that sanity itself depended upon what Nayland Smith should find. Sir Denis completed his examination of the box and then turned his attention to the wooden rests designed to support the figure. This quest, also, seemed to yield no result. Dim voices sounded about the house. The search party was busy. Demon Fog had penetrated to the studio. He could be seen moving in sinister coils about the electric lights. Finally, Sir Denis addressed himself to the cotton-wool packing, and suddenly:

"Ah!" he cried. "By God! I was right. Sterling! I was right. . . ."

"What, Sir Denis? For heaven's sake, tell me, what is it you have found?"

Nayland Smith moved to a bench littered with fragments of plaster, wire frames and other odds and ends, and laid something tenderly down immediately under an overhanging light.

"A wavy, Titian red hair," he said, in a low voice. "Study it closely, Sterling. You know the color and texture of Fleurette's hair better than I do."

"Sir Denis. . . ."

Sterling was electrified.

"Don't despair, Sterling. I suggest that the beautiful figure which Preston saw in this crate was not constructed at the Sevres factory to the design of Professor Ambroso, but was . . . Fleurette in that state of trance which only Dr. Fu Manchu is able to induce."

(To be continued next week)

Gene Sarazen

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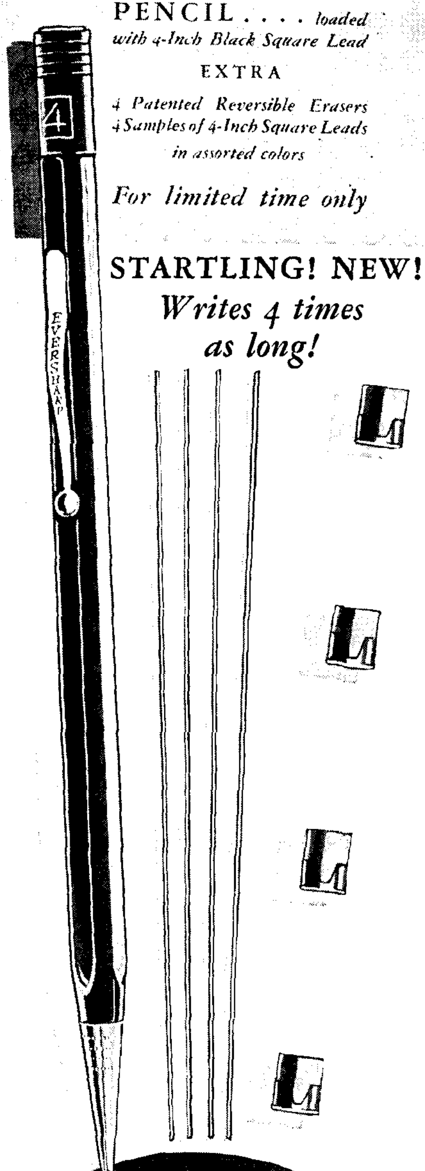

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THE NEW 4 SQUARE

EVERSHARP

Some Like them Famous

Continued from page 11

"I'll remember that," she said, just smiling.

Said Jimmy: "I did today. She turned me down."

"She's an idiot," stated Mary Bray definitely and with belligerence.

"Oh, no," said Jimmy hastily, "she's got good common sense. You see, she wants a man who really amounts to something."

"Really amounts to something? Meaning you?"

"Well—er—yes, in a way. I mean—well, yes. You see, it's this way." And then, haltingly at first, Jimmy began to explain. He explained the luncheon at the Ritz; it was the only date he could get with Genevieve inside the next two weeks. And when a girl was dated up that way the only thing to do was to go right after her. "I'm a go-getter," said Jimmy. "I believe in go-getters."

"BUT why did she turn you down?" asked Mary practically. "Or didn't she really turn you down? Or what?"

"W-well," said Jimmy, "that's what I don't know. I mean I do know and I don't. I mean I think I know. Anyway, she wants me to do something else."

"Give up this job?"

"W-well, more or less. Oh, I don't blame her. She mixes with princes and dukes and people like that, and I suppose a mere advertising man, writing copy in an agency . . ."

"What does she want you to do—buy yourself a suit of white armor and a plume and kill her a nice fresh dragon?"

"How did you guess?"

"I'm psychic," said Mary Bray. "Besides, I'm a girl. And besides that, I'm partly grown up. I'm not a débutante and I'm not a blonde and my father hasn't got a corner house on Park Avenue and a place at Westbury and a shooting-box in Georgia—but just the same, I'm psychic." Abruptly Mary Bray laughed, a not entirely jovial laugh. "She wants you to jump through," she said.

THEN: "Don't interrupt me," she said, smiling a twisted sort of smile. "You mustn't be an advertising man because advertising is commercial and therefore not romantic—although you can write rings around most of the writers who are doing the stories in the front part of the different magazines. And some day you will! But mostly she doesn't want you to be an advertising man because that's what you are. She wants you to be something else."

"W-well, yes. Only aren't you being a little rough?"

"Yes, I'm being rough. But I'm trying to find out what this Genevieve girl has done to you or said to you to make you look so licked. Oh, I've been through it—I mean the dream of a knight and a dragon! What does she want you to do? Discover Africa? Go up into the stratosphere? Crawl around on the bottom of the ocean?"

Jimmy began to smile, a real smile. He said: "It's funny, Miss Bray, that's just about what I said to her. I said, 'The man you want is a combination of Joel McCrea, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Noel Coward, Admiral Byrd, General Italo Balbo, Jack Dempsey and Rudy Vallee. And she said, 'Lawrence Tibbett instead of Vallee,' and stood pat on it."

"What are you going to do?" asked Miss Bray.

"I don't know. That's why I'm telling you this. Of course I've got to find something better to do or some way of making a big name for myself."

"I think you're making a name for yourself right here."

Jimmy shook his head. "Something really big," he explained. "Something spectacular. She has a right to ask it."

Mary Bray said nothing.

"WHAT are you thinking about?" asked Jimmy after the silence had stretched itself into an ungainly clumsiness.

"Oh, I'm sorry! Excuse me, Mr. Fitch. I was just—just thinking." Now she brightened. "Do you know Boris van Ottomar?"

"No. Who is he?"

"He's a man who has done some big things—I mean that way. Perhaps, if you could meet him . . ." She shrugged. Then she sat straight. She said, suddenly firm: "I'm sure I can help you, Mr. Fitch. In fact, I know I can. I'm beginning to get an idea. But look, it's three-twenty. You're supposed to have that Lenwich copy in by four-thirty. Let's concentrate on that right now, and then afterward we can talk this other thing over."

"But, Miss Bray—Mary—"

"Don't call me Mary. It's out of character. If I'm going to help you I've got to be just Miss Bray—I mean I've got to think of myself that way too. Or else . . ." She caught herself.

"Or else what?"

She flushed a little. But she said evenly: "Or else nothing. I was just making talk. If I'm going to find a dragon for you to murder and drag around by the tail—incidentally that's why they call them dragons—why," and now she laughed a brief, nervous laugh, "why, I've got to be able to concentrate too. So at five o'clock, when the office closes—that is, if you don't mind coming along with me—you and I will go into a real private conference. It may take a little time, but I'm sure I can dig you up a dragon. By the way, you haven't got a date for this evening, have you?"

"Do you really think you can give me an idea?"

"I know I can," stated Mary Bray. Now in a businesslike manner she flipped open her stenographer's notebook. "Here's that list of names, Mr. Fitch." She handed him a paper.

Jimmy stared at the names, a neat alphabetical list of them; all the known American brands of soap—some brands he had never even heard of. He stared and then he glowered. Then, abruptly, he waved the paper over his head, glared at Mary wildly.

"Me!" he exploded. "Me, I've got to think of a new one before four-thirty—a new one and a better one! It's got to be a name that will register in people's minds and stick in people's minds, a name that will dig the great American people out of their wheel chairs and make them rush in droves and howling mobs to the nearest store—all for a plain cake of soap!"

Mary said quietly, "Have you thought of anything?"

"Good heavens! If I had would I be sitting here talking?"

She nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose," she remarked at length, "a good name should be descriptive."

"Bright girl," said Jimmy with irony. "The only descriptive adjective that I know of for soap is soapy. All I've got to think of is something smooth and cool and white, something good enough to eat. . . ."

"Ice cream," said Mary, her eyes suddenly twinkling.

"SURE! Great idea! Vanilla ice cream soap, served in the cone-shaped package. Let your little children eat it—"

"Snow cream!" said Mary, sitting forward eagerly.

"How's that?"

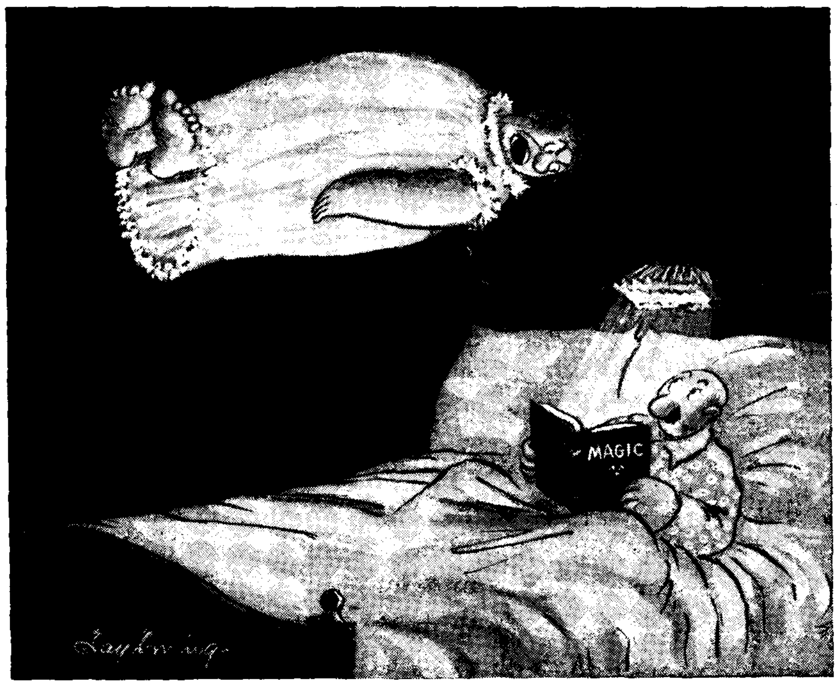
"Snow cream. Snow Cream Soap."

"Silly!" said Jimmy. "It sounds like ice cream—"

"That's just it. People would remember it. And it has all the—all the whatever they are that you wanted—whiteness, purity, attractiveness . . ."

"Hey, wait a minute!" commanded Jimmy. He waved his hand at her as if halting traffic. For a time he squinted blankly at the ceiling. Then: "Snow Cream," he whispered. "Hmm! Plenty consumer appeal. Snow Cream! By golly, Miss Bray, I think that's a thought. I'll try it. I'll submit it. Best idea I've had in months. Only I'm crazy. I didn't have it. You did. Snow Cream! Neat—short—makes a picture

(Continued on page 47)



"Adolph! Put that book away and go to sleep!" *Jay Irving*

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Busby Berkeley enjoys a sandwich on the set, surrounded by several of the 200 gorgeous girls who appear in "Wonder Bar", Warner Bros.' greatest musical picture to date

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Some Like them Famous

Continued from page 44

—tells the story. All right—get set—I'll dictate some rough copy fast. Ready?"

Mary was. Jimmy began dictating. At the end of twenty minutes he shook his head and said, "Woof!" Then he said, "Get it on paper—any sort of shape—and shoot it in a piece at a time so I can revise and prune."

Mary Bray stood up. She smiled. She said quietly: "I like the way you work, Mr. Fitch. You know your mind."

Jimmy felt benevolent. "You know yours, too," he said.

"About—about that other thing," said Mary. "If you could meet me downstairs outside the building after the office closes—well, I'll just wait there till you come."

It came to Jimmy then with something of a shock that for the past half hour he had totally forgotten about the existence of Genevieve Kimbling. It required a certain amount of effort now to throw himself back into any semblance of the misery he had felt before. But he grimaced and made the effort. He was a cad for having forgotten.

JIMMY shot a paternal smile toward Mary Bray. She was certainly a pretty little thing, standing there and looking at him with her earnest brown eyes. There was something about her face, her expression, the way she carried herself, the quiet way she dressed—something that made him feel sure he could confide in her and ask her help without—well, without any nonsense or anything like that.

"I promised you a dragon to slay," she was saying.

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, feigning lightness, "you did promise me a dragon, didn't you? All right, I'll call you on it."

Mary Bray whisked out of the office. Jimmy sat there, deep in thought. That Snow Cream idea—he would see to it that Mary got credit for it. They might even give her a bonus for it, something like that. In fact he was going to suggest that very thing to the old man himself. An office ought to encourage girls who had brains and used them. Hmm! He could picture Mary now, out in the crowded stenographers' room, bending over her typewriter, pounding out the phrases and sentences he had flung at her.

He had no idea, of course, that his picture was temporarily out of focus. For at that moment, as it happened, Mary Bray was slamming into a telephone booth in the drug store on the ground floor of their building. She used a nickel, got her number. She talked fast, breathlessly. She told her roommate to stay out of their Nineteenth Street apartment for the earlier part of the evening. "That is, if you really love me and want to see me happily married," said Mary Bray. "Stay out during dinner. Dinner's mine. Only please buy a bottle of sherry the minute you leave the office and rush over there quick with it. Leave it in the pantry. Okay?"

It was.

Then Mary said: "Biddy, can you possibly get hold of Boris?"

"Anybody can get hold of Boris, anybody that's willing to listen to him."

"I mean tonight, Biddy."

"Can I get rid of him tonight, you mean. He's on my neck. He has an idea I'm going to buy him a dinner."

Mary Bray spoke rapidly: "Buy him a dinner—buy it anywhere. I'll pay half. Buy him some beer. I want him talkative even if you don't. Can you get him into evening clothes? Oh, slick! Evening clothes and beer—and you show up with him at the place as near eight as you possibly can. That's all. No, never mind who. You'll see at eight o'clock. Only, you be there, with Boris in the flesh, or so help you mud!"

Then Mary Bray raced back to the elevators, and presently she was typing for dear life.

When Jimmy Fitch got down to the street level he found Mary waiting for him in a brown tweedish-looking coat and a flung-back tip-tilted brown felt hat. He hadn't seen her in street clothes before, ever. She was cute. He beamed at her. Among other things he felt happily boy-scoutish, as one feels who has done a generous and good deed. He reached into his pocket and held out to her a slim, long rectangle of crisp paper. "From the old man," said Jimmy roughly, because for some unknown reason his throat seemed to be bothering him a little, thickening up, sort of. "It's a bonus," said Jimmy. "Bonus for that Snow Cream idea."

She took it gingerly. Her hand trembled a little. Her hand trembled because she was thinking that Jimmy must have thought of her, that Jimmy would have to have thought of her to speak about her to the old man. She peered at the check, which was pale green. It read, the essential part of it: "Pay to the order of Mary Bray One Hundred Dollars and No Cents."

Mary had never called Jimmy Jimmy, though most of the office did—and all the girls spoke of him that way always. Mary always had called Jimmy Mr. Fitch. But now she simply gasped and looked up at him and said, "Oh, Jimmy!"

Jimmy caught her arm. "Which way?" he grunted. "Uptown or downtown?"

"You—you told him about me?" quavered Mary.

"Naturally."

"And you told him—you must have told him you were going to see me or he wouldn't have given you the check!"

"Naturally," said Jimmy again.

Mary let out a deep breath. "It's downtown," she said. "Nineteenth Street. It's—it's almost as quick to walk as to take a bus. I—wait a minute—I can't think straight yet. I mean on account of what you did. I mean—well, a lot of people wouldn't. I mean they wouldn't do what you did."

"Fooey!" said Jimmy. "Anybody would."

"We'll pick up a steak," said Mary, talking fast again. "Afterward we can talk. I—I'll tell you my ideas."

She was sweet, thought Jimmy; sweet and natural and—well, just sweet. It was nice to find somebody who was sweet and natural, somebody who probably thought you were a half-way human guy instead of about quarter-way human, or maybe even less than that. Jimmy smiled a smile that used up all of his face, including his eyes. He said simply, "Let's go."

THEY walked from the Forties down Fifth Avenue to Nineteenth Street. There they turned off, presently found a combination grocery and butcher shop where Mary first demanded a small sirloin steak—"I want it two inches thick and not even a quarter of an inch less"—and then three artichokes and three alligator pears and a various assortment of other edibles. She explained the three to Jimmy: "My roommate," she lied. "She's probably there but sometimes she isn't. I hope she is, though, because she's a dear. You'll love her. Her name's Biddy."

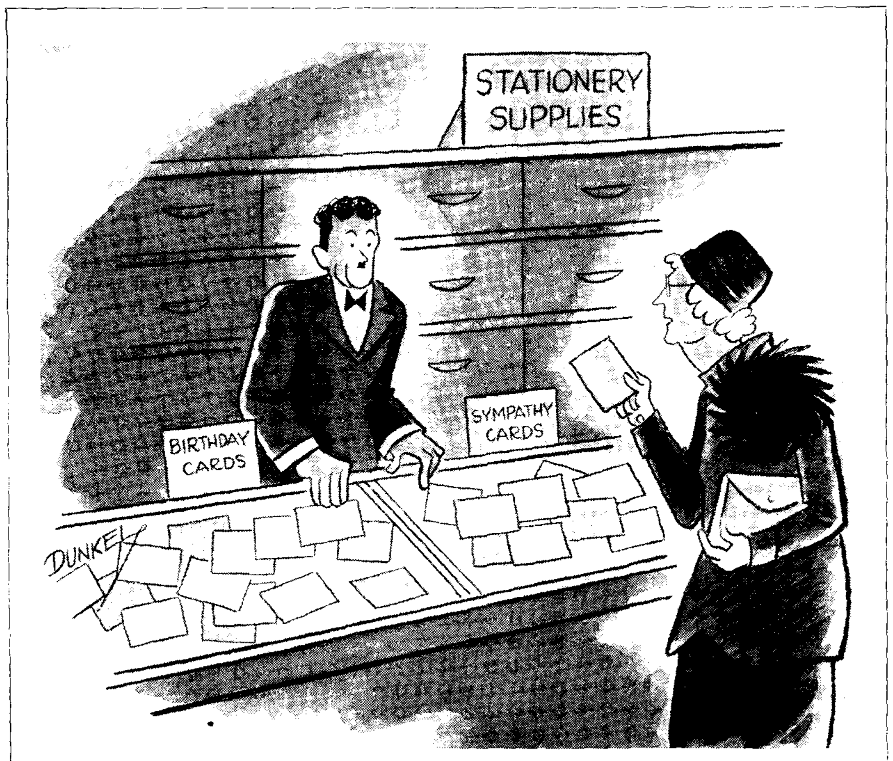
"But if she's there how can we talk?"

"I forgot that," lied Mary happily. "Then I hope she isn't there."

Biddy wasn't, but the bottle of sherry was. "Oh, sherry!" chanted Mary as she entered the kitchenette. "Oh, this is going to be a real party!"

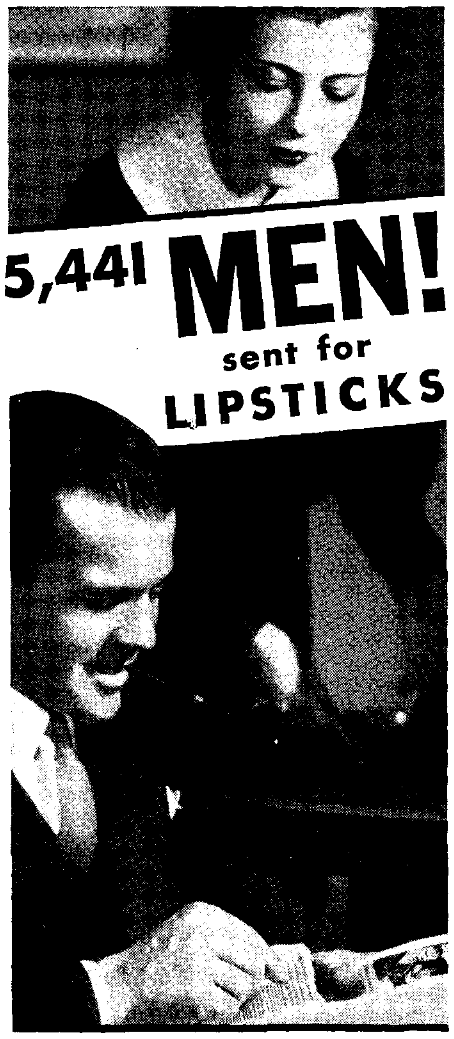
Jimmy felt that he was floundering in a kind of fog. He had come here to talk, but the talk seemed as if separated from him by a wire-mesh screen. He could see the talk on the other side of the screen; he could see it clearly, just the way it ought to be talked, but somehow he couldn't reach out toward it, couldn't get his fingers on the reality of it. The screen, whatever it was, intervened.

(Continued on page 48)



"Have you a card of condolence with more of a wallop to it?"

Courtney Dunkel



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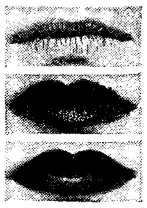

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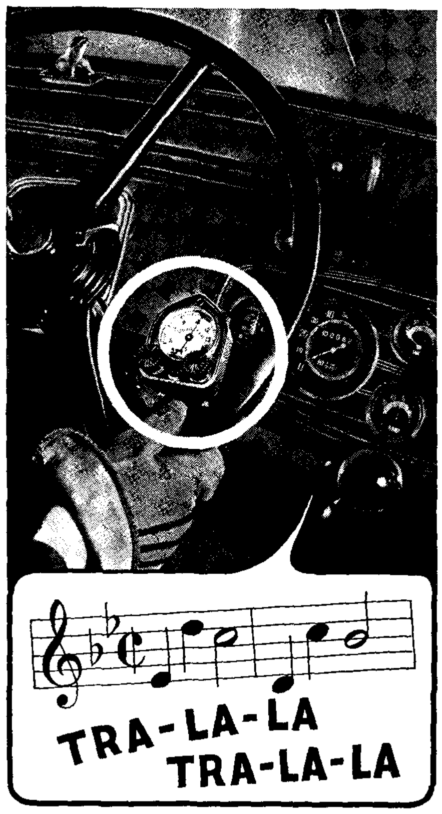

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ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
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(Continued from page 47)

Mary had sat him upon a couch. "You stay there," she had said. "You stay there and don't interrupt or bother me, because for the next half-hour I'm going to be a busy woman." She must have been, because by the time he had lighted a cigarette, practically, she had darted into another room or an alcove or whatever it was and had then come out again all dressed in a soft and pink silk dress that flowed about her as she moved.

"Get an eyeful of it," she said gayly, "because now it goes under a kitchen apron." She flung the apron about her neck, tied it. "I tell you what," she said then. "There's the fireplace, but we haven't any wood. You can contribute wood. Down at the corner, the left-hand corner, you'll find a basement with a sign saying 'Frank and Joe.' If you'll go down there and get some kindling and six logs—and don't pay over fifty cents—I'll just about have dinner ready by the time you come back."

Jimmy got the logs and the kindling, a dozen logs and a full bag of kindling. Frank, or maybe it was Joe, helped him carry them up the three flights.

"Put them in and light them," said Mary, fluttering back and forth. Jimmy did.

He began looking about the apartment as the fire caught. It was a squarish room, neither big nor little but homelike. There was the fireplace and there was the couch. There were shelves stacked with books, interesting-looking books. There were a few tables and a few chairs and three or four lamps, and at the dark end of the room there was an upright piano. Not a very good piano, but nevertheless a piano. The hangings were bright; peach color, Jimmy guessed. The rug was a plain tan.

Mary bustled in from the kitchenette. A card table made itself seen. Two chairs appeared from nowhere. The table was set. "Here, let me help," said Jimmy.

"You can open the sherry and pour it," Mary said.

THEY toasted each other in the sherry in front of the crackling fire. It was fun. Mary was no longer the girl who worked in his office and who was a smoothly running piece of office machinery. She was a person, a personality. And it was very difficult for Jimmy not to notice that she was slim and rounded and lithe and—oh, gosh!

Watching him peering at her, though he tried not to peer at her, Mary said presently, "Let's eat." They ate alligator pears with French dressing, and then Mary zipped the shells away—and lo, here was the steak! It was luscious, crisp and black outside and nicely rare in the center, and they practically wolfed it. Hashed-brown potatoes accompanied the steak; and then from nowhere appeared three artichokes, artichokes *hollandaise*.

"Can you cook!" exulted Jimmy.

"I like to cook," said Mary. "It's fun."

"Do you really like to cook?" Jimmy was incredulous.

"I love it if it's for somebody I—somebody I like." Then all at once she became businesslike again. She said crisply: "I want you to go over on the couch and light a cigarette and look at the fire. I'll be with you in three minutes."

"But I want to help."

"You can't. You'd just be in the way."

The dishes disappeared. The card table disappeared. There was a rattling in the kitchenette. Then Mary Bray stood in front of Jimmy and said: "I've stacked them. You can help me with them later, if you want—but not now. Now's the time for a smoke and looking at the fire."

Jimmy couldn't look at the fire without looking at Mary Bray's ankles, because Mary's ankles were stretched out, side by side, close to his. They were very slim ankles, tapering ever so neatly into tiny high-heeled slippers.

Jimmy cleared his throat. "Is the ban still on, or can I call you Mary now?" he asked.

She seemed to consider the question. What she said was: "I think it's about time now. You may begin calling me Mary, as a special dispensation, but only if you really feel like it."

Jimmy said he really felt like it. Mary said she was glad. Then she said, as if abruptly remembering: "About this other business, now!"

"CAN'T we wait till we've finished our cigarettes?" said Jimmy. Probably, he reflected, it was because he felt nicely full of food and nicely warm and comfortable in a homey room in front of a log fire, but he certainly didn't feel like discussing that "other business"; not right that minute. Undoubtedly he would a little later. But just at the moment . . . "This is a cute apartment," he said.

"Isn't it? Biddy and I tramped for days and days before we found it. We wanted a place like home."

"Where's home?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"Oakland, California. I thought you knew."

"Is this like California?"

"Not a bit," said Mary Bray, and then they both laughed. They laughed gleefully. It was fun to laugh that way. "But just the same," said Mary, sobering, "it's like what I'd like a home to be."

It was then that footsteps resounded upon the stairs, presently clumped to a halt outside the door. A key fiddled in the latch. "Oh, gosh!" cried Mary, and jumped to her feet. "It's Biddy." She had totally forgotten about Biddy, totally forgotten about Boris van Ottomar. But they both burst in, very fresh from outdoors and very gleeful about having been able to consume five glasses each of real German Pilsener.

Mary managed the introductions. She left the two men together, pulled Biddy with her into the bedroom. "I wanted *him* beered up," she said to Biddy bitterly, "not you."

"How are you going to stand him any other way?" demanded Biddy, shrugging out of her coat. "And, by the way, you owe me two-sixty—"

In front of the fire Jimmy was peering at Boris, who looked like a three-way cross between a professional wrestler, a traffic cop and an opera singer. The man was certainly big; he stood six feet two if he stood an inch, and was broad in proportion. His hair was black and curly. His eyes were black and burning. But he did, on second scrutiny, look a little pudgy. His skin was a little too pink. His flesh looked a little too soft. And his voice was the voice of a hotel doorman.

Nevertheless Boris van Ottomar took possession of the apartment. He flipped his Parisian black felt hat into a corner. He tossed his Inverness cape upon the couch. "Haven't I seen you somewhere?" he inquired of Jimmy.

"Well—"

"In the Sudan, maybe," said Boris, "or perhaps in Africa. Oh, no—I remember now—Tahiti."

"I've never been any of those places," said Jimmy, a little bewildered and trying to be polite.

"Never been? You've missed life then. Missed the whole meaning of life. Why, I had a Kafir gun-bearer in South Africa—black skin, but a heart of gold—who said to me one time . . ."

"You've been in Africa?" asked Jimmy.

"Africa? They can talk about Stanley and Livingstone, and it's true that they have railroads there now, but there is more of Africa yet to be discovered. . . ."

JIMMY wrinkled his nose, unwrinkled it. He asked Mr. van Ottomar if he could fly.

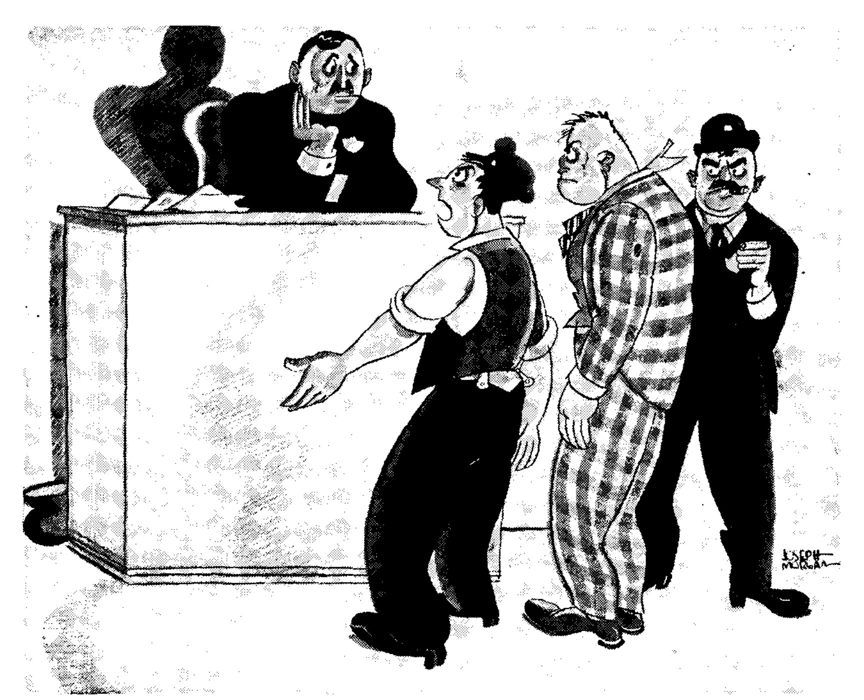
"Fly? Merciful heavens! Haven't you read my book?"

"No," said Jimmy.

"Well, it's all in my book. I flew solo all over Siberia. I traced a Greek cross over Siberia, the perfect outline of a Greek cross, because that's their church. I traced a crescent later over Arabia. There was a sheik in Arabia who offered to sell me for the weight of a man's skull in gold. . . ."

The girls came back into the room. Boris van Ottomar looked faintly annoyed, but he did not stop talking. He said to Jimmy: "You're a kindred soul. I can feel it in my heart, you're a kindred soul. Now when I was in China, whenever it was, the Boy Emperor made me a spy. Not the President—

(Continued on page 50)



"We got him to confess, but we can't make him say he's sorry!"

Joseph Morgan

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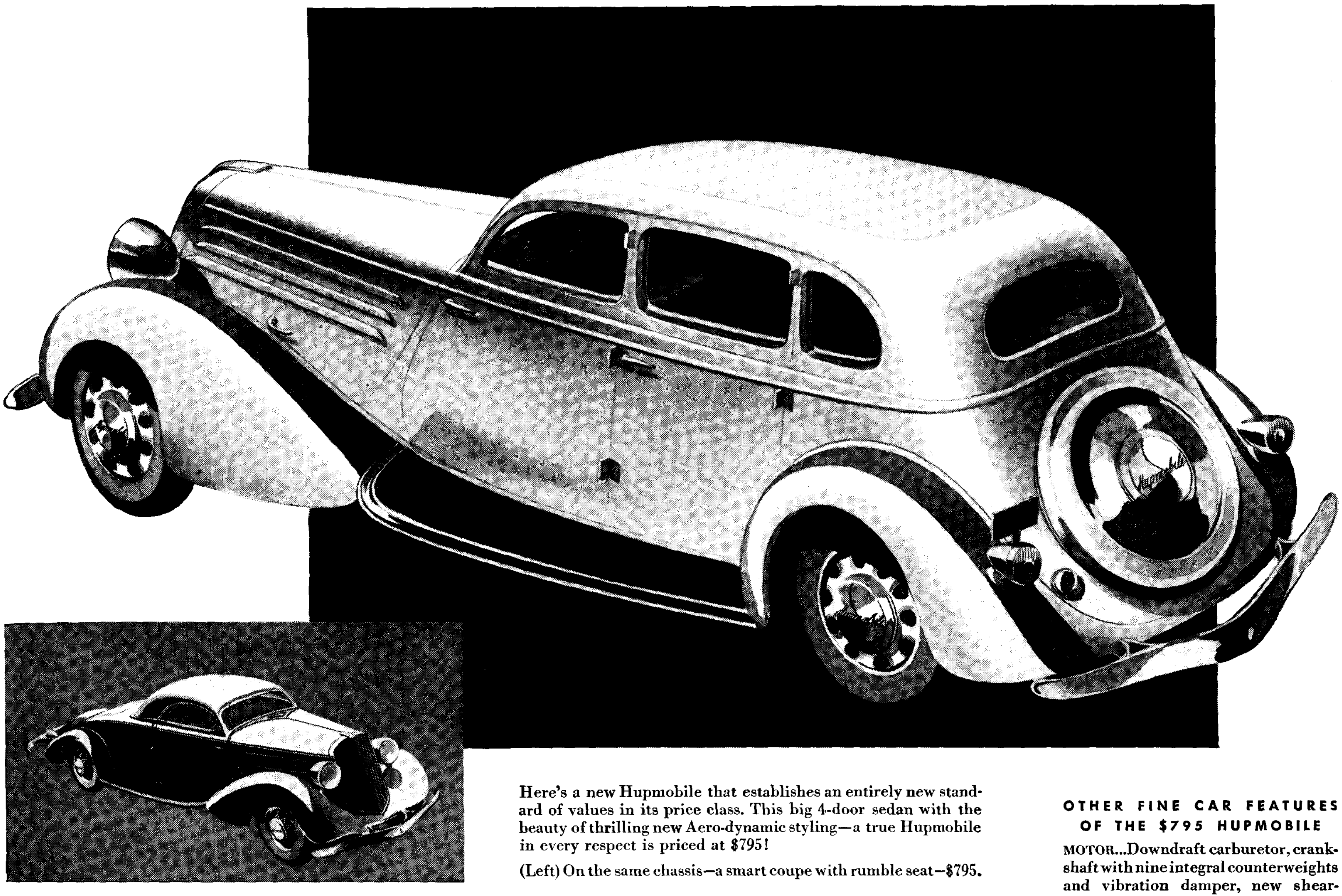

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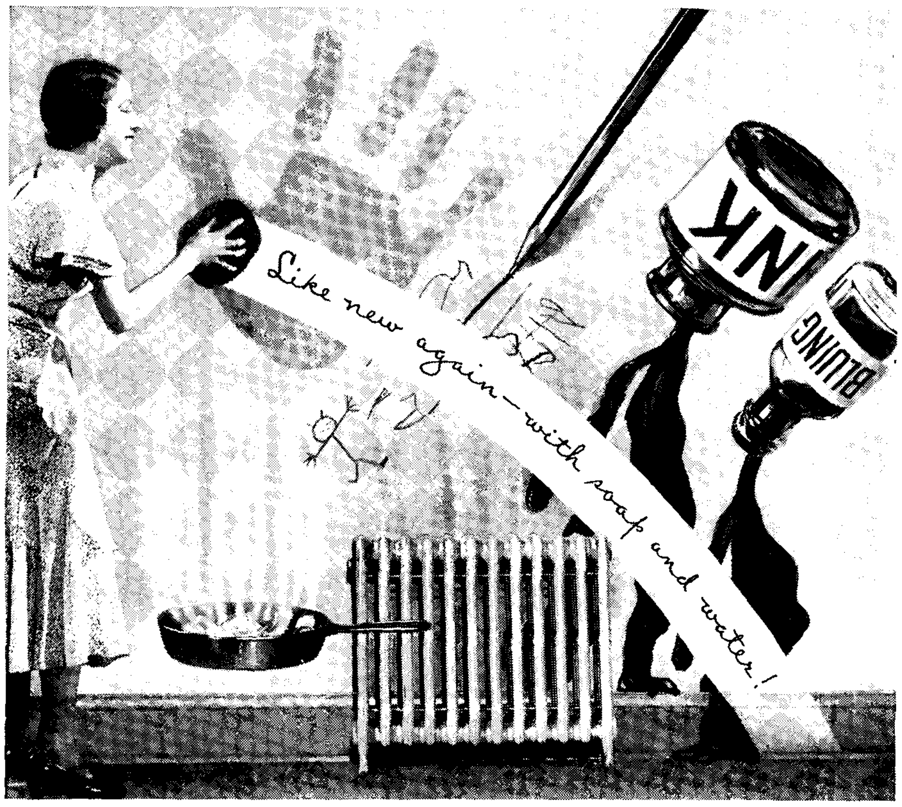
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Some Like them Famous

Continued from page 48

don't catch me up. I mean the Boy Emperor. He sent me off into the Gobi Desert and there I was . . ."

"Sandy there?" inquired Jimmy.

"Sandy?"

"I mean was there much sand?"

"Naturally," said Boris stiffly. "As far as the eye could reach."

"How about the bottom of the ocean?" suggested Jimmy mildly.

"Bottom of the ocean? I happen to be the one man who has dared the Stradivarius Deep, off Lisbon, in Portugal."

"Find any sharks?" asked Jimmy.

"Thousands. Very interesting, sharks. I fought one to the death at Bangkok. The people cheered."

"Cheer leader or just by themselves?"

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," said Boris.

"You can't follow me. I'm following you. What about elephants?"

"Please!" said Mary Bray, stepping between the two men. She wrung her hands. "Please!" she said again. Then over her shoulder she spoke quietly to Biddy. "You and Boris take a walk," she said. "There's something I want to say to Jimmy."

WHEN she and Jimmy were again alone Mary Bray faced him squarely. She said: "Jimmy, I've been awful. No excuse. I called up Biddy and told her to get hold of Boris and bring him in. I think I had some sort of idea of making you see how silly it was—I mean what somebody else wants you to be instead of letting you be yourself. But of course Boris is impossible. He wouldn't be like you."

"Thanks," said Jimmy, inclining his head.

Again Mary Bray wrung her hands. "I don't mind coming clean with you," she said miserably, eying the floor. "It's about all I've got left, to come clean. Ever since I first saw you I've been in love with you, so in love with you that it's all I can do to talk to you civilly, and tonight—well, tonight I fed you the best I knew how and I showed you the way I liked to live, because I thought that maybe tonight, because you were on the rebound, you would look at me. But I don't want you on the rebound. I don't think I want you at all."

"What am I supposed to say?" asked Jimmy, peering at her and just smiling.

"You're supposed to say nothing."

"Well, then, what am I supposed to do?"

"You're supposed to go home." She said it fiercely.

"If you don't mind," said Jimmy, "I'll play the hand I've got, without drawing cards." He laughed jerkily. Then he said, as if to himself: "It would be pretty sappy, all things considered, if I told her I'd fallen in love with her."

"It would," stated Mary vehemently.

"Granted! But I'll stick, if you don't mind. I've fooled myself plenty and talked myself into a hole, but I remember something. This afternoon, Mary, you made a speech about liking me because I knew my mind. Well, I do know my mind. I've been a boob."

Mary merely eyed him, wide-eyed.

Jimmy laughed again. He said to Mary: "There's only one thing. You promised me a dragon, and you haven't made good."

In a sort of fury Mary Bray clutched at his lapels, tugged at them. "Dragon?" she stormed. "You've got plenty of dragon, and that's what I meant from the start. The dragon you've got to kill and lay dead at my feet—before I'll ever look at you, Jimmy Fitch!—is just simply that spoiled little swell-headed animal trainer, Genevieve Kimbling."

"Look at me," commanded Jimmy gently, using his arms the way arms were meant to be used.

"I won't." Mary twisted away her head.

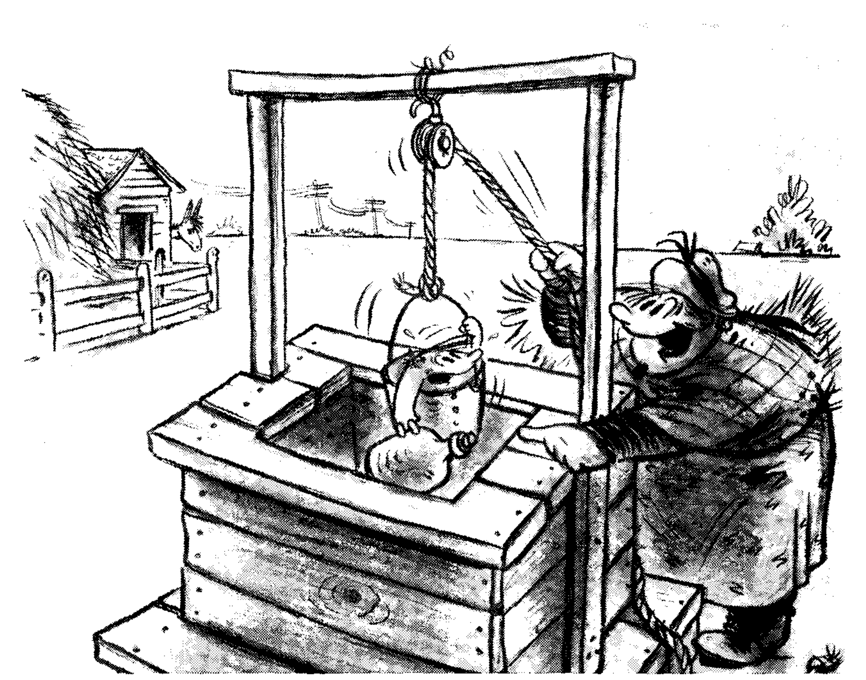
"I tell you she's killed," persisted Jimmy. "Since this evening she's just as dead. . . ." Abruptly he began to laugh. He laughed heartily. "How about turning her over to Boris, Mary? It would be a match."

Mary lifted her face. She looked up at Jimmy. Her eyes were brimming with an incredulous wonder. "Are you really in love with me?" she asked.

"Kiss me and see," said Jimmy gruffly. Then: "Hey, sap, you're crying all over my face. What's the idea?"

"Sup-suppose you tell me," stammered Mary.

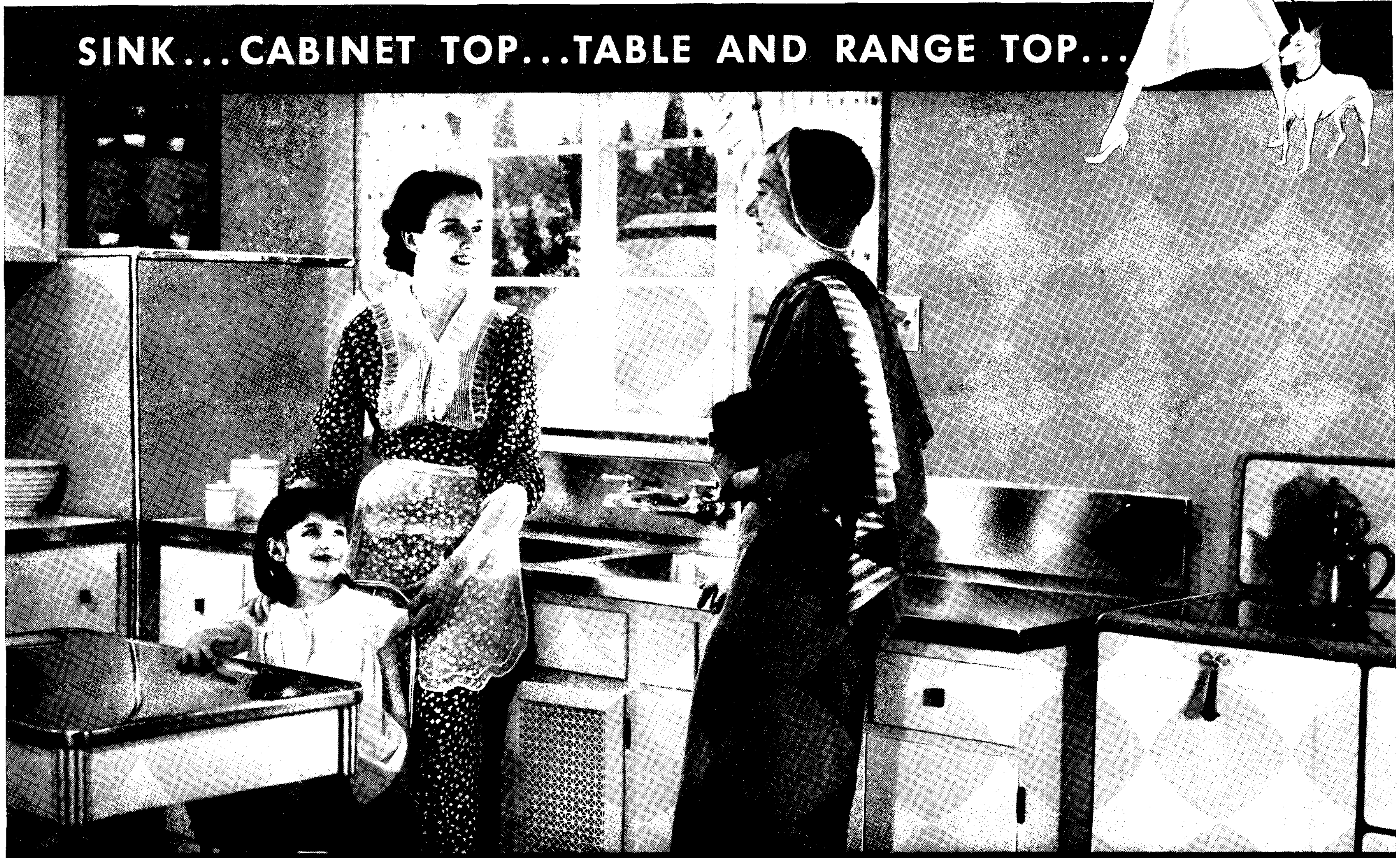
And Jimmy, holding her tightly, did exactly that.



"Remember, when you get down to the bottom where the water's cold, take out the stopper and bring up a jugful!"

Frank Owen

THE Ensemble Idea APPLIED TO THE KITCHEN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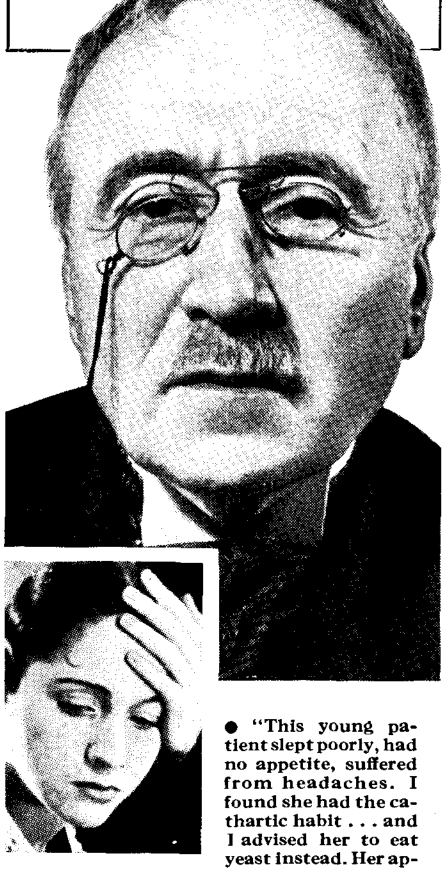
"She was always tired—looked Sick!"

explains
DR. ROSENTHAL, of Paris



● "This young patient slept poorly, had no appetite, suffered from headaches. I found she had the cathartic habit . . . and I advised her to eat yeast instead. Her appetite and strength quickly returned. *She hasn't suffered from constipation since.*"

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It's up to Her

Continued from page 13

she had failed him in not making his money last long enough to finish furnishing their home adequately so that people wouldn't laugh when they looked at the grand sofa and the gilded mirror and a floor bare of carpets.

Her feeling that she was a burden to Steve steadily increased, and one day Steve put it into words himself when she tried to press his best suit and scorched a sleeve badly.

"You're a swell millstone around the neck of a rising young man," said Steve with a grin. "Isn't it fortunate I love *you so much it doesn't seem to matter?*"

He looked at her quickly then, realizing it takes only a moment to deliver a hurt not to be wiped out in a lifetime. "Rub it out, honey," urged Steve remorsefully. "Forget I said that!"

She promised to forget, but she couldn't.

That night she lay awake thinking of Steve, but not of his blue eyes, his yellow hair, or his hands upon her shoulders. She was seeing how badly Steve needed an entirely different kind of wife. . . .

After Steve left for work next morning, she packed her belongings, doing it clumsily as she did most things, and when Horace came home that night, she was installed in her former rooms.

"The bad penny's back!" she announced gayly. "That is—if you'll have me?"

"No question about that," assured Horace. "But isn't there a chance you're making a mistake? Are you sure you've given your marriage time to work out?"

"I'm thinking about Steve," said Linda. "It didn't take much time to prove I'm an utter failure as a poor man's wife."

She told about the gray curls of dust, *the scorched sleeve, and* her inability to conquer a cookstove, and when Horace pointed out that these were relatively small matters, she said to him rather wearily that it was the small things which smashed happiness. People, said Linda, got strength from somewhere to combat the larger tragedies, but small annoyances were like the constant dripping of acid.

Her mind was so plainly made up that Horace dropped the argument, and when Steve arrived, wild-eyed and belligerent, he tried to reason with him.

"Don't try to see Linda now, my boy," he said. "Let her alone until she's had time to settle things in her own mind. Perhaps she'll feel differently then, after the humiliation of proving inadequate to a situation has worn off a little."

Steve lifted his chin a trifle. "Linda made me happy," he said grimly. "Is that being inadequate? I realize, however, that you've been against me from the first, so the immediate question is: are you going to let me see Linda or not?"

HORACE sent for Linda. There was really nothing else he could do, but when Linda came, seemingly she was *incased in a protective covering of ice.* Nothing Steve could say made any impression whatever on her, and I think that at last he was convinced she had simply tired of life as Mrs. Steve Dacey.

"Have it your own way," said Steve roughly. "I should have known my life and Junior League stuff would never mix. If you want a divorce—get it! And if you want to marry Gilbert Emory—marry him!"

Some months passed then with Linda making no move toward a divorce while she tried to fit herself back into her old life.

In the beginning of that time Horace was anxious about her.

"She's like somebody in a daze," he complained to me. "And there seems to be nothing I can do to help."

"Time settles most things," I suggested. "Let time settle this, and if it doesn't, then give time a little help."

Horace looked at me hopefully. "How?" he demanded.

I thought a moment. "Did you ever stop to think these two would have made *a greater success of marriage* if they'd gone off to some remote place where the contrast would have been neither so keen nor so cruel? There are places, you know, where people are anxious to help brides instead of laughing at them—"

"Haw!" said Horace, in the tone of profound discovery.

MORE time went by after that.

I saw Linda occasionally and thought her lovelier than ever, with a new wistfulness about her. Then I heard Gilbert Emory was back from a hunting trip in Africa.

He dropped in upon Linda unexpectedly one afternoon soon after his return, finding her alone before a wood fire, with *rain pattering on the windowpanes.*

"Cozy!" said Gilbert contentedly, and Linda laughed.

"You're mistaken, Gilbert; there's nothing cozy about me."

"Cozy!" insisted Gilbert. "You tried to swim in the wrong pond, Linda, but that doesn't prove you aren't a good swimmer!" He stared deep into the fire while he said the rest of what he had to say. "Don't know why you left Dacey," he said temperately. "Prob*ably found out about being in the wrong* pond. Always thought you were smart, Linda."

He waited.

"Thank you, Gilbert," said Linda, at last, and they were together a lot after that, with the columnist being witty about it in his column.

Said the second of the news items: "The bout between Kid Romance and Old Man Luxury is about over. Our erstwhile débutante who recently went off the gold standard is back on Park Avenue with one of our most highly gilded social register lads handing her a heavy rush. Tough luck, Romeo-from-Georgia, better luck and more wisdom next time."

People began to pay attention to the fact that Linda might be Mrs. Gilbert Emory presently, in which case she would be a social power.

Thin, fashionable magazines began to print pictures of Linda snapped at various places with Gilbert Emory. "GILBERT EMORY AND MRS. STEPHEN DACEY SNAPPED AT THE RACES"—a not too flattering print of Gilbert offering Linda a pair of field glasses, with Linda's smile perceptibly strained. Once I saw a picture of Gilbert teaching Linda to ride an aquaplane with the caption "GILBERT EMORY III AND MRS. STEPHEN DACEY ENJOYING WATER SPORTS AT MIAMI" and thought the caption was at least a slight exaggeration because Linda never seemed to me to enjoy anything in particular, merely to live through the routine of her days in a sort of deadly determination.

A breach between two people left too long unhealed becomes a barricade. No word had passed between Linda and Steve for so long a time that I think *at last she became reckless.*

With so many people thrusting the idea at her that she could, if she chose, become Mrs. Gilbert Emory, very likely she considered the possibility. No idle time in *that* life.

ON a day when Gilbert dropped in to find her again alone, although she was rarely alone, she challenged the attentions frankly.

"Why do you never make love to me, Gilly? Everybody else does!"

"*Everybody?*" repeated Gilbert, with emphasis.

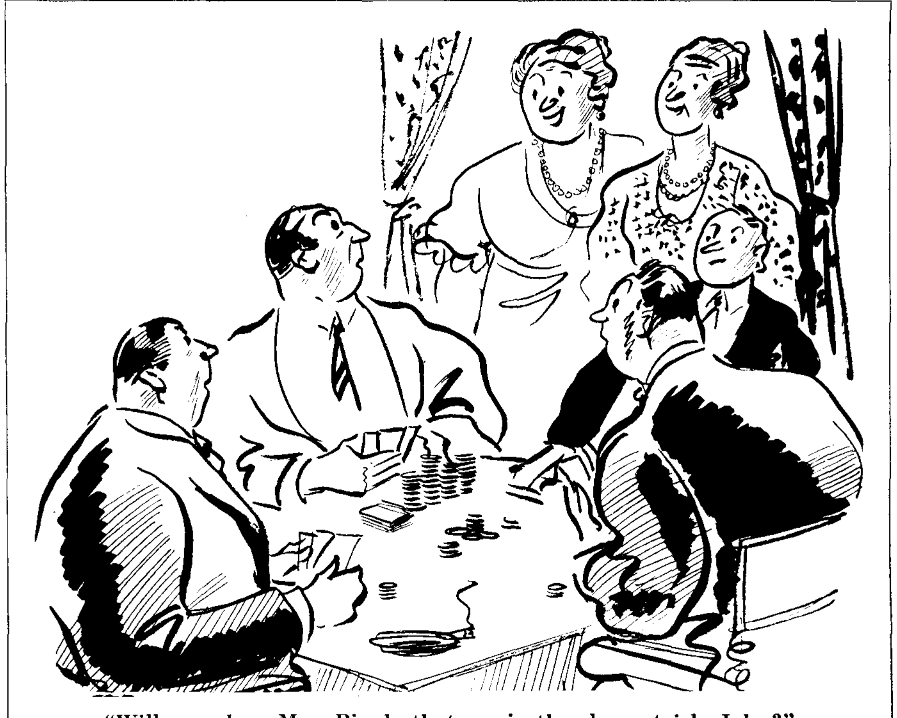
"*Nearly* everybody!"

It was true. The possibility of an imminent divorce had put her on a different plane. Had made her seem accessible.

"Should I make love to you, Linda?"

"Why not?" She leaned back waiting, wondering if Gilbert could help wipe out the agonizing sense of loss which

(Continued on page 54)



"Will you show Mrs. Bingle that ace-in-the-sleeve trick, John?"

Louis Priscilla

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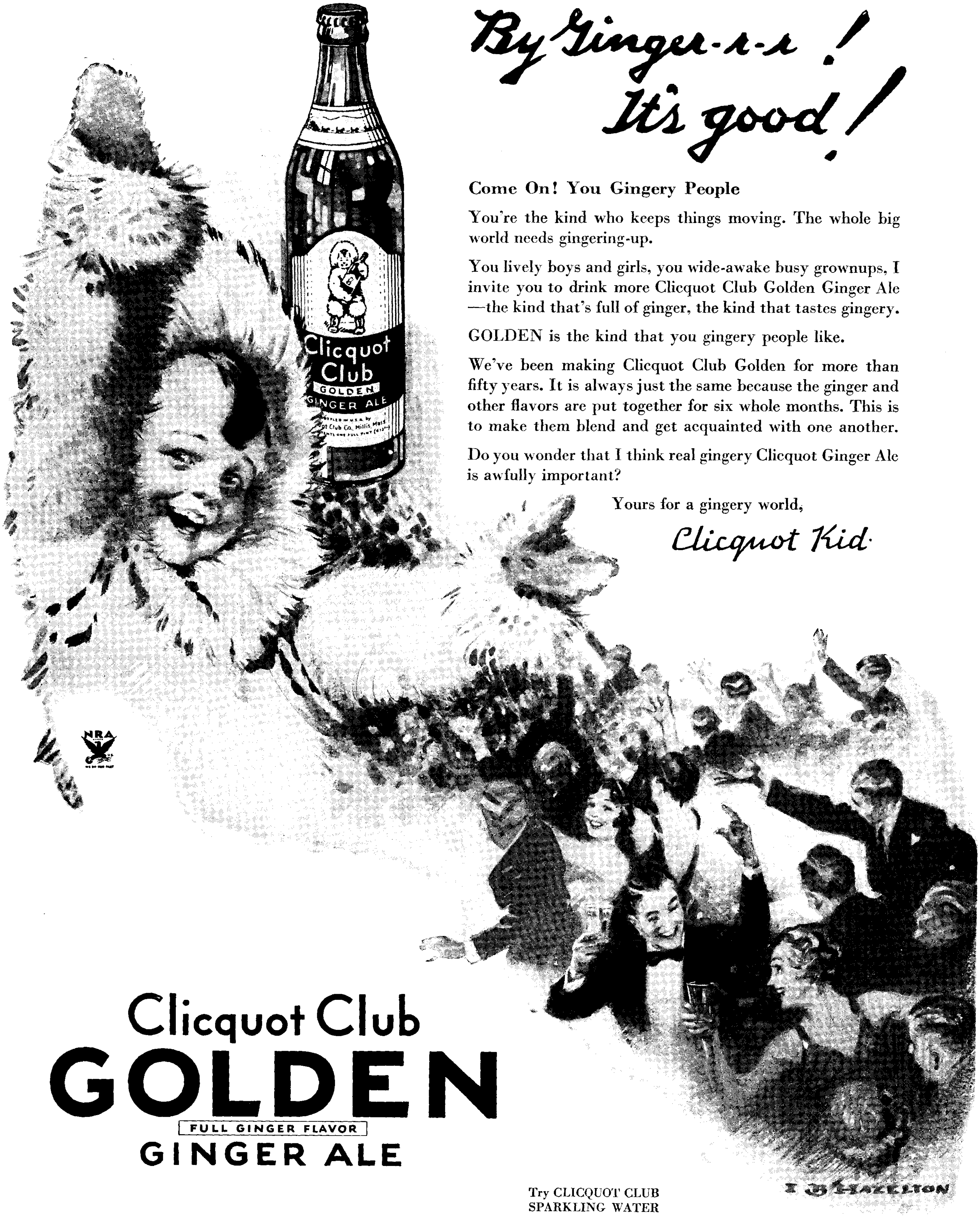

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It's up to Her

Continued from page 52

haunted her. She liked Gilbert; if she married him, probably she would like being Mrs. Gilbert Emory. . . .

Gilbert leaned down to kiss her and she discovered then the difference between kissing and merely being kissed, and was almost humble about it.

"I'm sorry, Gilbert. I'm dead, somehow."

Gilbert stared at her thoughtfully. "Only to me."

Apologetically she asked a question. "Not good enough?"

"By no means good enough!" assured Gilbert.

In his perfectly cut afternoon coat and his gray spats he walked across the floor to the door, but there he turned back briefly. "A man with millions might nevertheless have a preference in favor of being loved," he said. "Can you understand that?"

"Oh, yes!" assured Linda swiftly, with her eyes full of tears. "You're quite right about it, Gilly—it's lovely, being loved!"

THAT was the end of Gilbert Emory's attentions to Linda, and people began to whisper, hinting at scandal. If Gilbert Emory had taken himself elsewhere when he was so much in love with Linda, without doubt he had discovered something to her disadvantage that the world didn't know.

More time went by then.

Linda had always inclined toward slimness, but she was more than thin now. Her clothes hung upon her, her wrists and neck were fragile, and Horace scolded her.

"In this world some things must be learned," said Horace. "If you can't have a thing, learn to let go of it."

She tried conscientiously then not to hold on to the memory of Steve Dacey. Not to look for him in crowds. To shut her mind against him. Not to think of him at all.

On a day when her first waking thought failed to be of Steve, when she lay comfortably relaxed beneath her satin quilt planning her day quietly and complacently, she thought she was winning the fight.

And on that day Jim Lucas came to see her, and Jim had news, although he had condemnation for Linda first.

"Steve Dacey's one of the best," said Jim. "And you treated him like dirt!"

"Steve Dacey's one of the best," said Linda. "And treating him like dirt's the last thing I ever wanted to do!"

Jim, however, was not appeased.

"Steve's quit his job here," he informed cruelly. "He's giving up the flat. He's going so far away you'll never be able to reach him again!"

Linda looked at him. She went through the motion of smiling, though she was curiously white about the mouth. "Then he'll be quite safe against my deadly machinations," she said gently. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

Only, looking at her, Jim Lucas couldn't be sure it was what he wanted and he went away in a fog of perplexity.

AFTER Jim had gone, Linda put on her things.

She didn't, of course, know just how Steve felt toward her, but that didn't seem to make any difference. Steve was going to Central America and she had to see him before he sailed, and since he was sailing tonight, and this was Saturday afternoon, very likely Steve would be at the flat, attending to final arrangements.

She got into a cab and rode far downtown.

Presently she climbed the three familiar flights of stairs and let herself into the flat with her latchkey. If strangers lived here now, probably they'd have her arrested if her explanation seemed flimsy. But if Steve were there. . . .

Steve was there.

The little flat was so neat its neatness was accusing. Steve's bags were piled in a heap in the entrance hall and their significance overwhelmed her. Steve himself sat at the table in the breakfast nook, and when he saw her he dropped a silver fork squarely in the middle of a china plate and it broke with a sharp sound.

"Spying on me!" accused Steve. "Is that a nice thing to do?"

"Not spying," denied Linda. "I had to see you."

Steve stood up. He came toward her and his eyes were stormy.

"You had to see me!" he said in derision. "How long's it been since you saw me?"

"Six months, maybe five."

"'Six months, maybe five. . . .'" He reached out and laid his hands on her shoulders and his hands were not gentle. "How long has it been?"

"Six months and three days."

He looked at her. "Hunger's bad, and thirst's bad, but wanting to see you is worse."

"I know," said Linda humbly, and she did know.

"I should wring your neck for leaving me!" hinted Steve darkly.

"You should . . ." agreed Linda so whole-heartedly that he kissed her instead, and her arms clasped tight around his neck.

"I've been a millstone around your neck," reminded Linda. "Perhaps I'll always be a millstone!"

"Maybe I *like* millstones!" said Steve defiantly, and that was that.

THEY sailed together that night, and the first information I had of the reconciliation was in the third of the columnist's items which appeared next day:

"The beautiful ex-deb who recently deserted her young husband's bed and board for the superior comforts of Park Avenue has decided to give romance another try.

"She sailed for Central America last night—to the doubtless great regret of one of Gotham's gilded lads who has been much in evidence of late—with her husband, a husky hero who once earned considerable renown for himself on the football field.

"My congratulations to the lady for proving to a cynical columnist that romance is still potent!"

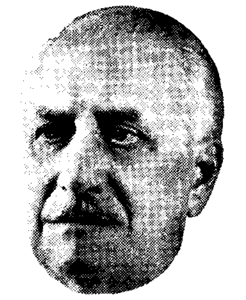
I called Horace and he told me it was true: Linda had sailed with Steve. Also he hinted that when time failed to settle their difficulties, he had been instrumental in getting Steve the chance in Central America.

"Which gives me considerable responsibility," said Horace. "It's a long way off, you know."

"They can always come back," I pointed out practically. "But I think this time they'll be all right. They've tried doing without each other and it didn't work. I'll wager that they name their first child after you within two years!"

"I'll take that bet," said Horace, and I thought his voice sounded wistful. "You see, it's a bet I'd like so much to lose!"

17 HEAD WAITERS *greet him by name*



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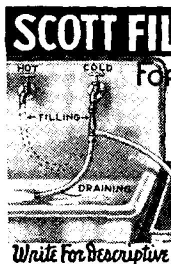

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PLASTIC WOOD

Wanted for Questioning

Continued from page 16

Few knew that Doheny, as host and friend, had once nursed Mr. Walsh back to health when the latter was mentally and physically broken by the death of his wife. All they saw was the gaunt, grim Walsh digging deep into a broken man's reputation. But that night, alone in his apartment, the cold Irishman who had been dramatized as "a disembodied mind" sobbed as he poured out to a mutual acquaintance his Spartan sorrow at having to hurt an old friend.

That scene, which might have been staged at some inquisition of the Middle Ages, still remains in Washington's memory as a warning that senators, and even Presidents, must be careful how they touch off the human and political dynamite buried deep in an apparently simple Senate investigation. And now it may be told that Mr. Walsh, and many others associated with him, never believed that Doheny had any guilty intent when he "loaned" $100,000 to Fall, his prospecting friend of Mexican days.

These inquiries also produce the Capital's best burlesque, for statesmen grow terribly serious, or comic, under the strain of sleuthing; it does something to the most sensible and restrained fellow, as it does to witnesses, reporters and the throngs waiting to turn thumbs down on a victim—any victim. When the notorious Gaston B. Means had made listeners shudder by a six-hour tale of official, organized corruption—or alleged corruption, for few believed much of his story—within White House circles during the Harding days, Senator Ashurst, not meaning to pun for once, said gravely: "Well, this is the first time I have known the Means to justify the end."

Then there was ex-Postmaster General Brown's testimony that Jim Farley had uttered an unmentionable phrase in describing such a good fellow-Democrat as Senator Black, the air mail investigator. Although it aroused nation-wide suspense and interest and kept Jim awake one whole night in wonder and worry, the awful term turned out to be "publicity hound." Few senators regard that as an unfriendly label.

The Spur of Hard Times

Depressions have always been a fine stimulant to the investigative instincts. Despite partisan sniping, Senate investigations have been responsible, though belatedly, for a great deal of reform and corrective legislation in many fields. It is not until some eloquent senator—a Borah or Walsh or Jim Reed, a Norris or LaFollette—gets mad at shameful conditions in industry or politics or high place, and arouses a similar anger in the press and public mind, that people and politicians are aroused from their natural state of lethargy. A review of the thirty great inquiries since 1900 shows that they have usually been followed by sufficient public indignation to force action even from reactionary administrations and legislatures.

Congress is not so eager to remedy conditions affecting its own ease and well-being. It required repeated revelations of political corruption to bring about enactment of a fairly decent Corrupt Practices Act in 1925 and, despite recurrent exposures of lobbyists over a fifty-year period, there has not yet been placed on the statute books an effective anti-lobby law. But now it seems to be on its way as another tribute to Senate investigations.

Contrary to popular opinion, few of these inquiries are "fishing expeditions;" they are forced marches into territory fairly well known and explored. Almost everybody at the Capital knew of the Harding scandals before they were given a senatorial try-out, and Harding himself, on his fatal trip to Alaska, regretfully told friends that he knew he must "clean house" on his return to Washington.

It is so in almost every instance, for Washington is a town of many speculative tongues and movable eyebrows. But those in power always laugh at voluntary tipsters and investigators who lack access to actual proof of their suspicions, and the public is slow to become interested in vague rumors. It is such an attitude that necessitates a senatorial scouring of the inside of the cup every so often.

Once an investigation has been authorized, and preliminary diggers begin to toss up mud and dirt, thousands of tipsters who know where more mud and dirt may be uncovered volunteer their services. The fear or silence which has shielded public or private wrongdoing then vanishes. Soreheads, honest government employees and newspaper men provide most of the original leads and subsequent information.

Agents at Work

Success of any investigation often depends on the skill shown in evaluating tips, in following them up and in analyzing witnesses and data they bring in. Just as Walsh turned up the inside story of the little black bag, a persistent or skillful investigator often develops fortuitous information that furnishes the key to the hidden plot.

Most of the facts brought out at open hearings are known to the committee before the doors of the committee room admit the morbid. Every investigation is assisted by a staff of agents who specialize in this work, and they check every tip, lead or suspicion even though it takes them to far ends of the earth, to the cells of penitentiaries, to the vaults of banks. Once a Walsh or Reed or Black, an Untermyer or Brandeis or Pecora, is ready to open fire, he knows as much about the squirming witnesses' deeds or misdeeds as they do. Formal rules of evidence do not apply, and defense lawyers and "fixers" need not apply. That may be why there is less perjury at Senate hearings than in the courtrooms.

Like everything else, Senate investigations have suffered a loss of color from modern methods of doing public and private business, but they have gained in effectiveness. People nowadays keep a more careful record of their transactions, and seizure of such documents as bank books, telegrams, diaries, income-tax reports, contract agreements and market memoranda supplies food and drink for a senatorial accountant. Pecora's men practically lived in the House of Morgan for weeks before they visited Washington, and digesting rather than digging up the evidence was the hardest part of the job.

Senator Black's access to Post Office files gave him a preview of the scenario he subsequently staged with Mr. Brown and commercial aviation officials as actors whose parts he already knew. When Senate sleuths traveled through Pennsylvania to get evidence of swollen expenditures in the Vare slush fund campaign, Governor Gifford Pinchot, hating Vare, opened the doors of state banks and smiled: "Walk in, gentlemen. We have nothing to hide." Year by year it is becoming more dangerous to get in the way of a Senate investigation.

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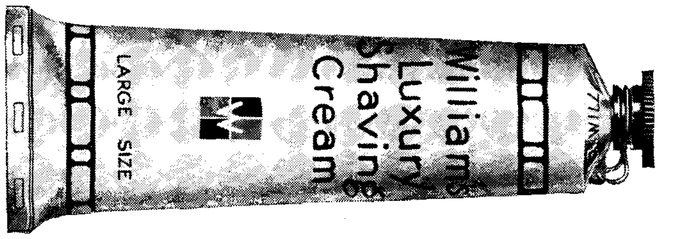

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Danger Point

Continued from page 17

The Madhouse was a combination restaurant, hotel and bar, within spending distance of the yards. The switchmen met there every night after work, the main inducement being mighty decent Bar Scat that sold for two-bits a pint.

"Didn't you tell her the place was a lemon?" I asked, as we crossed the rib track and opened the door of the shanty.

"What for? She'll know it herself in a week but by that time we'll be pretty well acquainted."

He strutted through the haze of stale tobacco smoke that hung heavily in the locker-room and threw himself down on a backless chair in front of the cannon stove. I crossed over to the lockers, where I found Teet Bailey getting into his brogans. As pin-puller of our crew, it was his job to get the engine out of the roundhouse, provided the fireman had her hot and the engineer didn't have to rebuild her. That's why he was always first into his work clothes.

Beyond the lockers issued the labored snores of bojacks and boomer tramp switchmen, using the shanty for a flop joint. Squatted about were other switchmen. The cannon stove was constantly sizzling as well-directed streams of tobacco juice hit its red-hot sides.

Prominent in this contest was "Burn-'Em-Up" Bill Slattery, our engineer. He didn't like the Stud Duck simply because he was so intensely devoted to the Big He. He considered the boy "a self-opinionated bag of wind ridin' to a fall."

"There was a fellow in here a little bit ago lookin' for you," said Bailey to the Stud Duck, as he struggled into his slicker. "He seemed to be very anxious to dust your chin with a handful of knuckles. Said you sent him on a wild goose chase for a job and when he came back you had beat it with his girl."

"The fireman," laughed the Stud Duck. "Well, let him show up—just let him show up."

HE DID. He walked into the shanty as we were getting ready to leave. A slender-hipped, square-jawed young chap with a nose that seemed constantly to be twitching a mute apology for belonging to the wrong face.

"I hate to do it," he said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to punch you in the nose."

"Oh, so you can't take a joke?" sneered the Stud Duck.

"I didn't mind that part of it," replied the young fellow; "even if I ain't worked for four months. But it was what you said to my girl when I was gone."

"If it was so bad why did she stick around for a couple of hours?"

"Because she thought you was on the level about that job and she wanted me to go to work."

"And for that reason you're goin' to punch me in the nose. Is that it?"

"That's sort o' the idea."

"Well, anything to oblige a friend."

The Stud Duck smiled as he spoke but almost instantly his face hardened and he shot a wicked right for the stranger's jaw. That it didn't connect was as much a surprise to me as it was to the Stud Duck. The stranger's head swung from the punch and, while the Stud Duck was still fanning the air with his fist, he uncorked a beautiful left that smacked against the Stud Duck's jaw and sent him flying backwards into the pile of slumbering bojacks and boomer tramp switchmen. In two seconds he had the corner of the shanty to himself. He sat on the floor rubbing his jaw, his eyes roving stupidly around the room.

"I didn't mean to hit you so hard," apologized the young man. "I just wanted to put you in your place."

"You did," said Slattery dryly. "You put him over there with them yardies from Pocatello, and that's where he belongs."

No good switchman likes to be referred to as a "yardy from Pocatello." It means he's a boomer in the rankest sense of the word, bouncing around from one road to another and working only long enough to get gin money.

The Stud Duck's face reddened. He struggled to his feet, then suddenly charged his opponent with lowered head. It was waste motion. The latter side-stepped and once more smacked the unprotected chin. Whereupon, the Stud Duck obligingly draped himself around one end of the lockers and took no further interest in the matter.

TEN minutes later we were out in the yards working our engine as if nothing had happened. The first move we made was to line up the perishable freight for Number 80, a St. Louis-Chicago red ball. After the stuff was on the lead track, we put our engine in the clear and waited for her to roll in. She was due at 7:09 and you could set your watch by her. The rain was getting heavier and colder every minute so I took the opportunity to mosey up to the engine cab and soak up a little heat.

"What did you think of the scrap?" I asked Slattery.

"Didn't know the Stud Duck had it in him," he drawled.

"He's got his points," I offered defensively.

Slattery shook his head.

"He's a bad boy, Tubby. . . . Oh, yes, he is. I worked with the Big He when he was a Stud Duck himself and he never acted like that. You know, Tubby, I know the old man—like a brother. He'd like for the kid to be nice to him."

"Maybe that works both ways," I said. "The kid's done a six months' stretch with no demerits and has the Big He said anything nice to him about that? He has not."

"Well, he told me—" began Slattery, but I cut him short.

"Sure, he told you. And the kid told me. And they never tell each other. Why do you blame it all on the Stud Duck?"

"It's the way he acts when he does run into the old man." Slattery spat at the fire box. "He goes out of his way to be nasty as if he thinks the Big He wants to fight him every time they meet. Take the other night, f'instance. I'm over at the Madhouse spongin' up some Bull Frog beer when—"

Number 80 screeched somewhere down the main track and Slattery's hand automatically reached for the throttle. I dropped down out of the cab and rejoined the Stud Duck on the rear end. Number 80 rolled to a stop and we quickly doubled her fill-in ahead of the caboose. The car monkeys coupled her up and she steamed out into the storm.

In the routine work that followed I was struck by the extreme quietness of the Stud Duck. It was Slattery's opinion that the licking had sobered him up a bit.

Our last job for the first stretch was to cut a café car out of the passenger train, due in at 11:48. We had cleaned up the switch list an hour early and were waiting for her down by the sheds. Slattery was explaining to me how

(Continued on page 58)

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Danger Point

Continued from page 56

much it cost him for school books for his six kids when the Stud Duck moved in to dry out in front of the firebox. He scowled at Slattery, probably suspecting the hogger was talking about him.

"Keep your shirt on," he growled. "You'll have plenty of time to tell him yourself tomorrow."

"Tell who?" Slattery's face flushed angrily.

"The Big He."

"About what?"

"Aw, you know—that punch in the jaw."

Slattery's face took on a childish grin.

"You mean two punches, don't you?" he asked innocently.

"Erts-nay to you, brother!" The Stud Duck started to swing down from the cab but paused on the step and looked back up at the hogger. The ugly scowl was gone from his face and his eyes had suddenly grown bright.

"DIDN'T the Big He make some sort of a record cutting a café car out of the 11:48?"

"Not some sort of a record," replied Slattery. "He made *the* record. Two minutes and three seconds, by the best twenty-one-jeweled double-roller that ever hung in a hock-shop window. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'," grinned the Stud Duck, "except we're goin' to knock the slats out of that record or this company'll need a new engine in the mornin'. C'm'on, let's romp on it!"

He dropped down out of sight and Slattery threw me an amused glance.

"The squirt's loco," he said, "but he's the boss."

His hand reached for the throttle and he eased the engine into life. Neither one of us thought there was a chance to beat the Big He's time. True, our engine was the first monkey-motion, superheated pig with an air Johnson bar that had worked the yards, but two minutes and three seconds was record time in any man's language.

The 11:48 rolled down the main past us and eased to a gentle stop under the sheds. Slattery tied into her rear end and backed the engine away the instant the pin was lifted and the air cut. Three car lengths back he gave us the slack. From that point on I didn't have much to do with it. Neither did Teet Bailey, the head shack. It was all the Stud Duck. He was every place at once.

The crew on the 11:48 knew that something was up and rolled out of the cushions to watch. What they saw was our switch engine bouncing from track to track while above the growling and clanking of angry metal could be heard the Stud Duck's high-pitched voice as he cursed our hogger to greater speed.

"Don't wait for signals, sucker!" he screamed. "Big-hole her!"

Slattery did as he was told and the coupling was made so easily an egg wouldn't have been broken. As we slid back into the siding, the Stud Duck reached for his watch. So did I. We had done the job in *one minute and forty-five seconds.* The Stud Duck grinned at Slattery.

"He may know about that punch in the jaw," he said, "but it won't make very good conversation now."

In ten minutes we had the engine on the clinker pit and her fire knocked. I was intending to go straight home from the shanty but the Stud Duck said he was good for a thumb-dip of Sam Clay, so Slattery and I moseyed over to the Madhouse with him.

We walked into the restaurant, intending to go through the back way into the barroom. Who should be sitting on the first stool but the Big He, himself.

"Hi, boys," he said, and then his eyes came to rest on his son. A moment's silence, then, "Nice work. I heard about it down at the station."

"Wasn't much," grunted the Stud Duck. He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly as he walked toward the rear door. A frown flashed across the Big He's face but he said nothing.

Having less courage than the kid, Slattery and I oozed up to the counter and sat down. I was just reaching for the menu when a loud oath from the Stud Duck turned my attention toward the rear door. There he stood, swearing as he yanked on the knob. The door refused him. He began to pound on the wall.

"Who the hell done this?" he shouted wrathily.

A girl came out of the kitchen. Her hair was as red as a new caboose and her eyes, for the moment at least, were much bigger than the jewels in a brewery horse's bridle.

"Get away from that door or I'll wrap a loaf of rye around your neck!"

"You can't get away with this!" growled the Stud Duck.

"Well, I'm doin' it," snapped the girl. "And what's more, I'm goin' to keep on doin' it. This is a chow house and not the main entrance to a gin mill."

The Stud Duck flushed an angry red. His eyes shifted from the girl to his father. Mine followed. The Big He was going through the motions of eating but I detected a faint smile hovering on his lips. Maybe the Stud Duck saw it, too; maybe he didn't. I do know, however, that he whirled on the girl, his face trembling with rage.

"Aw, go bury your head!" He turned and walked toward the front door.

"We have some nice pot-pies!" the girl called after him, but he continued on through the doorway. She was laughing when she returned to the counter and faced us. "Smart kid," she said, "but I can tell you what's wrong with him."

"What?"

It was the Big He who spoke.

"Motheritis," replied the girl. "Know what I mean?"

"I think I do," said the Big He quietly. "How much do I owe you?"

"Well, now, let's see. Thirty-five—and the pie; that's forty—and a side order of—"

"Keep the change," said the Big He, tossing a dollar bill on the counter. He nodded good night to us and walked out.

"A buck!" exclaimed the girl joyously, fingering the bill. Then—"I wonder whose safe he cracked?"

"You mean you don't know him?" I asked.

"Never saw him before in my life. Who is he?"

"The father of the bird you just bawled out."

"Aw, say now!"

WITHIN two weeks, the Greasy Spoon was doing a terrific business. Mealtime found the switchmen lined up as far as the roundhouse and back and not a squawk from any of them as long as she didn't run out of pot-pies.

But she didn't get the Stud Duck for a customer. To make matters worse, Slattery peddled the restaurant incident to the boys in the yards. It was an occasion for much whooping on their part; they had taken too much from the Stud Duck already. The latter sensed their change of attitude but he was too

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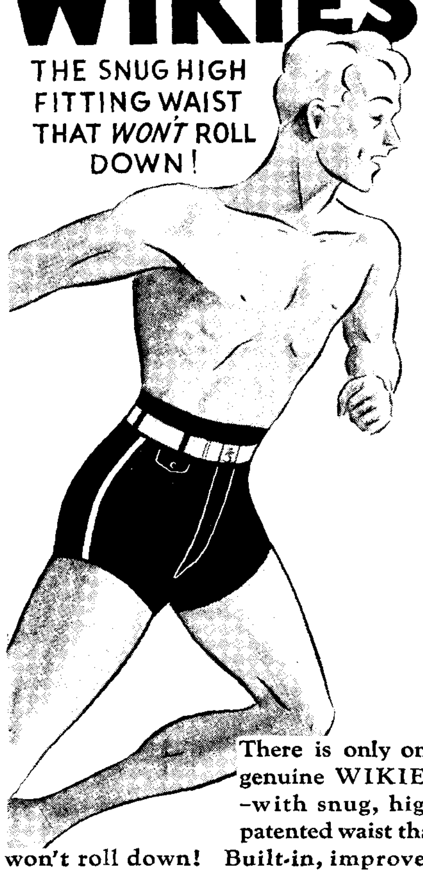
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game to admit anything. He went about talking as freely as before but I noticed that ladies were not the main topic of his conversation. Also, if a fellow workman had the misfortune to scramble a car of eggs he commiserated with him instead of charging it up to stupidity. In other words, he tried to be a good fellow.

Then we lost our bakehead. He had finished his four-year stretch on the left side of the boiler and the Big He lifted him to a hogger's job on a coal drag. That night we were in the yard office looking at the board to see who was marked up with us. "Jimmy Flannigan," the board read.

"It's the only name I had to offer," somebody said behind us. We turned around. There stood the tallowpot with the wiggly nose. I shot a quick glance at the Stud Duck. His reaction frightened me. For a moment, I thought he was going to faint. But he didn't.

"So you're Flannigan," he said, his voice ominously quiet. "Well, I hope you're as good with a shovel as you are with your fists."

FLANNIGAN laughed good-naturedly.

"On straight tracks, yes. On curves, no. But I need the job and I'll make good; no kiddin'. I'm goin' to be married Christmas Day and—"

"That's fine," said the Stud Duck. "So you're goin' to get married? Well, congratulations."

He slapped him on the back and sent him over to the roundhouse with Bailey. As the door closed behind the two, he stared at me. His eyes were the size of pin-points and there was a suggestion of moisture on his upper lip.

"It ought to be a nice night," he said, making an effort to speak calmly. "A little cold and plenty of sleet—but that's the way I like it."

I grabbed him by the arm.

"Listen, kid," I whispered, "don't get yourself in a hole. It isn't worth it."

He swept my arm aside.

"The Big He can do no wrong," he said coldly. "It's just the Stud Duck who's the fall guy; always the fall guy. This time he throws this monkey-faced Flannigan at me when the yard is bogged down with ice and there's a chance of suspendin' traffic. What's he do it for? He wants to see me crack when the goin' gets tough; that's what he wants. Well, I ain't goin' to crack—see? Not me. When I'm through with that Mick tonight, he'll just be able to crawl home and tell the redhead what a boomer really is."

And with that ultimatum, he opened the door and walked out into the storm. I followed, considerably relieved; at least, he wasn't contemplating murder.

It was an ugly night. A steady fall of snow soon followed the sleet and by seven o'clock had succeeded in erasing most of the webbed pattern of tracks in the yards. And over all was the tensed feeling of possible disaster.

But bad weather didn't stop the Stud Duck. He was out to get Flannigan, to bend him in the middle by his own labors and bad-order him off the job. Not a stalling moment; not a chance to draw on the old pipe. It was nothing but work—work—and then more work. Even Slattery, who benefited by the heat of the fire box, was taking on a lavender complexion on the right side of his face.

Usually, we knocked off around midnight and then started again at three-thirty, but there was no let-up this night. The first evidence of trouble came when the two big hooks lumbered out of the yards bound for Dennis Creek, where a fast freight had rammed a snowdrift and knocked itself off the track.

Then more trouble from the south of us. The zinc works, one of the biggest coal consumers on our line, was running short of slack. The contract said the kilns had to be kept hot or the railroad company paid through the nose. All day long four switch crews had shuttled back and forth to supply the retorts but, with the increasing storm, three of them had beat themselves out of water and the fourth had turned turtle on the south-bound main, ripping up a block of track.

There was no big hook available, so we were ordered to grab seven hoppers of coal and an extra commissary car to take care of the switch crews who were struggling to get the track in shape. We dug the comfort car out of a cake of ice and discovered that it was as free of food as a fish is of dandruff. But that didn't stop the Stud Duck. He tied into the hoppers, threw us out on the main and high-tailed for the zinc works. Just in front of the Greasy Spoon he signed Slattery to clean the clock. The latter didn't know what it was all about but he threw the engine into emergency just the same and the train came to a shivering stop. The Stud Duck beckoned me to follow him into the restaurant. The redhead was waiting on a customer.

"We gotta have all the grub you got," demanded the Stud Duck.

"For money, brother, you can have everything."

"There's no dough," said the Stud Duck, "but there's four switch crews starvin' down the line. Do I get it or don't I?"

"Everything—includin' his order," replied the girl, pointing to her customer. "Call in your help and let's get goin'."

We cleaned out that joint in nothing flat and when we were on our way again the girl was in the commissary car throwing a mulligan together that smelled good the length of the train.

It was downhill all the way to the zinc works but that didn't keep Slattery from dropping her down in the corner. The short train jumped from joint to joint and sky rockets poured out of the stack, screaming defiance to the falling snow.

WE WERE frosted over when we slid into our destination. Talk about a mess. Not only had the wrecked engine ripped up the south-bound main but it had also plowed into another engine on the siding. To make matters worse, the wind had blown the water crane around and a leak had formed a small mountain of ice on the north-bound main.

The holed-in switchmen had worked themselves into complete exhaustion and little had been accomplished. They were hungry and frozen to the bone and the mere sight of the comfort car started them milling around like so many crazy men. We hustled them into the car, side-tracked it, and then spotted the slack cars over the retorts.

"The Lark is due past here at 1:17," said the Stud Duck, glancing at his watch. "We've got ten minutes to clear the north-bound main."

"What with?" grumbled Bailey. "If four crews couldn't—"

"I'm runnin' this outfit," interrupted the Stud Duck. "Let's get this goat out on the main and see if she'll butt. If she won't there'll be five crews out of commission."

It took just five minutes to knock off the ice and clear the main for the Lark.

"Tell that one to the Big He!" crowed the Stud Duck to Slattery as we crossed over to the south-bound main to tackle the wreckage there. Slattery failed to reply. He sat crouched in his seat, one hand holding the right side of his face.

A man came running from the zinc works. He waved his arms wildly in the air.

"The telephone!" he shrieked. "The

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

yardmaster's calling! Something's happened up north!"

The Stud Duck leaped to the ground and dashed madly toward the company's office. I started to follow but Flannigan called me back. "Slattery's caved," he said. I rushed up into the cab and found the hogger lying in the tender screaming with pain. The right side of his face was frozen. Gently but quickly we picked him up and carried him over to the comfort car on the siding. We returned just as the Stud Duck came bounding toward the engine.

"There's a runaway caboose and three freight cars comin' down the northbound main!" he cried hoarsely. "They wired the south tower to stop the Lark but it had already passed. We got to do somethin'! The cross-over track is runnin' the wrong way to ditch the runaway and—"

From far down the track came the whining screech of the Lark. Somewhere north of us a runaway train was flying to meet it. Flannigan brought his fists together with a resounding smack.

"Hurry!" he cried. "Kick that switch over and let me get this hog back on the main."

He started for the engine. The Stud Duck grabbed him by the shoulder.

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Meet the runaway and knock it off the track."

"That's suicide!" cried the Stud Duck.

"No, it's not," said Flannigan, "it's just *my* job."

"There's somethin' in that," replied the Stud Duck and swung an uppercut to his chin, knocking him into a snowdrift. "Kick that switch, Tubby, and then take that monkey over to the redhead where he belongs."

He sprang up into the cab and grabbed the throttle. I lifted the switch ball and let her go through. Then I dropped it and he kicked her into reverse. The black shadow bit into the tracks and roared past me into the night. For a moment I stood there paralyzed, then a closer blast from the approaching Lark snapped me out of it. I screamed to the men in the comfort car and they came tumbling out.

"Red lights!" I shrieked. "We've got to stop the Lark!"

"You've got 'em," called a feminine voice and, in a flash, I saw the redhead deliberately grab the hot commissary stove with her bare hands, and shove it out the door. It landed on the space between the siding and the main, popping open when it hit. Men tore the shirts from their half-frozen bodies and touched them to the red coals. Others ran down the tracks to meet the oncoming train, wildly waving their lanterns and praying that they would be seen. A headlight flashed around the turn in the near background. Its size increased at alarming speed—then came the responsive blasts to our signal.

I waited no longer but turned and ran sobbing up the track. The icy wind crept into my lungs and had me gasping at every step. But on I went—stumbling—cursing—falling—

And then I saw it. A mountain of twisted wreckage, latticed with the shadows of dancing flames; a myriad tongues licking hungrily at the shapeless mass. My senses were paralyzed at the fearsome crackle of burning wood and the labored hiss of steam that escaped from the dying engine. It had telescoped the runaway and was wearing it for a shroud.

"Ya-hoo!"

Above the hiss and crackle it came, a thin voice pitched to madness. The Stud Duck! I turned and dashed madly toward its source, a gully that paralleled the tracks.

I *found* him there, lying on his back, scratched and torn, his right leg twisted up under him. I dropped down by his side. He looked up at me, bravely trying to smile.

"I joined the birds, Tubby, just before they met. . . . Easy now, the right pin's busted."

I gathered him up in my arms. His eyes suddenly went moist. "Tubby, you know what the Big He said to me over the phone? He said, 'Son, if you can't do it, nobody can.' That's what he said to me, Tubby, he really did."

And the Stud Duck cried all the way down the track.

Duluth Smells Ocean Breezes

Continued from page 15

injunction added his locomotive's whistle to the din. "You can't have a canal," the officer said, brandishing the injunction. "Maybe not," the common council said, "but it appears mighty like we got it anyhow!"

And Duluth still has it. But instead of being a narrow ditch shored with hand-adzed planks, it is now wide and splendid, with concrete walls between which the premier ships of the world may glide without touching; and it has long breakwaters, with lighthouses and all the up-to-date signaling appliances and a United States Coast Guard station. Over the watery trail blazed by the tiny Fera now moves the second largest tonnage of all ports of the nation—ocean or lake. In 1871 a hundred and fifty-eight vessels arrived in Duluth. In the next year the number was doubled because of the canal, and because Jerry Cooley went into the fish business. In 1930 eight thousand one hundred and ninety-eight ships, of a net aggregate tonnage of more than thirty-five million, came and departed with passengers, coal, coke, grain, limestone, iron and copper ore and dairy products. Only New York, aided by its overseas trade, leads in annual statistics the port which is known to every resident of Duluth as Duluth Harbor, to every resident of Superior as Superior Harbor, and to the Federal Government as Duluth-Superior Harbor.

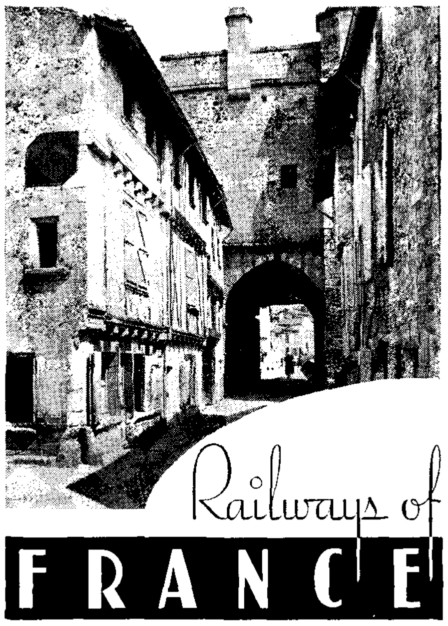
"New York will have to take a back seat, for Duluth will be the busiest American port when the ocean comes here," my friend Seaway Sam predicted wistfully.

When the ocean comes to Duluth!

The Prophet of the Seaway

Around the grand modern successor to their brave ditch hover each night, so it is said, the spirits of the men who gave Duluth its start as a port in spite of hell and glacial water and Congress that springtime week-end many years ago. Any bona fide Duluthian, dejected or heavy-laden, may wander down there and the lake winds will bring to him their whispers to hold to the faith. The ocean will come; that was their vision, long ago. For even in the year they broke through to the lake, the people of Duluth met for a purpose of wider moment. On August 8th the council hall was crowded to the lintels, yet strangely hushed, when Mayor Markell said: "Friends, Mr. Lewis A. Thomas has got something he'd like to say to us."

Mr. Thomas spoke through a long evening, and there was neither stir nor



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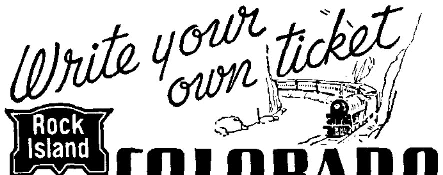

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sound. He talked quietly; for you do not have to shout when your words bear illustrious thoughts. He talked; and the walls fell away and there ran the open seas of the world. We have built our homes and cast our daily lives, he said in effect, beside the very greatest, the most truly providential, of the abundant natural resources of our land; beside one of the sublimest of the earth's geographical wonders—the Great Lakes. It is the only natural highway to the heart of our continent; lacking it, the gentleman of France whose name we commemorate, Daniel Greysolon, Sieur du Lhut, could not have come in his day. Except for a few links—matters easily within the skill of engineers—it is a broad, deep waterway down which we can ply at top speed in those newfangled steamships, carrying our products to all nations; and their products and their people likewise may come to us.

It is not, he said with emphasis, something intangible; something indefinite or visionary or problematical; something that must be wholly created out of nothing. This magnificent utility lies under our keels now, virtually completed; and needs only such improvements as the ingenuity of man usually imparts, for his greater comfort and service, to all means his race has found on earth. Thus he talked; and the room seemed filled with the rustling of palms and the fugitive pungency of tea bushes in hot, moist fields. He finished; and there was a play of paper and pen. Soon a resolution lay upon the table. It called on Congress to open the Great Lakes to the sea; and it pledged coöperation, toward the furtherance of that ideal, with sister towns and states of the Lakes and their hinterlands. That was the beginning.

Hope That Never Dies

You have to visit Duluth, meet its people, listen to their problems, and try to see their visions impartially, eye to eye with them, in order to understand the city's devotion to the Seaway cause. Also, you must dust off a book or two about its old days and ways and worthies. Then you will perceive that the battle lines pushed forward through sixty-odd years are not going to be turned by one day's setback. You will be convinced that the Seaway, far from being dead and buried because of its rejection in the Senate, today is endowed with more vitality and greater importance than ever.

For a huge segment of the continental United States—embracing more than fifty per cent of the country's agriculturally produced wealth, almost fifty per cent of its manufactured-products value, and nearly half of its entire population—the defeat of the Seaway has etched its merits and benefits in sharper outlines and more alluring colors. Frustration has clothed it with brighter values, lent its countenance more august beauty and its body more desirability. Duluth is the dogged spokesman for this area, as it expects one day to be its world port. Because the Seaway is not merely a local or sectional or narrowly international question, but one of the major problems, the outstanding riddles, of the United States and of this Administration; and because in the social and economic and political dramas yet unplayed in our generation it must fill an ever-increasing part, I think you will find a trip to Duluth with me today both enjoyable and enlightening.

Modern Duluth is as bonny physically as it is one-minded intellectually. Texas Guinan once said that after you leave New York every town you come to is Bridgeport, Connecticut. There are distinctive exceptions to that rule of boredom. Duluth is one. From a Dnieper River bluff there is a view of Kiev, jewel of old Russia, set in lime trees, which frets the most worldly heart with elusive bitter-sweet memories. Duluth is like that; it kindles in the stranger, when first he beholds it, a gentle nostalgia for his own home town.

Once virgin forests grew to the lake's edge. Now, save in the parks, there are only second-growth jack-pines, and blueberries so dense that in July they cover the fields like a smoky purple frosting. Duluth is an outdoor city. You will not soon forget a winter hour spent as an onlooker in Chester Park; its lofty ski-jump (shee-yump up here) and rinks and bypaths crowded with the apple-cheeked third generation of fine and clean people from Scandinavia, black trees trimmed with snow tufts, and the blue sky above. Duluth is built on the notched slopes of a ridge that from water level mounts to an elevation of six hundred feet within a few short city blocks. This has bred in the citizenry some of the attributes of mountain goats.

Despite what you may have heard, Duluth is not unbearably cold in wintertime, except when the wind is from the northeast—the direction in which the city faces, straight up the lake. But the lake wind does not blow daily; nor frequently. Between spells Duluth's air is —shall we say, bracing? It was having a warm turn when I was there; it was up to 28 below zero, and the cops looked wilted in their raccoon coats.

If Duluth—where babes are weaned on graphs and charts, and school children learn their elementary arithmetic through the figuring of port statistics —had the writing of the golden book of fame, Thaddeus Stevens' name would lead all the rest. It was Thad, legislative giant of the mid-nineteenth-century expansion period, who set the tonic for the symphony of grandiose destiny which Duluth has been pounding ever since—with improvised overtones of civic martyrdom. Duluth, at first, thought of itself principally as a mining town. The first movement of whites toward that wild region began when into the settled country east and south vague tales sifted of Indian legends that the whole shore of Lac Supérieure was a vast copper mine. Duluth has since become, in truth, one of the chief ore-handling centers. But Thad Stevens, looking around with a prophetic eye in the year that Duluth first appeared on the official map of the United States, 1862, opined that some day the greatest city in the universe would develop as a port at the westernmost head of Lake Superior.

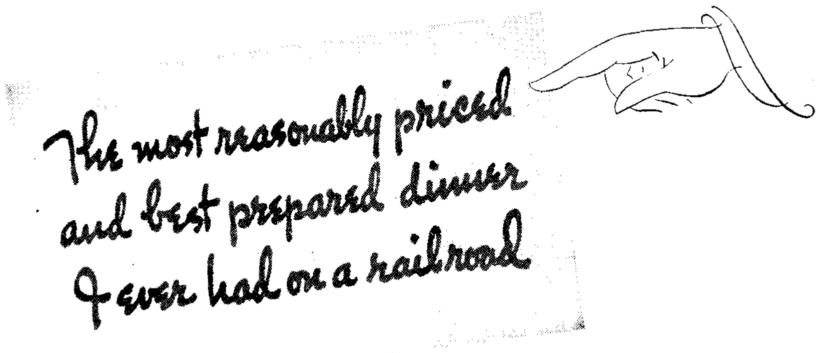
Duluth Leads the Parade

This forecast was the invisible lash that cracked over Duluth in its defiant building of the first canal. Subsequently, it has been tacked invisibly under every "God Bless Our Home" in Duluth. It is a definition of the future that cannot be legislated out of Duluth's lexicon because its people are historically tough; gifted with peculiar constancy. Of course there have been heretics; and selfish abuses of the Seaway ideal. Rufus Wallingfords of real estate have indulged in occasional shellackings of widows and orphans. Many's the "ocean-front lot" that has been sold by serpent tongues and brass-band hoopla; and some of those palmed off to out-of-town folks are not even near the lake. But for the most part individual activities related to the Seaway have been as fine and clean as the community fervor for it.

Other Great Lakes cities, aspiring in their own rights, might each have its notion as to which is going to be the

(Continued on page 62)

FOUND
on a dining car table


The most reasonably priced and best prepared dinner I ever had on a railroad

THIS business card was left on a table in the dining car of our Sunset Limited, somewhere between New Orleans and California It bore the name of a man high in the consular service of a foreign country. We hope he will see this advertisement and know again that we appreciate his thoughtfulness

People seldom take the trouble to compliment a railroad on its service. So we are a little more than pleased with the many letters and comments praising our "Meals Select."

Luncheons and dinners are priced at 80c, 90c, $1, $1.10 and $1.25, depending upon the entree you select. Soup, salad, vegetables, bread and butter, beverage and dessert are included in these prices. Club breakfasts range from 50c to 90c.

Fooling the SUN

You can't go anywhere in summer without running into warm weather somewhere en route. But you need not suffer from the heat on your trip to California this summer. Club cars, observation cars, dining cars, room cars and lounge cars on our Sunset Limited, Cascade, Golden State Limited and Overland Limited will be *air-conditioned* Cool, filtered air will keep these cars always comfortable.

Go one S.P. way to CALIFORNIA —return another

Our four leading trains—Sunset Limited, Golden State Limited, Cascade and Overland Limited—approach California through four widely different scenic regions. By going to California on one of these trains and returning on another you can, we think, see more of the West than in any other way. From most eastern and mid-western cities, you pay no extra rail fare for this privilege.

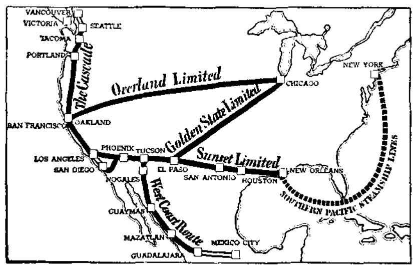
Most of the outstanding scenic attractions of the West are served by Southern Pacific rails. We can show you the towering granite cliffs of Yosemite, the mysterious blue of Crater Lake, trees so big that roads have been cut through their trunks, Carlsbad Caverns, Great Salt Lake, Del Monte, and many more. You can include most of these in your Southern Pacific roundtrip ticket to California this summer

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Any railroad agent can route you to California and back over Southern Pacific.

Low summer fares

This year you can travel from any eastern city to California for a lot less money than last year. Reduced summer fares will be in effect from May 15 to October 15, with return limit October 31. (For example, $86 roundtrip from Chicago to Los Angeles, $85.15 to New Orleans, with similar fares from other cities.) A Pullman lower berth, Chicago to California, costs only $15.75 as against $23.63 last year.



This little map shows the routes of our four leading trains between the East and California. By going to California on one of these trains and returning on another, you see more of the West and more of the United States than on any other railroad.

There is no extra fare charge on any Southern Pacific train. The Overland Limited, Sunset Limited, Cascade and Golden State Limited will carry air-conditioned cars this summer.

Write Mr. BARTLETT

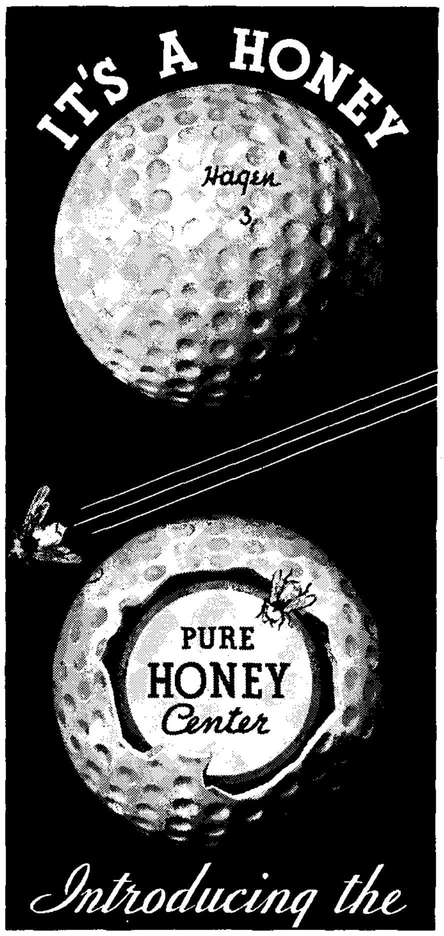
Mr. Bartlett, our Passenger Traffic Manager in Chicago, will be glad to answer any questions about a trip to the Pacific Coast or Mexico. Mail the coupon, or write him a letter, telling him the places you'd like to see, when you plan to leave, etc. *Ask about the low cost of checking your automobile to your destination.*

O. P. BARTLETT, Dept H-4, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Send me information on a trip to__________I plan to leave about__________and will have_____ days for my trip. There will be_______ persons in my party. Please send me literature on—

☐ PACIFIC COAST ☐ MEXICO

Name ____________________

Address______________ City________



HAGEN
HONEY
Center
GOLF BALL

Boy—here is a genuine honey in the literal sense of that expressive expression! For here is a discovery in golf ball construction that will amaze the entire golfing world. The answer is a center material made entirely of pure natural honey—the real thing.

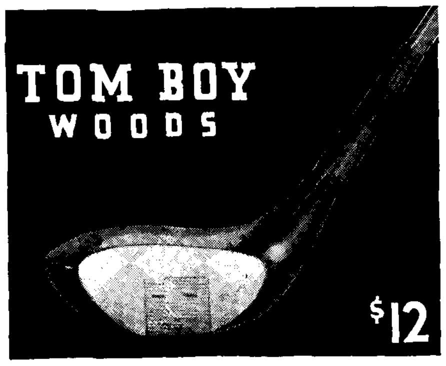
Why honey, you ask? For the simple and extraordinary reasons that honey is the only substance known to science that has sufficient natural weight (needs no foreign weighting element which gets out of balance)—will last indefinitely—has undreamed of elasticity and resilience—is not affected by climatic changes—and does not evaporate. Isn't that a natural?

You've never played such a remarkable ball. Its balance and remarkable liveliness stays put permanently.

Play one of these new Hagen Honey Centers and you too will say—"What could be sweeter!" Try a long shot or a tough putt. Mark the exceptional resiliency and added liveliness!

Here is a truly true ball of astonishing accuracy that will add unbounded pleasure to your long and short game and cut your score to new lows. *"It's a Honey!"* 75c. each. Other Hagen balls 75c, 50c, and 35c each.

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Hagen Products



(Continued from page 61)

metropolis; and your reporter is a peaceable fellow who loves everybody and takes no sides. None of its allies, however, withhold from Duluth credit for sole possession of the sentimental baton in the National Seaway Movement, so called. If they did, their opponents would set them right. The anti-Seaway men know their foes. And it is upon the name and pretensions of Duluth that they call down the utmost ridicule. Duluth does not mind; it was inoculated against contempt by a speech in Congress, long, long ago—in 1871, the red-letter year of its annals.

Today you would probably have a difficult time finding a Kentuckian who has ever heard of Proctor Knott. He was a representative from that state, of the silvery tongues and chimeful tonsils political school which tinkled in the best mint julep decades. Proctor was easy-going but constitutionally distrustful of empire builders. One day a question of grants to railroad interests in the St. Croix River country was under discussion; favorable action, the House was told, would benefit Duluth. Here the fidgeting gentleman from Kentucky arose:

"Duluth?" he asked. "Duluth? Ah, my friends, I feel a profound humiliation in my ignorance because the dulcet syllables of this name have never before ravished my delighted ear. Now, as first I hear it, the name Duluth falls upon my senses with indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth? But where *is* Duluth, my colleagues?" On and on went Proctor, in words that fell upon the entranced House like a shower of flower petals, conducting an oratorical search through many an imaginary atlas and many a figurative tome, for Duluth. Unsuccessful in the first hour, darkly suspicious that "Duluth was but the ethereal creation of intellectual frostwork," diligence at last brought him face to face with the truth that: "Duluth, my friends, is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it!"

It was a lengthy speech, but rare are the citizens of modern Duluth unfamiliar with the whole of it. They laugh at it; but you can tell that underneath it marks, for them, the articulate beginning of a sectional prejudice, of misunderstanding and indifference which have left Duluth isolated in the land. Business men of Duluth, and of the whole territory involved in her fate, seem convinced that Seaway obstructionism is due not at all to honest conclusions, but wholly to provincialism and selfishness. Indeed, the existence of this belief among *all* classes is undeniable, and grave because it is so widespread. The farmer, every bit as much as the miller; the miner, quite as strongly as the operator; the cashier, equally with the banker, believe that the economic salvation of the north Middle West lies down the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the sea.

Seaway Sam Speaks

I asked my friend, Seaway Sam, to interpret these convictions for us; also, to justify Duluth's passion for the Seaway, and its certainty that the Seaway will be built. No one is better qualified to do so. He is called Seaway Sam by his fellow citizens, not in derision, but in affectionate tribute to the selfless zeal with which he has studied the Seaway until every aspect of it lies resolved at his mental fingertips, so that when he speaks it is not as an individual, but as the informed mouthpiece of his city.

"If the political tempers and circumstances of today," he said, "were similar to those of sixty years ago—secession times—the mood in a dozen powerful states would be to secede and join with Canada in the construction of the Seaway. We have the three essentials to self-sufficient human society: agriculture, mining and forests. We need only unrestricted transportation facilities. With access to the ocean, Duluth, Superior, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and all the other cities and states on the Lakes or adjacent to them would be quite independent of New York and the eastern, southern and far western states that have conspired to keep our commercial wings clipped.

"Fargo, North Dakota, for example, would be only a little more than 200 miles, Bismarck less than 450, from an ocean port, instead of 1,500 and 1,700 respectively from the New York seacoast. Think over our roster of cities and states, the list of those marooned from ocean traffic and handicapped in competition with the low rates available to seacoast cities and states through the Panama Canal. We should have comprised a separate nation of some caliber, eh? Secession is fantastic today, beyond all sane thought; but sections can be alienated by the cupidity of others, and the ill-will and bitterness and lack of co-operation for the common national good which result are ugly enough.

"We feel as we do about the Seaway because men of ranking intellect in our national affairs have avowed it—some bluntly, some tacitly. Franklin K. Lane, of Wilson's Cabinet, said that the Great Lakes would become the American Mediterranean. Coolidge, Captain Robert Dollar, Walsh of Montana, Harriman of the United States Chamber of Commerce, both Roosevelts. I could name hundreds, many equally outstanding.

"Whenever someone tells me it is natural for the railroads to oppose the Seaway, I think of Jim Hill—the kingpin rail man. It was Hill who said that the railroad box car had ended the day of the Missouri and Mississippi river flatboats. Yet when the fight for the Seaway began, with the convention at Detroit in 1871, he followed it with interest; and strode in upon a later convention to declare that the development of the great 'inland empire' of the United States largely depended upon a deep waterway through the Great Lakes to the ocean.

"All we seek is the improvement of a living utility. That is what makes us sore: the knowledge that the world's greatest ships could today steam at full speed, unhindered, over ninety per cent of the 2,400 miles from Duluth to the Atlantic. It is like finding a sumptuous automobile in your back yard; everything complete, even the gasoline tank filled, and a license tag made out in your name—but one of the rear wheels missing.

"Foreign ships can now come into the Lakes. Prows that have furrowed the seven seas, from Russia to Rangoon, have touched the wharves of Chicago and Duluth. Sometimes the wonder of it catches us napping. Last summer a foreign tramp steamed into Milwaukee, and tried to dispose of its cargo—a full load of coffee. No one in Milwaukee was prepared to buy a shipful of coffee. The tramp, puzzled and discouraged, was about to shove off when one of the famous breweries arranged a swap—even Stephen, beer for coffee! And the tramp sailed away to sell the beer in some foreign port! But these ships that come now are small; of fourteen-foot draft, or less. By improving—not building, mind you—ten per cent of the present Seaway so as to permit the passage of ships of 25-foot draft, we would open the Great Lakes to more than eighty per cent of the world's tonnage.

Complete—with Alterations

"The Seaway, of course, means th five Great Lakes and the St. Lawrenc River, which connects them with the Atlantic Ocean. The water level of Lake Superior, farthest from the ocean, is 602 feet above sea level. The water of Superior does not flow to the ocean in an even glide, but gets down those 602 feet in five steps. That, of course, is what makes it necessary for us to supplement the work of nature. Ships cannot walk downstairs, as horses with buggies used to jounce down the 'thank-you-ma'ams' of country roads.

"Sailing from Duluth eastward, we have 338 miles of deep water before we reach the first step, 21 feet down in the falls of St. Mary's River connecting Superior with Huron. There are four American and one Canadian locks here

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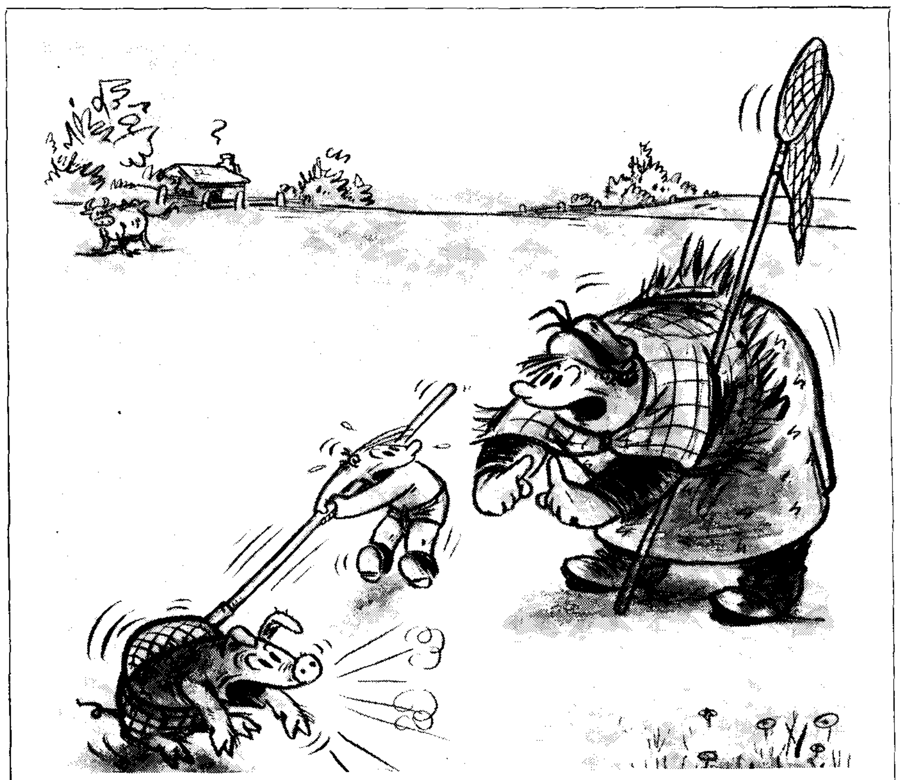


"No, no, honey! Butterflies have little wings!" *Frank Owen*

HE LOVES ME

. . . HE LOVES ME NOT

In the life of a busy man, there's small time for sentiment . . . but much need for it in the heart of a loving woman. Let flowers carry treasured messages of thoughtfulness and affection from you to her. Send flowers for birthdays, anniversaries and other occasions, of course. But, sometimes, send flowers for no special reason, except to say, "I'm thinking of you." To her, such charming surprises mean more than you can ever realize. Above all, when you are away, *wire* flowers; their companionship will brighten many lonely hours. "Flowers by wire" go swiftly, surely, safely to their destination, and it is a matter of pride as well as good business for every member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association to fill each telegraphic order with the choicest blossoms at his command.

Send for your FREE Copy of

"How To Enjoy Flowers"

Do you know that, with proper care, the cut flowers and plants your F. T. D. florist delivers will keep their freshness and beauty much longer than usual? Do you know the many ways you can use flowers to brighten your home and bring pleasure to others? All of this and much more fascinating flower information is yours, free, in the booklet, "How To Enjoy Flowers," by Bert Schiller McDonald, internationally known flower stylist. For your copy, send a post card or letter to Headquarters, Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, 482 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

Look for this Winged Mercury Emblem. It identifies the more than 6,000 quality florists who are bonded members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

BONDED MEMBER FTD

Say it with Flowers.

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD—PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED

"I'M HEADIN' FOR THE LAST WIND-UP...
THE FOLKS HAVE A TELECHRON NOW"

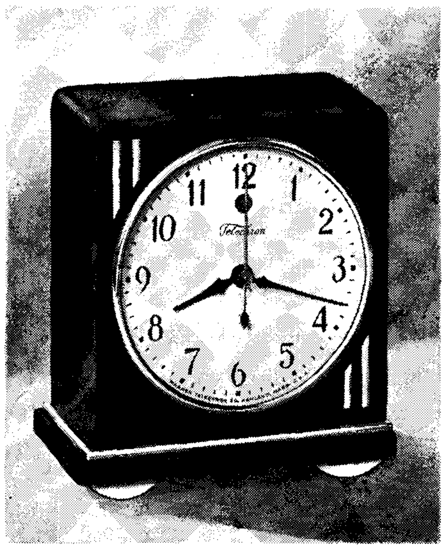
"My noisy 'tick tock' is almost over and it grieves me way down to my worthless insides. I've *enjoyed* the 'sport of springs' . . . made my owner miss his train . . . the family late for meals . . . Junior tardy at school. It's been fun! But . . .

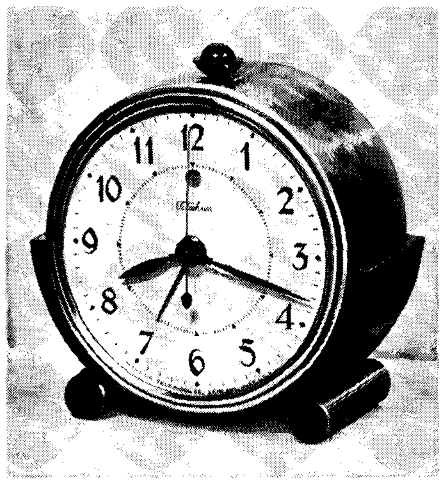
"The folks have a Telechron clock now! It has a self-starting motor; never needs winding. It's silent, accurate and dependable. Its motor is sealed in oil for smooth, long life. *It has me licked at every turn!"*

• • •

There is an interesting variety of Telechron models at better stores everywhere. Prices range from $4.50 to $19.75. Illustrated are *Duke* at $4.50 and *Telebell,* an alarm, at $5.95.

Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.





Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Duluth Smells Ocean Breezes

Continued from page 62

now, 21 feet deep. One new lock would be required, and deepening of all. In 1929 more than 90 million tons of freight passed through these Soo locks in the Lakes season of eight months; compared with 64 million tons for the Panama and Suez canals together over the full year. Now we are on Lake Huron, full speed ahead.

"If we had started our trip from Chicago or Milwaukee or any other Lake Michigan port we should have come into Huron through the Straits of Mackinac, without trouble. We race 223 miles along Huron to the next step down, 9 feet, through the river and lake of St. Clair, and the Detroit River. Here there is a 21-foot channel, without locks; and only dredging is required. We speed down Erie, 240 miles, and come to the biggest step the route takes in its course from Superior to the ocean—326 feet, divided between Niagara Falls and the Niagara River gorge. In 28 miles and through 25 locks the Welland Canal lets us down into Lake Ontario. Here only soft dredging is required to give us a 27-foot channel.

"Now, a last spurt of 180 miles along Lake Ontario takes us to the St. Lawrence. The fourth step, 226 feet down, spreads through the various rapids between here and Montreal. Locks and dredging are necessary. Once we pass Montreal we have clear sailing in a 30-foot channel to the ocean, and we'll never notice the fifth step of 20 feet. Altogether, then, to bring the ocean to Duluth, there are 2,429 miles that don't need a penny or a thought; and 258 miles that require certain work. The United States would get 3,576 more miles of coastline—almost as much as it has along the Gulf, and nearly a thousand miles more than it has along the Pacific.

A Score of New Seaports

"You are familiar with the objections raised to the Seaway and with the source of these objections. Many of them are misunderstandings; others have been proved to be mistakes; but the most of them are propaganda—mean prejudices, or just bald falsifications. They have been adequately refuted by the testimony of such impartial experts as Colonel Markham of the United States Army Corps of Engineers, but of course we are fighting the abstract here, feelings and interests rather than facts.

"The cost—estimated on 1926 levels; probably less now—to the United States is figured at $272,500,000. Through a power agreement with the state of New York, the actual cost to the federal government would be in the neighborhood of $150,000,000. Now, a fair example of the anti-Seaway propaganda is the contention that these figures don't include harbor work. Of course they don't and shouldn't—any more than the dredging of Mobile Bay, or Jacksonville or San Diego harbors should be added to the cost of the Panama Canal. The Seaway is an outer channel improvement, made available to all communities that have the gumption and enterprise necessary to connect with it at their own expense and through their own efforts.

"What we resent most is that our opponents have 'got theirs.' The Mississippi crowd have got $125,000,000 to provide a nine-foot channel down their river, useful only for scows. For $25,000,000 more we could make the Great Lakes useful to the finest ships of the world's merchant marines. The four ports of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany and New York have received more than $125,000,000 among them from the federal government for harbor work. For $25,000,000 more we could add a score of important seaports to the wealth of the United States. We could end the injustice that the Panama Canal has worked upon our whole inland empire. For example, it costs us $6.60 a ton to send flour from Duluth to New York, whereas Seattle can send her flour to New York, all the way around by the Panama Canal, for only $5.00.

"There are hundreds of such inequalities facing our business men and farmers; make no mistake, these have contributed more than any other factor to the tribulations of the Mid-West farmer. Suppose Detroit is sending cars to North Europe, to Copenhagen. It is 5,395 miles from Detroit to Copenhagen, via rail to New York; but would be only 4,336 miles direct by the Seaway and the Atlantic. Duluth is 1,391 miles farther west by rail from New York, yet it would be only 4,544 miles from Duluth direct by ship to Liverpool, as compared with 5,098 miles via New York. Now, think what this means in view of the known transportation fact that you can move freight ten miles by water for the cost of one mile by land.

"There are exceptions, but generally speaking it is shortsighted economic philosophy to preach that the development of one industry, or growth of one mode of transportation, or the expansion of one city, is at the expense of another. Its opponents claim that the Seaway would harm the railroads; however, progressive railroad men don't see it that way.

"Ralph Budd, now president of the Burlington, in 1920 when the Treaty Commission was appointed, predicted benefits from the Seaway. F. W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and Northwestern, said that the Seaway would promote the prosperity of the inland United States, and thus of the railroads.

"Prosperity and success usually puddle out. We had, of course, a first-hand proof of that here in Duluth. Superior opposed the canal through Minnesota Point; but in the long run that canal and its subsequent development aided Superior quite as much as Duluth, and contributed to the general welfare of this territory. Today, Duluth and Superior are singing a duet to attract the ocean to our harbor."

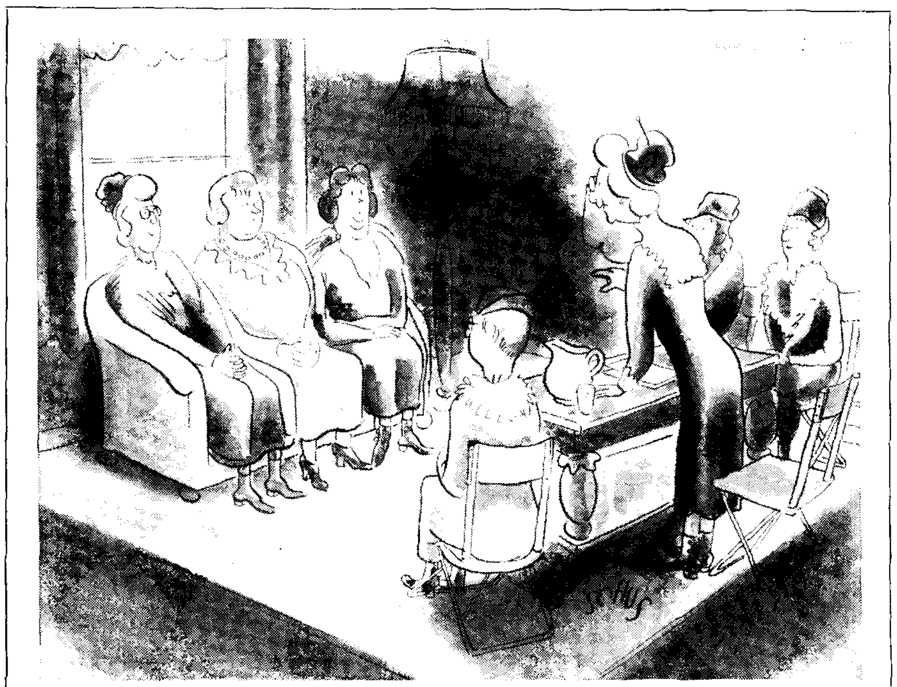
It is true that the ancient hatchet has been buried between the twin ports. But your reporter felt around, and found that it does not lie deeply. In Superior I was told: "Oh, Duluth; we go over there when we want gin and whoopee." In Duluth I was told: "Oh, Superior; we go over there when we want gin and whoopee." The statistical advantage lies with Duluth; Superior is unable to confute the fact that the spewling town she once patronized would now make three of her.

The Fate of Superior

Your reporter, after an impartial survey at first hand, believes that Superior is doomed to be the Brooklyn of the Great Lakes. Brooklyn, as my aged friends may remember, was a city of Long Island, New York—the city the cartographers forgot. Now it is just a borough of Greater New York. Until quite recently the Bremen and the Europa, blue-ribbon ships of the northern route to Europe, used a Brooklyn pier. But I doubt whether the captains of the ships ever bothered to make this distinction clear even to their wives: for them, as for the crews, passengers, agents, newspapers and official records, the vessels arrived in and departed from New York, and that was that.

Certain timid students of the Duluth-Superior background have a well-defined belief that if war between the states ever again racks our nation it will not come of any major issue that now meets the public eye. It will come because a Mr. Flynn S. Noorrgaard, of Hibbing, Minnesota, author of the epic of Scandinavian emigrants, "Kristopher Noorrgaardson," sails from Superior in a Swedish liner for Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize in literature—and the New York papers, and newspapers generally here and abroad, report that he sailed from Duluth.

Some day, I suppose, Duluth and Superior will marry; as New York and Brooklyn married. It will be Greater Duluth. Meantime, Duluth remains the old maid of cities—who looks under her bed every night for an ocean.



"As members of the entertainment committee, do any of us know any chorus girls?" *Adolph Schus*

NOW ON DISPLAY

NEW FORD V·8 TRUCK

Reduce Your Hauling Costs With the New Ford V-8 Truck

THE Ford Motor Company announces a New Ford V-8 Truck — unequaled in ruggedness, performance and low cost per ton-mile.

This New Ford V-8 Truck has been designed as a truck and built as a truck, with reserve strength and power for the toughest job.

There has been no compromise between truck and car requirements. Every part is full truck size. Every part has been made to deliver the utmost in operating efficiency and stand up under maximum punishment. It is the truck you need to cut costs and increase profits in 1934.

New Full Floating Rear Axle

The New Ford V-8 Truck has a full floating rear axle. This means that the full weight of the truck and load is carried on the axle housing and the axle shafts are left free to transmit the driving forces from the engine to the wheels. Greatly increased strength throughout entire design. Specially heat-treated axle shafts. Straddle-mounted driving pinion. Larger pinion shaft and pinion bearings. Positive lubrication. Larger thrust plate. Wider, stronger teeth on driving pinion and ring gear. Heavier axle housing and more rigid differential housing, with strengthening ribs. Axle shafts can be removed without jacking up the wheels.

A Special Truck-Type V-8 Engine

The engine of the Ford V-8 Truck develops 80 horsepower at 3800 r.p.m. The Ford horsepower is actual horsepower. Dynamometer tests show that the Ford V-8 engine delivers a greater output of horsepower per gallon of fuel than any other Ford engine ever built.

New durability—new dependability—*and still better performance* and economy have been built into the New Ford V-8 Truck. Here are five important new features of the engine.

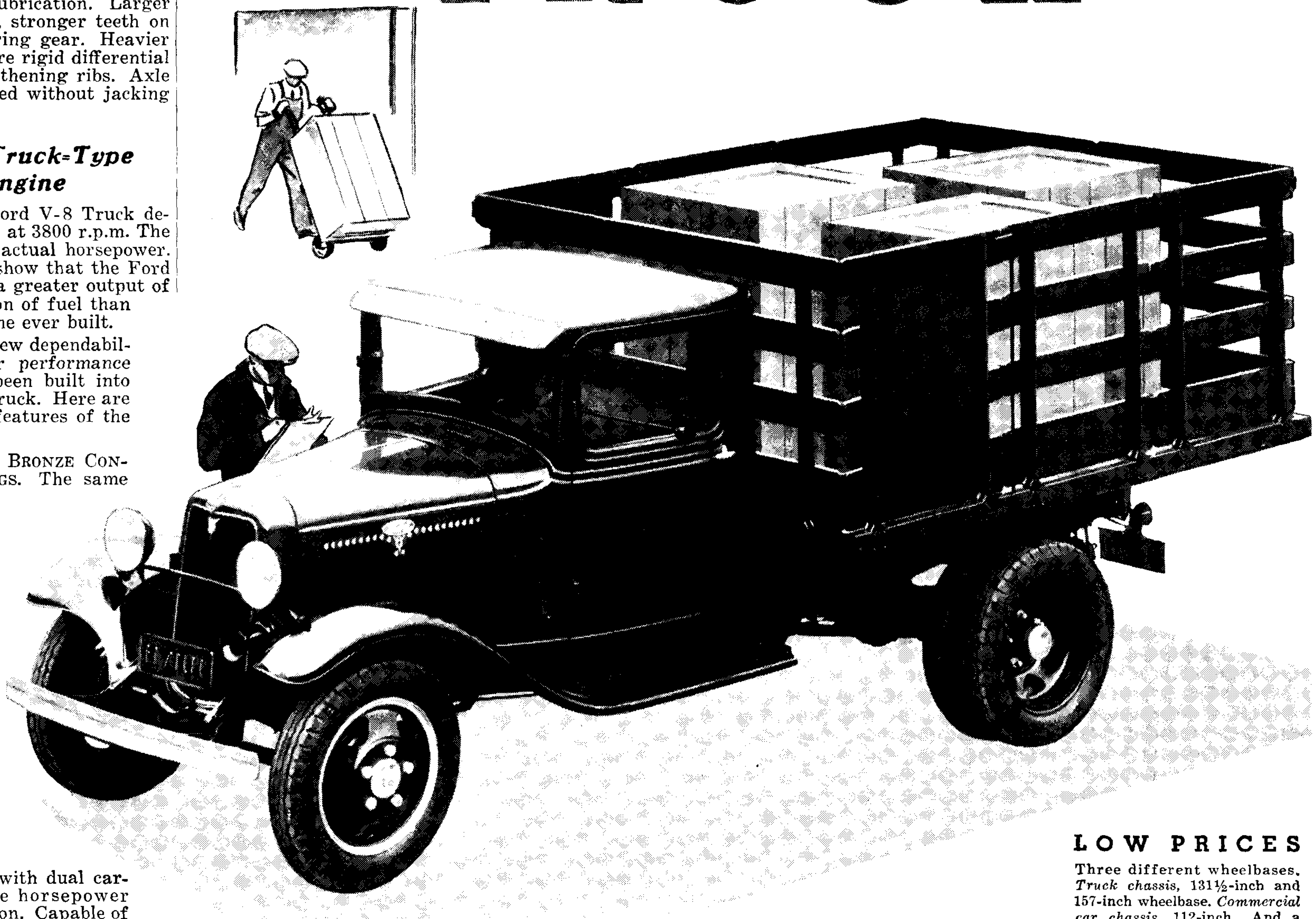
1. NEW, HIGH LEAD, BRONZE CONNECTING-ROD BEARINGS. The same type of costly bearings used in racing cars and airplane engines which operate under the most trying conditions. Set a new standard of bearing life for the hardest truck jobs. An example of Ford quality and one reason for the stamina and dependability of the New Ford V-8 Truck.

2. NEW TRUCK-TYPE CYLINDER HEADS. Newly designed combustion chambers, combined with dual carburetion, give more horsepower with lower compression. Capable of withstanding the most severe heavy-duty service. Exceptional performance from regular fuels.

3. NEW DUAL CARBURETOR, with dual intake manifold, increases engine efficiency at all speeds and gets more miles from every gallon of gasoline. Also *makes starting easier in cold weather* and minimizes crankcase dilution.

4. NEW WATERLINE THERMOSTATS. These automatic mechanical valves enable the engine to warm up quickly and maintain the most efficient operating temperature. A factor in gasoline and oil economy.

5. NEW OIL ECONOMY, because of new aluminum piston design, baffle plates, new oil pan tray and new engine features described above.



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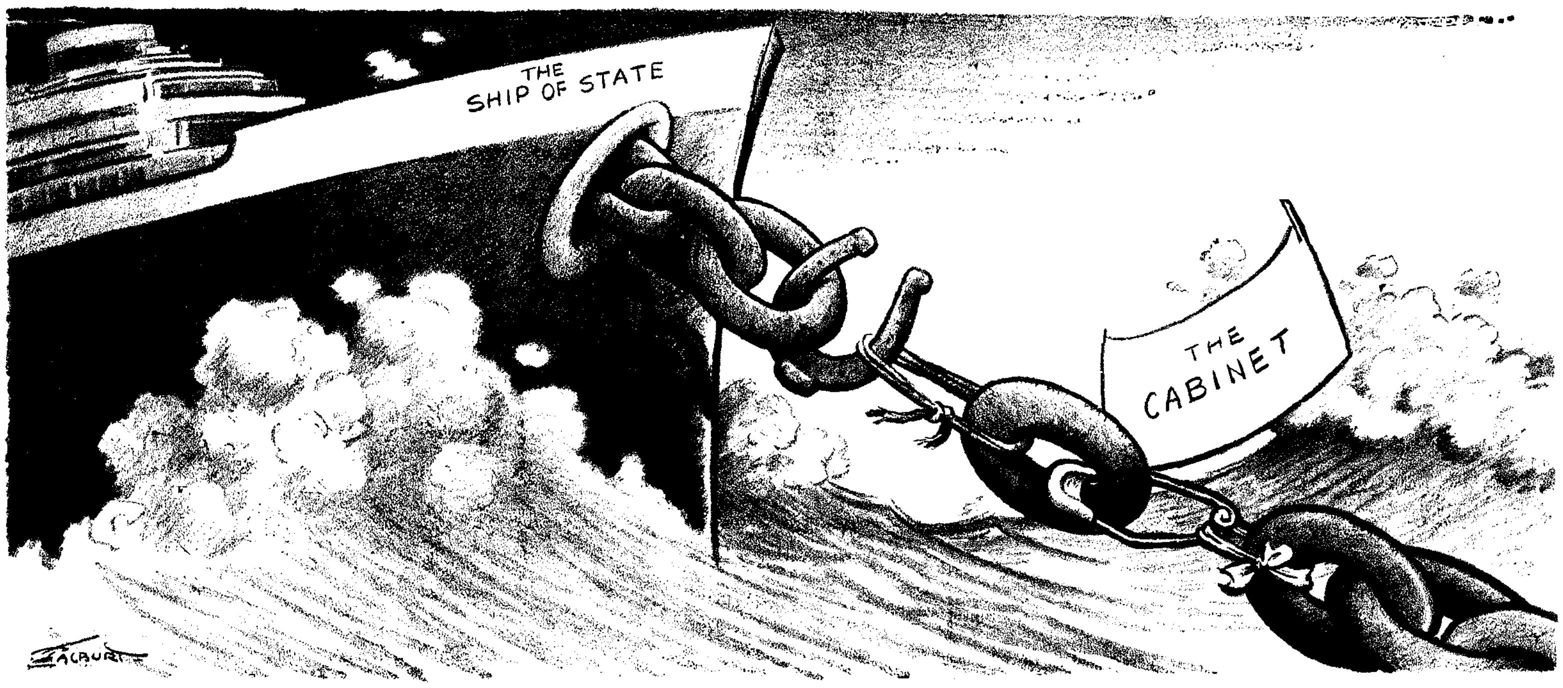

Sheep and Goats in the Cabinet

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has a few able assistants in his Cabinet. Four of the ten department heads have shown courage, competence and first-rate ability in trying emergencies. Six have been at best mediocre. Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to better help.

The best man in the Cabinet, it has been remarked, is a woman. Miss Frances Perkins is certainly in the top rank. With her in command neither the President nor the nation has had any reason for anxiety concerning the operation of the Department of Labor.

Repeatedly she has demonstrated her wisdom in emergencies. She has been able to obtain relevant facts and to suggest broad policies which actually meet the needs of the hour. She has refused to approve the impromptu suggestions of congressmen and others whose hearts were in the right places but whose heads seemed not to be functioning.

A prejudiced person, a narrow-minded partisan, a lazy executive or a weak one, might have done incalculable damage in the Department of Labor. Miss Perkins has steered a bold and intelligent course.

Secretary Wallace stands out as a man of fine spirit and of high intelligence. His selection must have been in the nature of an experiment. The editor of a popular farm publication, he understood and sympathized with Middle-Western farmers.

To meet the needs of the farmers, various plans have had to be tried. Secretary Wallace has approached his responsibility without blinding prejudice. He has been willing to experiment, to correct mistakes and to invent new plans when first efforts were unproductive. Consequently he is one of the strong men at Washington.

Harold L. Ickes has competently carried tremendous responsibilities. Charged with the duty of supervising the expenditure of billions of dollars which must sometime be raised by taxpayers, Secretary Ickes has done his work with scrupulous honesty and courage.

Essentially his task is that of a builder. Public works of unprecedented magnitude must be started and pushed on to completion. Secretary Ickes has proved his mettle. Billions are being honorably expended, thanks to his driving purpose and his fine sense of public obligation.

Secretary of State Hull has moved to the top rank in spite of difficulties which would have broken a lesser man. At the outset he was embarrassed by his anomalous assistant, Raymond Moley. Mr. Moley made no secret of his differences with Secretary Hull. The policies of the Secretary of State were flouted by his assistant. With great dignity and firmness Mr. Hull stood by his principles and avoided personal quarrels. Mr. Moley disappeared from the scene and the modest, effectual Secretary of State began to emerge as a real leader. Mr. Hull has done more to build up good will for the United States in Latin America than any Secretary since Elihu Root.

In these four members President Roosevelt has first-rate assistance. In other departments he is less fortunate. Political considerations determined the other six appointments and in no case has a first-rate administration emerged.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., would doubtless be the first to admit that nothing in his previous training or experience qualified him to be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau is an honest, intelligent young man, the publisher of a farm magazine and the son of a rich man. He is a country neighbor and a loyal friend of the President.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, can by no stretch of the imagination obtain expert advice from the Secretary of the Treasury on any important matter with which that department must deal. Inevitably the President must be his own Secretary of the Treasury.

The Secretary of War, George H. Dern, is merely a former governor of Utah who enjoys living in Washington as a high official. Not much help from that quarter.

The Secretary of the Navy is the amiable Claude A. Swanson, the veteran senator from Virginia. Mr. Swanson likes naval ships. His health and age preclude any very active work even if he were by experience and temperament qualified. He is just another politician in office.

Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, is the same type. Mr. Roper was a leader of the Democratic party in North Carolina. He was a protégé of Senator McAdoo when the Californian was Secretary of the Treasury. The measure of Mr. Roper's qualifications is seen in the fact that the Administration has seen fit to create new agencies to carry on responsibilities which normally would have been delegated to the Department of Commerce. If a strong man had been Secretary of Commerce the NRA would have been but one of his bureaus.

The Attorney-General, Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut, is a liberal Democratic politician. An able small-city lawyer, he lacks the drive and the vision essential to an energetic administration. "Innocuous desuetude," Grover Cleveland's phrase, describes the temper of the Department of Justice.

Finally, James A. Farley was a first-rate campaign manager but an undistinguished Postmaster-General. Mr. Farley bungled the air-mail episode. Like the British at Jutland, he may have won the battle in ships but he lost it in the press. Mr. Farley would serve himself and serve the President better if he devoted his full attention to his large political responsibilities and made possible the selection of another Postmaster-General.

There is of course nothing new in the appointment of men qualified for the Cabinet only by political experience. In the time immediately ahead, however, the President needs the best assistance available. The Cabinet is a good place to begin.